

SONS OF  
SEVEN CITIES

THE SEVEN CITIES OF HOLLAND



DB80542654











SONS  
*of*  
SEVEN CITIES



*Rupert Sargent Holland*



*Illustrated Gift Books*

HISTORIC AIRSHIPS

HISTORIC RAILROADS

HISTORIC SHIPS



*The Historic Series*

HISTORIC BOYHOODS

HISTORIC GIRLHOODS

HISTORIC ADVENTURES

HISTORIC INVENTIONS

HISTORIC EVENTS OF COLONIAL DAYS

HISTORIC HEROES OF CHIVALRY

HISTORIC POEMS AND BALLADS

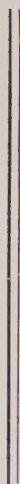
# SONS *of* SEVEN CITIES

by

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Illustrated with maps

drawn by CLAYTON E. JENKINS



MACRAE • SMITH • COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

Philadelphia

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY  
RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

---

*Manufactured in the United States  
of America*

FIRST EDITION

---

# C O N T E N T S

---

## I

### THE MAN WHO CAME OUT OF THE SEA

*New Amsterdam—1658* 11

## II

### MASTER BLACKTHORNE

*Philadelphia—1734* 59

## III

### HUMPTY DUMPTY

*Boston—1773* 101

## IV

### FATHER OF WATERS

*New Orleans—1815* 143

## V

### THE BRAMBLE BUSH

*Chicago—1833* 193

## VI

### OH! SUSANNAH!

*San Francisco—1849* 235

## VII

### KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

*Washington—1861* 273





---

# I L L U S T R A T I O N S

---

## I

THERE WAS A ROW OF BIRCHBARK CANOES	9
MAP OF NEW AMSTERDAM—1658	33

## II

PROSPEROUS WAS THE TOWN OF PENN	57
MAP OF PHILADELPHIA—1683	73

## III

THE ROAD WAS A LONG LINE OF SKIRMISHES	99
MAP OF BOSTON—1776	117

## IV

THE WHARVES OF NEW ORLEANS TEEMED WITH ACTIVITY	141
MAP OF NEW ORLEANS—1815	165

## V

THE " PRAIRIE STAR " WAS CHUGGING ALONG AT GOOD PACE	191
MAP OF CHICAGO—1833	211

## VI

DAY AFTER DAY THEY MARCHED	233
MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO—1849	255

## VII

HE HAD SEEN THE FIRST TROOPS ARRIVE	271
MAP OF WASHINGTON—1861	301







I

THE MAN WHO CAME OUT OF THE SEA

*New Amsterdam*

1658



## I

### THE MAN WHO CAME OUT OF THE SEA

*New Amsterdam — 1658*

#### I

THERE was no honest Dutchman nor Dutch vrouw who could positively assert that he or she had actually seen the tall, dark-skinned fellow with the black hair and slanting greenish eyes come dripping from the waters that lapped Manhattan Island. But he had certainly not come in one of the ships that brought settlers from the Netherlands in Europe to the colony of New Netherland across the Atlantic Ocean, for the names and descriptions of all such arrivals were duly registered in the big book at the Governor's house. He was not Dutch nor English, French nor Swedish, Indian nor Turk; there might be Spanish blood in him, mixed perhaps with that of the Moors, and yet he was not at all like the general run of Spaniards. He spoke a smattering of many tongues, but not like a scholar, who has studied them diligently; rather like one who has come up against all sorts of people in all sorts of countries and has had some of their language rubbed into him.

Possibly he was one of those gypsy folk—or the Romany, as they call them—who go wandering around the world, foot-loose and care-free, possessed of the happy knack of making themselves at home anywhere, so long

as they have the open sky above them and the sun, the moon, the wind, the rain, grass, trees, birds and beasts, for comrades.

Rip Van Steyn, at work on a summer day in the carpentry shop of Roelof Ten Eyck on Coenties Lane, stopped his labor and went to the door for a breath of the cooling breeze that blew fresh and salty from the inlet of Coenties Slip. Standing there, he looked westward, attracted by a sound that rumbled through the lane. It was something like the buzz of a saw or the snort of a horse or the grunt of a pig and yet not exactly like any of them. Then he saw whence it came, and he grinned and chuckled.

On a bench in front of his house Adrien Silverwyck was sitting, fast asleep. His head rested against the sill of a window, his fat legs were outstretched, his hands were clasped about his barrel of a body. Through his open mouth came the strange sounds, now a buzz, now a grunt, now a snort; the worthy Adrien Silverwyck was unquestionably snoring.

Then Rip saw something else. A graceful fellow in green coat and breeches with a broad-brimmed reddish-brown hat was walking along the lane. The stranger regarded the snoring one, stopped, and, stooping, plucked a long blade of grass. Noiselessly unlatching the gate in the white picket fence, he crossed to the sleeping Dutchman and actually began to tickle the fat red cheeks and the round red nose with the grass-stalk.

Silverwyck brushed the stalk away. "Get away, you

fly, get away!" he muttered without opening his eyelids.

The stranger waited a minute, then recommenced the tickling.

Silverwyck slapped his hand on his nose. Then, with a jerk, he sat up; with a jerk his eyelids opened. He stared, then began to splutter. "Did I kill that confounded fly?"

Rip, greatly amused and interested, had stolen over to the gate. He heard the stranger say: "I think you must have, mynheer. That slap would have slain a giant."

The Dutchman puckered his blue eyes. "What are you doing here? A fly buzzes about my nose—I look up—and there are you, staring at me."

"Pardon the stare. I was interested to discover if you were one of those famous Seven Sleepers of whom history speaks."

The fat man was clearly puzzled. "I'm not," he declared. "My name is Adrien Silverwyck. And who are you?"

"That is a question," said the other, and, taking off his hat, he ran his fingers through his long black hair that glistened in the sun as though it were wet. "I might choose a name to be called by."

Silverwyck blew out his fat cheeks, his straw-colored eyebrows lifted. "*Dunder und bliksem!*" he exclaimed. "Not know his own name! Is the man out of his wits?"

The stranger smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you feel you must have a name for me, good Mynheer Silverwyck, let us say Martin Zella."

"Martin Zella! What sort of a name is that?"

"I might reply by asking, what sort of a name is Adrien Silverwyck?"

"'Tis a good Dutch name, a respectable name out of Leyden, I'd have you know." The fat man bent forward, as far as his rotund girth would allow. "You're not Dutch, Master Zella?"

"Not so far as I know, mynheer; but when we consider how many ancestors reach back from us to our father Adam 'tis possible there might be a drop of Dutch blood in me, even respectable Dutch blood out of Leyden."

Adrien Silverwyck had never heard a man talk in such a peculiar manner; it seemed impossible for the fellow to give a direct answer to any question put him. He felt baffled and looked about him; then, seeing Rip Van Steyn standing at the gate, beckoned to him. "Here, Rip; do you know this—this Master Martin Zella?"

"No, mynheer," said Rip, walking up to the two. "I never saw him before."

The stranger turned and his slanting greenish eyes twinkled. "Neither have I ever had the pleasure before of seeing Master Rip."

So droll was his manner, so different from the unhumorous bearing of most New Amsterdam folk, that Rip laughed, a loud peal of merriment that positively boomed through the quiet lane.

Silverwyck picked up the walking-stick that lay beside him on the bench—it was almost a cudgel in size—and with its aid got ponderously to his feet. “Well,” he grunted, “I can’t make anything out of it—might have dropped from the sky. . . .” He shook his head and, evidently not wishing to overtax his brain with any more puzzlement, waddled across to his house door and went inside.

“I saw you tickling his nose,” said Rip, when the Dutchman was out of hearing.

“Ah,” sighed Zella and spread out his hands, “I can’t withstand temptation.”

Rip grinned. “It won’t do to play many jokes on the worthy burghers of this town. Their dignity’s very precious to them, as precious as their silver and gold.”

“Aye,” said Zella. “Silver and gold and dignity, they go together. I have none of the three. Have you, my friend?”

“Why no,” Rip admitted. “I only came from Delft this spring to try to make my fortune. So far I’ve only succeeded in making enough for my bed and board by working as ’prentice carpenter to Roelof Ten Eyck.”

“So?” said Zella. “And I have only succeeded in muddling the wits of the mountainous Silverwyck. We are in a sense beginners together. Where is this Ten Eyck’s shop?”

Rip pointed it out. “Master Roelof is away to-day, at his farm outside the town.”

"Oh, I had no wish to meet him. But I should like to sit indoors, out of the heat of the sun."

"Come with me then, Master Zella," and Rip led the stranger into the shop and set out a chair for him.

The afternoon drifted on while Rip worked at his carpenter's bench and the other talked. Now the odd thing about his talk was that it was different from other people's, not of things he had seen or done or even of things he would like to see or do, but of habits and customs and viewpoints of various races, as widely separated as Europe is from Tartary or Cathay. Never had Rip listened to such interesting discourse; it entertained, excited, and even thrilled him. He felt he must see more of this man, and therefore when the sun was setting he asked the other, "Where are you lodging, Master Zella? I would meet with you again."

"I had thought of sleeping in some meadow, after buying my supper from some house vrouw. The night should be clear and warm."

Rip's brown eyes stared in amazement. Like Adrien Silverwyck, he couldn't understand this man at all. His clothes were clean and well kept, his bearing and manners were those of a gentleman, he was more learned and intelligent than anyone Rip had ever met,—and yet, to speak of sleeping outdoors, like a beggar or vagabond!

"Mistress Pruyd, with whom I lodge," stated Rip, "has a spare room. She'll board you as cheap as any in town. 'Twill be better than sleeping outdoors."

"Better? Ah, I like the stars in the night sky!

However—— Yes, I'll go with you. 'Tis something to have made a friend."

Rip took him to good Mistress Pruyd's, and that plump and amiable woman let Zella have her spare room and board at her well-furnished table. After supper the two strolled abroad through the leafy lanes, past the square-built Dutch houses, each surrounded by a garden, in which cabbages were the principal vegetable and tulips the favorite flower; arrived at the Bowling Green at the southern tip of the island, they enjoyed the fresh wind from the harbor, and admired Fort Amsterdam, that imposing redoubt protected by cedar palisades. "A pleasant place," said Zella. "The Dutch are a fine people, and wise withal. They move comfortably and slow, like the arms of the many windmills I saw to-day along the river to the west."

Rip glanced at him sideways. For the life of him he couldn't make out whether Zella was laughing at his countrymen or praising them. Then he grinned. He liked the black-haired man, liked him all the more perhaps because he puzzled him.

It was in the days that succeeded that the men and women of New Amsterdam—and even the children—began to say with a wink that the stranger with the peculiar name had come out of the sea, for lack of any other way in which to account for him. The burghers were an inquisitive people and wanted to know something of his antecedents and his business in their midst; to all inquiries, however, Zella responded with a good-humored smile, a shrug of the shoulders, and a turning

of the conversation to some other topic. Even Rip Van Steyn, who spent all his leisure time with him, was no wiser on those subjects than little Jans Pruyd, who had first donned breeches the week that Zella arrived.

Then on an afternoon when the stranger had looked in at Ten Eyck's shop to see whether Rip was not about ready to stop work for the day there occurred one of those little incidents that are turning-points in history, of countries as well as of individuals. And that incident—resembling in this other important incidents in the drama of the white men's settlement of the New World, whether in Massachusetts Bay, New Netherland, or Virginia—revolved about an Indian, one of those coppery-red people with whom the woods of the province were filled.

In the lane in front of the Stadt Huys—wherein was the judges' court and the prison—stood a cage for malefactors and a whipping-post. The Stadt Huys faced on Coenties Slip and was therefore in full view of anyone looking from the door of Ten Eyck's shop. Zella was looking and so was Rip, and what they saw was a tall young Indian staring with level gaze at a couple of Dutchmen who were making sport of him.

The Indian couldn't understand the white men, and no wonder, for the two citizens had been indulging copiously in schnapps and consequently were much befuddled. They pointed at him and laughed; they walked around him and made comments on the scarlet feather he wore in his hair, at the necklet of bears' claws that hung down on his bare chest, at the deerskin

garment that reached from his waist to his knees, at his beaded moccasins. Then one had a brilliant idea,—they would put the young Indian in the cage before the Stadt Huys and exhibit him as if he were a bear or leopard at a country fair. Immediately they clapped hands on him; he threw them off and sprang away. That angered the two, they roared like Bulls of Bashan, and made for the Indian.

Zella was in the square now, and so was Rip. The former seized one of the drunkards by the collar of his coat and jerked him backward off his feet. In a twinkling the lane was filled with a crowd, heads were thrust forth from the Stadt Huys windows. Fists were shaken at the Indian and also at Zella, who had taken his stand beside the copper-skinned youth.

Not knowing the right or wrong of the matter, the throng blamed the Indian. Zella held up a protesting hand. "Good burghers," he cried, "I saw it all! This one was mocked at, jibed at; he has done nothing wrong. Those two would put him in the cage, and naturally he resisted."

"What business has he here?" shouted one of the two original bullies. "A thieving redskin!"

"Aye, what business? A thief! A spy!" echoed the crowd.

Zella raised his voice again, but his words were howled down. Someone shouted: "Take them both to the Governor! Into the Stadt Huys with them!"

Zella and the Indian were pushed up the steps and in at the door. Rip followed and was able to squeeze

after them into the chamber of his Excellency's secretary. That worthy tried to still the hubbub made by a score of vociferous Dutchmen. There was a loud voice from a doorway at the rear. "Millions of devils! What means this thunderstorm that bursts my ears?"

Into the room stomped Peter Stuyvesant, the Governor of New Netherland. Rugged of build, stern-browed, stern-lipped, he was dressed not like a soldier but like a gentleman of fashion. A wide collar fell over his blue velvet jacket with slashed sleeves that displayed the white linen of his shirt, his blue breeches were also slashed and fastened at the knee by an orange scarf tied in a knot. The leg which he had lost in battle was replaced by a wooden one with silver bands. His face as he entered was angry; the Governor was evidently much annoyed by the bedlam in his town hall.

Several of those in the throng began to explain, but Governor Stuyvesant clapped his hands loudly and impatiently. "Hold your tongues! You make more noise than a company of fish-wives! The pother is about this Indian? Well, what about him?" His Excellency looked at Martin Zella, who stood beside the young redskin.

"He was admiring the Stadt Huys, your Lordship," said Zella, "when two burghers commenced to mock him and then attempted to put him in the cage wherein malefactors are confined. An innocent traveler—a visitor—doubtless seeking to learn something of your city's architecture ——"

"Who are you?" Stuyvesant interrupted. "I don't remember seeing you before."

"I am also a traveler—a visitor, your Excellency;—seeking to learn something."

The speaker's manner was most courteous, his voice was low and pleasant, but his green eyes smiled, and the peculiar glint in them baffled and irritated Peter Stuyvesant as on a previous occasion it had baffled and irritated Adrien Silverwyck.

"Hm-m," muttered the Governor; "so you're seeking to learn something? What's your name and whence do you come?"

"I choose the name of Martin Zella because it is easy to pronounce; I have other names, but they're more difficult for the tongue to achieve. Let us say Martin Zella. I come from so many places—the Azores, the Barbadoes ——"

Again the Governor broke in. "Make me no more of these speeches. You are a wordy fellow. Wordy fellows are apt to be rogues. You came here to learn something; well, Master Zella, we want no inquisitive strangers in New Amsterdam. Have I not difficulty enough in ruling my own dunder-headed Dutchmen without having strangers—white- or red-skinned—prowling through the town?"

"You know best about that, sir," Zella agreed politely.

"Certainly I do," declared the Governor. "And therefore I order this Indian and you to be out of town by sunset and to stay out." He gestured to the others

in the room. "Now begone, begone. You've heard what I said. If any of you lay a finger on this Zella or the Indian I'll have that one put in the stocks."

The throng melted through the doorway. Stuyvesant withdrew to his private chamber. Zella touched the Indian on the arm and beckoned with his head.

In the corridor outside Rip Van Steyn was waiting, angry and troubled. To Zella he said: "It's outrageous! You were doing no harm here. To order you out like a dog!"

Zella smiled. "You forget, Rip, that I am a stranger."

"So was I when I came here this spring."

"Ah, but you came from Delft and are a good Dutchman, whereas I come from—anywhere—and claim no country. Moreover, I've seen enough of this New Amsterdam; I would be moving on."

Rip shook his head. "'Twill be dull here without you. I hate the carpentry shop. 'Tis no way to make one's fortune."

"No," assented the other slowly; "and you would make your fortune, wouldn't you, my friend? Well, then, come with me and this Indian."

The Dutch lad looked from the man to the Indian youth, who stood, impassive-faced, uncomprehending the talk between the two. "Come with you, Martin? Where are you going?"

"Where fortune beckons. Are you a gamester, Rip?"

Rip looked into the other's eyes. Something in this

strange man whom he felt he knew so well, yet knew so little, magnetized him, impelled him. "Yes, Martin, I'll go." He gave a laugh. "That is, if you're not going back into the sea."

"No, not back into the sea yet." Thereupon Zella, accompanied by the Indian and the carpenter's apprentice, walked out from the Stadt Huys into Coenties Lane, and anyone observing his shining face and graceful carriage would have supposed he had just conferred some great favor on Governor Stuyvesant instead of having been ordered to leave the town by sundown.

## II

A pleasant, easy-going settlement was the Dutch West India Company's village of New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island. Governor Stuyvesant's chief problems were the smoothing out of the quarrels that occasionally arose between some hot-headed Dutchman and his Indian neighbors and trying to keep the quarrels' tinder from mounting to a blaze. Relations between the two races—which were so utterly different in every respect—had, on the whole, not been unfriendly since Peter Minuit, the first Dutch Governor, arrived on Manhattan in 1626 and bought the island—which contained about twenty-two thousand acres of land—from the Indians, giving them in payment farming implements, weapons, beads, and ribbons to the value of some twenty-four dollars. The Indians and the Dutch each thought they had made a good bargain; especially the Indians, for there was more land along the seaboard

than they could possibly use and many white settlers simply helped themselves to land and paid nothing for it.

When the island was bought Peter Minuit employed an engineer to stake out the lines of a fort at the southern end, an admirable location, since guns placed on the four sides of the redoubt could command the Bay in front, and the East River and the North—or Hudson—River on the two flanks. This stronghold—christened Fort Amsterdam—was promptly built, and around it the settlers constructed their houses and started to till their farms. Everyone was busy, crops were good, and Governor Minuit was a wise and generous ruler.

In order to encourage emigration to New Netherland the Dutch West India Company granted to some of its directors large tracts of land and gave them all the rights and privileges of a lord of the manor. These men were called Patroons. One of the most influential of them was Killian Van Rensselaer, who owned a great many acres on both sides of the North River at Fort Orange.

Through his influence one of his clerks, who was also his relative by marriage, Wouter Van Twiller, was appointed Governor to succeed Peter Minuit. Van Twiller was lazy and incompetent, but also greedy and cunning. He spent the Company's money freely and built the finest house in the province for his own use; in addition he had a brewery and a large tobacco plantation. Most of the island north of the fort and

its little cluster of dwellings was now divided into farms, or bouweries, as the Dutch called them.

Van Twiller bought Nutten Island in the harbor—which has since been known as Governor's Island—and proposed to take his ease there, but his rule had been so unsatisfactory to the settlers that the Company recalled him and sent out William Kieft to take his place. Kieft was little better than Van Twiller, but in spite of inefficient governors the settlement prospered. Two fairs were held each year on the Bowling Green, one for the showing of fine cattle, one for the exhibition of hogs, and these fairs brought so many visitors to town that a tavern was built to accommodate them. This fronted on the East River and was presently converted into the Stadt Huys, or City Hall. Also a wall was built across the island, partly as a protection against Indians, partly as a barrier for cattle, and this gave its name to the thoroughfare known as Wall Street.

After Kieft came Governor Stuyvesant, who had been a soldier in the West Indies and the Governor of Curaçoa. New Amsterdam was flourishing, agriculture, trade, commerce, all were prosperous. The better houses were built of brick and each had plenty of garden space around it. The floors were strewn each day with white beach-sand which was worked into artistic patterns by skillful brooms. Huge oaken chests held the household linen and handsome corner cupboards with glass doors displayed shining pewter, china tea-sets, solid silver tankards, punch-bowls and ladles.

At nine o'clock in the evening everyone said their prayers and went to bed, they rose and breakfasted before the sun was up. What the family needed for clothes they for the most part made themselves. What they needed for food they took from their gardens and bouweries. They were a simple and thrifty people and content to abide on their island between the great bay and the two rivers.

Above the island and on both shores of the North River there were scattered plantations and farmhouses and log-cabins. In one of the latter, on the western bank of the beautiful, majestic stream, dwelt Rip Van Steyn and Martin Zella. It was a year since they had left New Amsterdam with the young Mohawk named Potopac.

Rip was tanned and lean, for he had lived much out-of-doors and was almost as hardy as an Indian. Zella might easily have been taken for an Indian, with his glistening black hair, dark skin, and quick, agile movements. More than that, he had picked up many words of the Mohawk language; and with his gift for tongues he could understand and make himself understood by the people of Potopac's tribe.

To the Indians most white people seemed strange and peculiar, in their clothes, in their manners and customs, in almost everything they did; but for the greenish-eyed man whom the young Mohawk brought to their meeting-places they felt no antagonism nor opposition of any sort. On the contrary, they accepted him almost at once as a brother, and it amazed Rip to

see how the sombre face of a chief or brave would soften in smiles when Zella spoke words of greeting in the Indian tongue.

With these copper-hued people he was at home, as one might imagine him at home with all simple folk who dwelt in close communion with the woods and waters. There was some bond between them, some tie that seemed to reach back to primitive times. Each trusted the other, because of mutual understanding and respect for the other's views.

As a consequence there was much intercourse between Potopac's tribesmen and the two who made their headquarters at the cabin on the river. Soon that friendship showed itself in a material way. The Indians began to bring their peltries to Zella and ask him to sell the furs for them at the Dutch trading-post on the northern shore of Manhattan Island. This friend, they knew, would not cheat them; he would get a better price for the peltries than they could. So Zella and Rip would load the furs in their canoe and paddle down to the post and barter with the Dutch factors. For this service the Mohawks gave them a share of the profits, and as the business increased the two were able to lay up a considerable stock of the articles desired by the Indians. With this capital they ventured into the business of fur-trading on their own account. The log-cabin became a trading-post; more and more Indians dealt there; through the woods and up the river went the word to bring furs to the white man who spoke the Mohawk language and never drove a crooked bargain.

Did a hunter secure a fine black fox, or that most prized of pelts, a perfect silver fox, he took it to Zella and was well paid for it. Martens, beavers, lesser fry, came pouring into the cabin. Rip took them to the big trading-stores down the river and sold them for high prices, for the Dutch youth was shrewd and canny and there were few of his countrymen who could outwit him at a deal.

When he returned with his bag of silver he would say to Zella, "We're making our fortunes, Martin. 'Tis better than a carpenter's pay. Farming is all very well, but there are small profits in it compared with the trade in furs."

"Aye, Rip," Zella would agree. Once he added: "So you're not sorry I lured you away from Roelof Ten Eyck's shop and the music of Silverwyck's snores?"

"'Twas the best thing that ever happened to me, Martin," Rip laughed. "The chink of the silver pieces is the sweetest sound to my ears."

"Ah," said Zella, and his face grew thoughtful. "Many are able to amass silver and gold—I've seen scores of rich folk in my travels—but that is only a small part of fortune; indeed sometimes it is no good fortune at all. It may be a chain to the feet or a bandage to the eyes; one may not leap so lightly nor see so clearly. And unless one can leap and see, what is the use of the roads and the colors of grass and trees?"

Rip nodded. He did not understand some of the thoughts of this close friend of his; there were times

when he felt that the Indians were more familiar with Zella than he; but almost always it seemed that there was a nugget of gold to be dug from his companion's speech.

So matters stood when the woods along the river were torches of red and orange in the second autumn. Rip was busy and happy; as for Zella, if—as he watched the wild geese winging to the south—he felt the desire to wander, that urge of the gypsy nature, he curbed the impulse, for Rip was not yet ready to carry on the trade in furs without his aid.

Then a shallop brought two strangers up the river and landed them within a mile of the log-cabin. Another cabin rose on the shore and the smoke of its fire could be seen by Rip and Zella from their door. Presently the strangers launched into the fur-business for themselves.

They were Dutchmen, Hans Onderdyck and Hendrick Kuyper. Onderdyck was a big man with a head shaped like an egg and hair that bristled; Kuyper was a much smaller fellow, rosy-cheeked, red-headed, with a crooked nose and a scar across his chin. Rip and Zella met the pair and learned that they had come from the West Indies; Onderdyck was a wordy man who liked to hear himself talk, Kuyper contented himself with grinning and showing a row of jagged, yellow teeth.

"Stormy petrels, those two," said Zella to Rip. "Look out for squalls."

With the building of that second trading-post a

change came over the river. Potopac brought news now and then. The two Dutchmen were cultivating the acquaintance of renegade Indians, plying them with strong waters, rousing their cupidity. Bundles of furs, stacked outside wigwams, had disappeared; traps had been looted. Suspicion was being bred between the tribesmen; ill-feeling was growing rampant and that ill-feeling was fostered and directed by the new traders.

"Aye, they come from the West Indies, Rip," said Zella, and added bitterly, "In those places the white man treats his darker-skinned brother as a slave, drives him with a whip, cheats and robs him without a scruple. And now they would treat the Mohawk so; set brother against brother in order to line their purses."

Long he talked with Potopac and other Indians who were friends of his and gave them wise counsel. But matters went from bad to worse that winter. The two Dutchmen made their post a headquarters for stolen furs. Rum was the great inducement they used for deeds of thievery and knavery, and casks of it came up river in the shallop and were unloaded, to be replaced by peltries shipped to their agents. Then one day an Indian was stabbed by one of the two and his body thrown into the river. When Zella heard of this his green eyes glinted. "Come, Rip," he said, "there is no merit in patience with such swine as these."

They went to the Dutchmen's post, which was now a very pretentious place, with a wharf for the shallop, a

wide clearing around the main cabin, and a collection of storage sheds. Onderdyck was inspecting a row of martens' furs spread out on a bench in the sun while the Indian who had brought them stood unsteadily on his feet by the trader's side.

Onderdyck looked up, his big face bland and unctuous. "Ah, good morning, mynheers," he said. "How goes business with you?"

"'Tis of business we came to talk," responded Zella, looking at the other with direct, searching eyes. "You must alter your mode of trading or there will be no business done by any of us along this river."

"So!" said the Dutchman, and, standing with his feet wide apart and his egg-shaped head thrown back, he looked down his long nose at his visitors. After staring at them for some moments, he continued his speech: "Hendrick Kuyper and I buy furs from the savages, the same as you do. You don't own all the red-skinned rascals or the fur critters in the province, do ye?"

"No," answered Zella, "my partner and I don't own any of them. We treat the Mohawks who bring us furs as friends and deal with them fairly."

"Treat 'em as friends!—Those scurvy heathen—Mohawk dogs!"

The Indian heard the name of his tribe and, nudging Onderdyck with his elbow, pointed proudly to himself.

Instantly the Dutchman drew back a step and then gave the Mohawk such a kick with his booted foot that the redskin bounced forward, staggered, and sprawled

on the ground. "That's the way *I* treat 'em," he declared; "the rum-befuddled fools!"

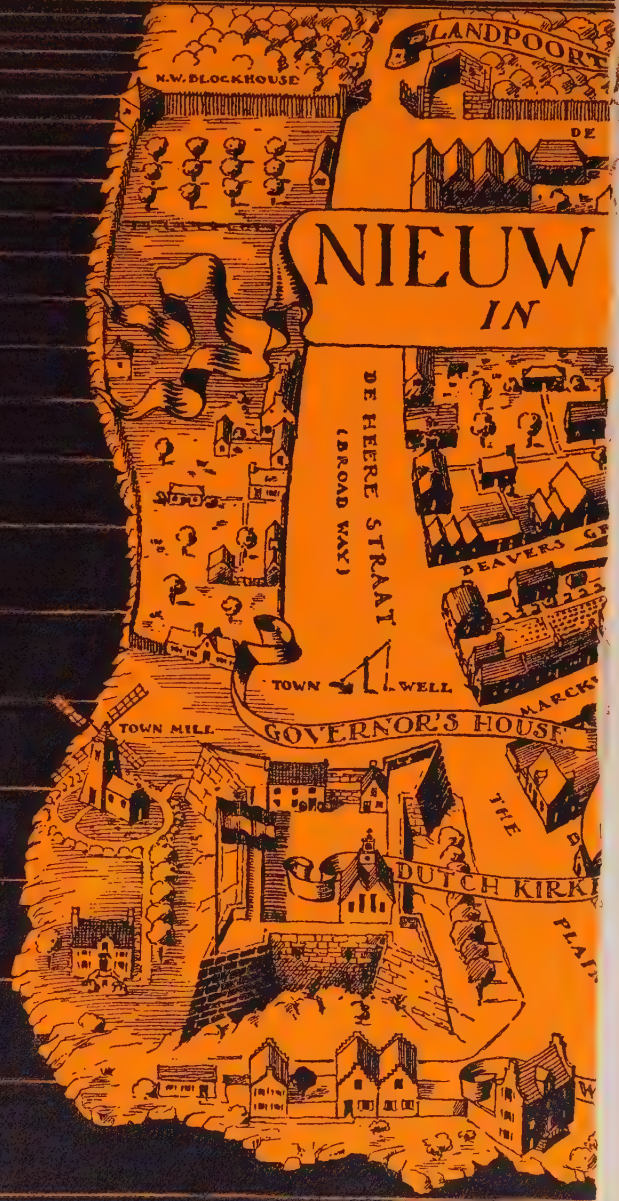
Rip had never seen Zella angry, but Martin was angry at that moment. His hands twitched as if he lusted to use them on that big body, that sneering, full-fleshed face. However, he managed to control the impulse, and walking over to the Indian helped him to his feet and said some words to him in the Mohawk tongue.

Again he turned to Onderdyck. "You fill them up with rum and set them to steal furs so they may buy more rum from you. Already there is bad blood between the Indians, between those you have taught to be thieves and those who are honest. You care not for that; let them hate each other, let them fight each other. But you would care if the Indians, infuriated by what you are doing, should band together and make war on all the white settlers along the river."

Onderdyck shrugged. "If this is what you have come to talk to me about—the possible uprising of the savages—you might have spared yourself the trouble. Kuyper and I are able to look out for ourselves." With that he turned an insolent shoulder on Zella and Rip, and resumed his examination of the marten furs on the bench.

Zella wasted no more words. With Rip he walked from the clearing and into the woods. At a little distance he glanced over his shoulder, then halted and touched his friend's arm. Instead of proceeding homeward the two stole through the trees to a palisade built

*New Port*





behind the sheds. Here they were hidden, but could see and hear what took place outside the cabin.

Kuyper had come out from the log-house and his red face was very angry. "I heard you, Hans, I heard you, you big, addle-pated fool! Why didn't you talk to them peaceably, offer them something to drink? Why must you boot that Indian in their very faces?"

It was apparent at once that the little man, in spite of his lack of inches, was the master of the two. Onderdyck turned a flabby face to him. "Why didn't you come out, Hendrick? You heard us talking. 'Tis you who know what to say."

"I didn't come out because I didn't want them to think me a rascal like you. And if I'd disagreed with you they might have thought they could make trouble between us." Kuyper shook his fist at the other. "No, no, I don't burn my fingers trying to keep you from falling in the fire. I near singed them once that time at Curaçoa and that other time at Barbadoes. This time you can stew in your own fat. What did you want to do, Hans? Make them mad as hornets?"

"That fellow," said Onderdyck, "was going to lecture me like a dominie for giving the savages rum."

"Well," said Kuyper, "couldn't you stand a little lecture? What will those two do now? As like as not they'll go to Peter Stuyvesant and tell him that, because of us, the Indians are going to make war on the settlements. Then Stuyvesant'll clear us out, lock, stock, and barrel. And if he gets his hands on you—remember Curaçoa, when he was Governor there——"

Onderdyck nodded. "He mustn't get his hands on us," he muttered.

"On you, I said. You were the thief."

The big man looked about him. "We ought to be safe here, Hendrick. There's nobody from the Indies comes up the river. I keep my eyes open and ask questions of every ship. No Spaniards have been seen."

Kuyper grinned. "The Dons—oh, you're safe enough from them. But we don't want Stuyvesant aroused. Keep your hands off the Indians when any white traders are about. What was it that fellow said? 'Treat the Mohawks as friends'—that's the way to do it. As to dealing with them fairly, as he boasted,—well, what's fair dealing is for us to decide."

The somewhat mollified manner of the little man restored his partner's confidence. Onderdyck's cheeks swelled again. "Fair dealing with savages is to leave them their skin and bones," he chuckled, "and teach 'em to think they're fortunate to keep that much."

Behind the screen of the palisade Zella nudged Rip and the two stole off through the woods. Presently Zella said: "The leopard doesn't change his spots nor the knave his trickery. We must rid the river of those two." He smiled at some thought. "'Twill be amusing, Rip. I was once a strolling play-actor in the Old World; I'll be one again in the New."

### III

It was Zella, not Rip, who took the next boat load of furs down river to the factor on Manhattan Island, and

when he returned to the cabin he brought with him not only a bag of silver but several bulky canvas-covered bundles as well. That evening, by the light of the fat pitch-pine that burned upon the hearth, he opened these bundles and displayed to Rip an amazing assortment of articles. "I wandered hither and yon, from farmhouse to farmhouse," Zella explained. "From one I purchased this, from another that. Many a housewife ransacked her chests to find what the itinerant tinker wanted; and the tinker was I."

He was as pleased as a boy with his first fowling-piece. His eyes danced and he laughed as he sorted out his bargains. "You shall wear this, I that," he said. "A little of that pigment on your cheeks, Rip, and you will look like a Morisco. A tuft on my chin, rings in my ears, and I am Sir Buccanero. Ah, how amusing it is to be a mountebank, and so play many parts in the world instead of only one!"

"I'll warrant you've played many parts," said Rip.

"Aye, and so I have. I think I could be anything but a fat and blue-eyed Dutchman."

Rip chuckled; then stared in surprise, for Zella, using gum and wisps of black hair on his eyebrows, had transformed himself into a very ferocious looking rascal.

The next night there emerged from the cabin two figures most unusual in the province of New Netherland. They wore jerkin and hose and soft leather boots that came above their knees, cloaks embroidered with silver hung from their shoulders, their faces were

bearded, rings glittered in their ears, and in their belts were thrust broad-hilted poniards.

They followed the shore of the river to the trading-post on the north. There they stopped to look at the wharf. The shallop was not at its mooring. "I passed Kuyper going south yesterday," said the one with bristling black eyebrows and black chin-beard. "He's not yet returned. 'Tis well." The speaker marched to the cabin door.

Hans Onderdyck, stuffed with food and drink, was sitting in a big chair before the fire. On a table lay his long-stemmed pipe beside a lighted tallow candle. Onderdyck was dozing. Then he sleepily opened his eyes. In the room stood a stranger and another was at the doorway.

Grasping the arms of his chair, Onderdyck pulled himself up to a more alert position.

The stranger's bearded lips parted in a smile and his white teeth shone. "So, señor," he said in Spanish, "you were pleasantly dreaming after a long, toilsome day?"

Onderdyck shook his head as if to indicate that he did not understand the other's language.

"You prefer that I speak in Dutch?" asked the stranger, adopting that tongue. "Very well. I picked up sufficient of it in Curaçoa."

Now Onderdyck gave a little start, which he instantly tried to conceal by what was intended to be a good-humored grin. "I am a Dutchman," he said; "from Haarlem, over the sea."

"And from Curaçoa too, and perchance Barbadoes?"

There was a second's hesitation, then the seated man shook his head. "I trade in furs with the Indians, with the Mohawks," he declared.

The bearded man's expression grew less amiable, his eyes seemed to sharpen, his black brows frowned. "Trade in furs?" he snarled. "*Nombre de Dios!* you may trade in them now, but you know the ports of the West Indies as well as I."

"You mistake me for another, señor," the perturbed Dutchman stated.

There was a laugh or a growl, a derisive note. "Mistake you! There's none other like you in the wide world. From Curaçoa to Barbadoes, to New Netherland, and always the thief!"

Onderdyck's eyes were staring from his putty-colored face. He lifted one hand, but it shook so that he let it fall. "What——" he began; "what is it that you want?"

The stranger came a step nearer. Onderdyck, regarding that dark face with the long locks under broad hat, gilded earrings, beetling brows and saturnine, contemptuous mouth, recognized him as one of those Spanish cutthroats who stalked the West Indian seaports and with whom he had aforetime been unpleasantly familiar. Which one this might be he knew not; the type was sufficient. In some miraculous way this buccaneer had found him out.

The other man stopped in front of Hans Onderdyck

and his expression swiftly changed. He was laughing now, and his laughter was even less pleasing to the Dutchman than his scowl had been. In it there was scorn and mockery; so had other villainous Spaniards laughed, Onderdyck remembered, when they had been about to stick a knife into some enemy who was at their mercy.

"You know very well what I want," said the stranger.

Of course Onderdyck knew; what did these blood-suckers always want but money or treasure? He licked his lips, which had become very dry, and gulped several times. Then an idea came to him. "My partner, Hendrick Kuyper, has taken all our bags of coin and furs to the factor at New Amsterdam."

"The little man with the crooked nose?" said the other. "Aye, we've met him." His tone implied that Kuyper had not particularly enjoyed the encounter.

Onderdyck, by nature suspicious of everyone, was instantly on a new tack. "You met him? Then he ——" He stopped, again wetting his lips.

The stranger seemed to have an uncanny ability to read people's thoughts. He read the Dutchman's, and said: "Thieves will sell anyone to save their own skins."

"Ah!" said Onderdyck. So he owed his present predicament to the treachery of Kuyper. Very well. If Kuyper had bought off these Spaniards, so would he. He spread out his hands. "Kuyper didn't take everything. He left some furs and a few goldpieces."

"Where?" demanded the other.

"The furs are in the shed, the coins in yonder chest." Onderdyck pointed to a brass-bound box in a corner.

"Very good." The stranger's manner altered, became almost agreeable. "And now that we've come to terms, we'll warm ourselves at your fire."

Onderdyck stood up. He did not move toward the wall on which hung his musket with powder-horn and bullet-case nor toward the shelf on which lay his long-barrelled pistol; he had seen the Spaniard's lynx-like eyes observe the location of both weapons and knew that a step in their direction would meet with his immediate discomfiture. He stood there solemnly while the fellow who had been in the doorway came into the room and warmed his back at the fire and the other threw back his cloak and began to twirl his villainous-looking mustaches.

"If you're thirsty," said this one, "by all means get yourself a drink. A glass of Barbadoes rum now ——"

"Aye," agreed the Dutchman. "The keg's in the shed."

Looking neither to the right nor the left he marched to the door and his heavy footsteps could be heard crunching the ground outside.

With the tread of a cat the other followed him to the door and after a few minutes returned. "He's off," he declared. "No stopping at the shed for a keg of rum while two scoundrelly Spaniards are in his neighborhood. He'll take to the woods and travel far; the more distance he can put between himself and us before day-

break the better he'll be pleased. Well, Rip, we've put an end to the fur-trading business of Mynheers Onderdyck and Kuyper."

Rip laughed. "Scared? Why, Martin, he was shaking like a full bowl of jelly when he looked at you!"

"An evil conscience, my boy. But I smell something more than the goldpieces in that chest and the furs in the sheds. No, if I'm not mistaken, this amiable pair of rascals brought something else from the West Indies they value much more highly than their profits from the Indian trade." He thought for a space, then shrugged his shoulders. "But we've got what we wanted; the two of them won't harm the Mohawks again. Onderdyck will keep clear of the North River."

"But Kuyper—when he comes back?" queried Rip.

"When he comes back and finds the gold-chest and the furs gone, and no trace of the estimable Hans, the shrewd Kuyper will gather that some folk have been here on business bent, folk who know more about Hans and Hendrick than those two rascals care to have known." Zella smiled. "And then Kuyper, putting two and two together, will imitate his companion in crime and vanish like Hans."

Rip took off his hat and smoothed the locks of the reddish wig he was wearing. "But Martin, are you thinking of taking that chest of coins and the furs?"

"Aye," said Zella. "I was thinking of taking them to Peter Stuyvesant. They don't belong to us, and it

seems to me that the Governor of the province is the rightful person to decide their ownership."

IV

So, on a day late in the winter, the man who had come out of the sea landed a second time at New Amsterdam and with Rip Van Steyn walked through the muddy lanes to the house of his Excellency Peter Stuyvesant. The Governor had enjoyed a good dinner and was relishing a pipe of the province's fragrant tobacco when his servant announced that two callers desired to wait upon him. Stuyvesant nodded his assent, and shortly was looking through the smoke arising from his pipe-bowl at a blond youth, undoubtedly Dutch, and at a slender, black-haired and greenish-eyed man who might have come from goodness knew where.

The callers bowed; so did the Governor, who also bade his servant place chairs for the two. "Your names, *mynheers*?" he asked in an unusually amiable tone.

"Mine is Martin Zella," answered the elder. "My friend is Master Rip Van Steyn. We are fur traders on the North River."

Peter Stuyvesant wrinkled his brows in thought. "Zella—Zella; the name is an uncommon one. Yet I've heard it—Zella ——"

"Let me assist your Excellency's memory," was the pleasant-voiced suggestion. "A year and a half ago—in the summer—I came to your Excellency's notice because of a dispute at the Stadt Huys over an Indian.

You directed the Indian and me to be out of town by sunset."

Stuyvesant cocked an eye at the speaker; he was much surprised by this direct statement, for ordinarily those who had come under his displeasure were careful not to remind him of the fact. Yet the man in front of him was certainly not disrespectful; he looked like a gentleman and was evidently quite at his ease. "Well," he said, "you think a year and a half's exile is sufficient penance, do you, sir?"

"More than sufficient," declared Zella, and the twinkle in his eye was so engaging that it called forth an answering twinkle from the grim-faced Stuyvesant. "I left New Amsterdam with the Indian, Potopac, and Rip Van Steyn. Our trade in furs has prospered."

"Word has come to me," said the Governor, "that some of the traders on the North River have been sowing discord among the Indians."

"Aye," agreed Zella, "there are rascals everywhere, even in this virgin country."

"But the Mohawks treat Master Zella as a brother, your Excellency," interposed Rip. "He speaks their tongue, he sits at their council fires."

"Excellent," nodded Stuyvesant. "You may be valuable to our province." With a smile he waved his hand. "The decree of banishment is revoked. But," he went on, "what brings you here to-day?"

"A strange tale." Zella leaned forward, resting his hands on his knees. "A tale that begins in Curaçoa, when you were Governor, and comes to a head here in

New Netherland. You spoke of traders who have been sowing discord among the Indians. 'Tis of two of them I would speak." Therewith he related all that he knew of the rascality that the pair of Dutchmen had perpetrated on the Mohawks, of his scheme to drive them from the river, and of its successful issue. "We have brought you the chest of gold pieces," he concluded, "and the furs. Thieves' treasure. 'Tis for you as Governor to use them."

Stuyvesant had listened intently, for Zella had the gift of dramatic narration. "'Twas well done, sir!" he exclaimed. "You have omitted only one thing—to tell me the rascals' names."

"The small one," said Zella, "is called Hendrick Kuyper, the big one Hans Onderdyck."

"By my faith!" cried Stuyvesant, "I might have known it. I drove that pair out of Curaçoa!"

"And what did they take with them?" Zella questioned.

The Governor, who had been bending forward, sat back. "What did they take, Mynheer Zella? Why, they took three chests of uncut gems that belonged to the Dutch West India Company. How they did it, I don't know. Those gems were worth a fortune, but we never succeeded in catching the thieves. The Indies are as full of hiding-places as a honeycomb of cells."

"The gems are here in New Netherland," said Zella quietly.

"You think that?" Stuyvesant was vastly excited.

"That's the real treasure they are hiding here; and

that's why Onderdyck is laughing to think how neatly he satisfied the two Spaniards by letting them take the furs and the paltry box of coins."

"Where are the gems? On the North River? I'll have the shore combed with rakes."

Zella shook his head. "Nay, let the two think the gems are safe. Wits are better than rakes, I suggest to your Excellency."

Stuyvesant gazed long at the man, as if to estimate what lay behind his smooth manner and pacific words. "If your wits can secure me those three chests of uncut gems," he said slowly, "I will reward you with lands worthy a Patroon."

"Nay, let us not speak of reward. What I do is for my own satisfaction. I have a conceit, your Excellency, to straighten out crooked matters."

So droll was his tone that the Governor, who did not ordinarily mix humor with business, burst into laughter. "Zounds, man," he said, "this matter is crooked enough to satisfy even you, good Master Zella!"

Rip wondered as they left Peter Stuyvesant's house how Martin Zella could possibly accomplish this task that he had, with such apparent lightness, engaged to prosecute. Onderdyck and Kuyper might have fled anywhere, up the river to Fort Orange, into the woods on either side, out of the province. He forbore to question his friend, however, until the two of them, with the assistance of a couple of the Governor's servants, had transferred the Dutchmen's furs and chest of coins to Stuyvesant's mansion. Then he said: "By

what necromancy, Martin, are you going to put your fingers on the West India Company's gems or the thieves who took them?"

"Find the thieves and we'll find the gems," was Zella's answer. "After Hans' adventure with us the other evening he and Hendrick will be keeping an eye on their treasure trove."

"But where shall we look, north, east, south, west?" asked the puzzled Rip.

"You are still a townsman," said Rip, with a mock-sigh, "although you have dwelt with me in the wilderness for these many months. Have you not heard the whispers the trees tell each other, the patter of little feet in the forest glades? The winds and the woods have their messengers, as I on my travels have often learned."

Rip was yet puzzling over this when they reached their cabin on the North River. The next day Potopac came with a bundle of furs. Zella talked with him in the Mohawk tongue, and when the Indian had gone Martin said to his friend: "I have sent a message forth: Find the two Dutchmen who traded north of here. From wigwam to wigwam, from tribe to tribe will go the message. Trust the dwellers of the forests to bring us the information we seek."

Days passed. It was early spring when Potopac returned. Long he talked with Zella, then the latter turned to Rip. "He says that the two are found. They are on the southern shore of the long island that stretches east from New Amsterdam for many miles.

They have a cabin on a little bay near the farm of one Willem Van Twinkle."

Rip slapped his thigh. "That is fine news!" he exclaimed exultantly.

Potopac spoke again, and now Zella appeared even more interested than before. He asked many questions of the Mohawk. "Ah, Rip, my lad," said Martin, rubbing his hands together, "here is news indeed! Potopac says that a ship has been seen off the ocean side of the long island and not far from Van Twinkle's farm. The men on the ship are dark-skinned with black hair and beards, a different race, the Indians say, from the Dutch settlers of the province."

"Spaniards mayhap?" Rip suggested.

"Aye, Spaniards I think they be; and real Spaniards also, not like the two who played at Spaniards here."

There was a pause while Zella fondled his chin. Then he spoke his thoughts aloud. "Others who have been in the West Indies beside Governor Stuyvesant know of the chests of uncut gems that Hans and Hendrick stole. The Spaniards of this ship have come to make the thieves disgorge. There's a saying, 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' 'Tis an excellent saying. Yet we must not let the Spanish thieves get away with the Dutch thieves' loot."

Again he was silent, brooding, while Rip watched him eagerly and Potopac, immobile as a bronze statue, regarded him with level gaze. Presently Zella looked at Rip. "Do you know aught about the handling of a

ship?" he asked. "Not a skiff nor a shallop, but one of larger build?"

"Something I learned aboard the vessel that brought me from the Netherlands," answered Rip.

Zella nodded. "Perchance 'twill do. I know something of ships." Then his eyes shone, and Rip knew that his nimble thoughts were amused at some venture he had conceived. He talked again with Potopac, gave him directions, and walked down to the shore with him and saw him off in his canoe.

That afternoon Zella divulged part of his plans to his companion. "We are going on a journey," he said, "and since it may be that we will need something more persuasive than wits and words we will take our pistols and poniards with us, though much I dislike the vulgar arguing with weapons. To-night we will set forth in our canoe and follow the stream that flows north of Manhattan Island. In that way we will come to the river on the east; that we will cross to the long island, and there we will leave the canoe and finish the journey afoot."

On a clear night, lighted with stars, the two embarked on their voyage, and by dint of vigorous paddling reached the north shore of the long island the next dawn. There they hid the canoe in bushes, breakfasted on provisions they had brought with them, and lay down to sleep in the shade of a clump of oaks. Rip was still slumbering when, some hours later, Zella woke him. "You need no more beauty sleep," said Martin; "you're comely as a faun. And now, good

Rip, set one foot before the other until we reach Van Twinkle's farm."

Beyond the fact that the farm was on the ocean or southern side of the island Rip had no information as to its location and wondered how they were to find the place on that long stretch of shore. Zella, seeing that he was mystified, pointed to two twigs that were arranged like the head of an arrow on the moss beneath an oak. "My messengers," he said. "The Indians need no maps to find their way across country, nor do we when we see with Indian eyes. That gives us the direction." Therewith he started off inland, his step as light and springy as the leap of a fallow deer.

No Indian could have followed the track more unerringly than did Rip's companion and the two made many miles before they halted for a noontime meal and drink from a brook. Again they picked up the trail from the Indians' twigs and by sunset had a view of broad blue water. Then they rested—for they had traveled far and fast—in the lush grass of a sea meadow.

When the sun was a blaze of orange low down in the western woods they set out to explore the country that bordered on the shore. From a headland they sighted the buildings of Van Twinkle's farm. These they skirted, and a mile or so beyond they came to an out-jutting point of land which formed the eastern horn of a crescent bay.

"There is the cabin," said Zella, nodding toward a low house of logs just discernible at the edge of a

forest. "And somewhere further along the coast will be the Spaniards' ship. 'Tis time for the cat to spring upon the mouse or the mouse will be away with the cheese from the trap."

Twilight was descending when the two made their way into the forest. There, as they watched the bay from behind the log-house, they heard the patter of soft feet; Potopac had joined them. He spoke to Zella; then imitated the low hoot of an owl. From the shades of the forest came other figures. Rip saw a score of Indians, their brown skins scarcely to be distinguished from the boles of the trees.

Patiently the group waited while the sky changed from blue to purple, the sea commenced to silver with the starlight, and a wind to rise from the west. "Potopac says the two Dutchmen are at the cabin," Zella whispered to Rip. "Now for the ship, the ship!"

Presently he touched Rip on the arm and pointed to the western horn of the bay. What looked like the tip of a mast was moving above the headland, then a bow poked into sight across the water.

"The Spanish ship!" whispered Rip.

"Aye," nodded Zella. "Now watch them spring the trap."

Rip watched the drama that unfolded. He saw a boat put out from the vessel and row to the beach. Silently it came in and as silently from the screening bushes on the western side of the cabin stole groups of men. The Spaniards had landed some of their party further down the coast. From the water and from the

shore they were about to make a raid on Onderdyck and Kuyper.

"Now," whispered Zella, "with me, Rip."

To Rip's surprise the other did not leap forward toward the cabin and shore, but instead started to run east through the woods and behind the shelter of thickets in the direction of the upper head of the bay. Rip followed, so did the Indians, and the sound of their footsteps was no louder than the rustle of the wind-swept leaves.

They were out on the shore and none had seen them. Rip heard the sound of firearms from the cabin. The Spaniards had cornered their quarry; they would get their hands on the treasure.

"Now, Rip," cried Zella, "to spring our trap on the Spaniards!"

"But how, Martin, how?"

For answer Zella pointed to the water. There was a row of birchbark canoes and the Indians were launching them.

## V

The handful of men on the Spanish ship were leaning on the rail, their attention completely centered on what was happening ashore when suddenly they were thrown backward on the deck and hands were clapped over their mouths to stifle any outcry. Their captors, they could see, were Indians, powerful fellows who held them as in vices. Then someone spoke to them in Spanish. "Do as you're bid and you'll save your skins.

Otherwise—— But you're men of sense and know what's good for you."

They had sense enough to appreciate that the Indians and their white leader were masters of the situation. They made no protest—they could make none under the circumstances—when their dirks and pistols were removed, their hands knotted behind them by ends of rope, their mouths gagged. Then they were thrust below decks. Martin Zella had again come out of the sea and the Spaniards' ship was his.

He stood at the rail with Rip. "The Dons will have made Hans and Hendrick disgorge the treasure by now," he said, "and the Spanish captain will fetch it straight here from the shore. He will bring it in that boat on the beach. Meantime the bulk of his men will go to the west to launch the boats in which they rowed ashore. That will take them some time. The captain will come up the ladder with a chest of uncut gems in his arms, and we will give him welcome on behalf of the Dutch West India Company."

Rip watched the figures moving on the silvered shore. How craftily Martin Zella had acted, how cleverly he had made use of the Indians' gift of stealthy, noiseless motion! A fight on land with the Spaniards might have been disastrous; but to outwit them aboard their own ship—that was shrewdness, and withal there was a touch of humor to it, as there was to most of this surprising fellow's actions.

The figures on the beach separated. The Spaniards were returning to their boats, and now most of them

were hidden from the watchers on the deck by the headland to the west. Those still in sight were launching the skiff; their oars rose, fell; they were pulling directly to the ship. At a whisper from Zella Rip moved to a position at the rail above the rope ladder that hung over the vessel's side.

The top of the rail was some five feet or more above the deck of the waist and anyone coming aboard would have to jump down that distance. The boat bumped against the ship's hull; someone was climbing the ladder. A head appeared, a whole figure; a man with a small oblong box clutched in his hands balanced for a second and then sprang forward. When he came down he was caught securely in Rip's arms; a cloak prevented any exclamation.

Another—like the first, with a box in his arms—followed the leader, and was similarly disposed of. A third, also burdened, leaped from rail to deck and was accounted for. Then came the rest of the boat's crew—there were eight in all—and each and every one was welcomed by Zella and Rip and the Indians.

The Spaniards, bound hand and foot, were set against the rail in a sitting position. Zella piled the three small chests on the poop and placed Potopac in charge of them. "Now, Rip," said he, "you and I will contrive to sail this argosy into port at New Amsterdam."

That was, perhaps, the most surprising part of the whole adventure: that two white men and a band of Indians should navigate a good-sized ship successfully

to harbor. Yet Rip, as he watched his friend at the helm, felt not so much surprise as admiration, for it seemed to him that Martin Zella was entirely capable of navigating a galley or any other type of vessel across the Atlantic Ocean.

Out to sea they headed and so out of earshot of the company of Spaniards that on the western shore looked with amazement at the spectacle of their ship sailing off without them. When the wind shifted Zella altered his course and voyaged along the island that reached west and south to New Amsterdam's harbor. The sun rose and they were within view of Fort Amsterdam, the gabled roofs of the houses and the arms of the many windmills. Slowly—for here navigation was not so simple a matter—they threaded their way into the river on the east and dropped their sails in the inlet of Coenties Slip.

A strange ship off Coenties Lane, within stone's throw of the Stadt Huys! That brought out the Dutchmen and their vrouwen, the children and the dogs. Even Adrien Silverwyck stumped down to the shore to see. "Indians!" he exclaimed in chorus with all the townsfolk, for those were undoubtedly redskins who stood upon the deck.

The ship was made fast, and on the landing-stage descended Zella and Rip and Potopac, each with a small box in his hands.

"By the Saints!" cried Silverwyck, "'tis that simple fellow—what's his name?—the one that dropped from the sky, nobody knew how!"

"And 'tis Rip Van Steyn, he that was my 'prentice!" exclaimed Roelof Ten Eyck.

Rip heard and smiled. Greatly amused, he marched after Zella through the gaping throng to the Stadt Huys, up the steps, and into the ante-chamber of Governor Stuyvesant.

The Governor's secretary stared. "Be so good," directed Zella, "as to inform his Excellency that we three wait upon him."

"But who are you?" asked the secretary.

The inner door was partly open. Now it was pushed wide and in stomped Peter Stuyvesant. "I know that voice," he proclaimed. "Ah, 'tis you, Mynheer Zella. Well, well, sir?"

"Here are the uncut gems of the Dutch West India Company, your Excellency," stated Zella; "the three chests that were stolen in Curaçoa."

Stuyvesant's eyes gleamed. He snatched the box from Zella, put it on a table, seized a musket from the wall and with a blow of the stock smashed the lock of the chest. Wrenching open the lid, he stared in. "Saints be praised, 'tis the gems!" he cried. He picked the stones up in his fingers. Then he opened the other two boxes. "Complete!" he said, with utter satisfaction.

Through New Amsterdam the story spread, and it was a nine days' wonder. The Spaniards were released from bondage and with their ship restored to them they made haste to sail away. Potopac and his Mohawks took their canoes and paddled up the North River.

What became of Onderdyck and Kuyper no one on Manhattan Island ever knew, but they made no more trouble in the province.

"Your reward, Mynheer Zella?" Stuyvesant asked one day as he entertained Martin and Rip at his dinner-table. "Would you have a bouwerie, many acres of fertile land?"

"Nay, thank you, sir," said Zella; "I have no ambition to be a farmer." He looked at Rip. "Nor would I return, my lad, to the trade in furs."

"But without you, Martin ——" Rip protested.

"You may need me in the fur trade," Zella agreed; "but not on the farm. And there lies your real work, Rip. Like all true Dutchmen you are a tiller of the soil; and where can one find better soil than in New Netherland?" The greenish eyes smiled at the Governor. "You would reward Master Rip, too? I would ask your Excellency to give him a fine bouwerie and add to it my share of fertile fields."

"That I will," said Stuyvesant. "I will give lands to you both and you shall share them as you wish."

Zella helped Rip build his house on his broad acres. Then one evening as they sat together he said: "In the morning, Rip, I must be away. Two years I have spent in New Netherland, a longer time than I have stayed in any place before. I am hungry for new scenes; the rivers of this New World I would explore, see its lakes and mountains. To-morrow I will take canoe—whither I do not know."

"But you will come back, Martin?"

Zella's eyes grew meditative. "That lies on the lap of the gods, my friend. I go where the winds call me. Do not seek to bind me with pledges. Often I shall think of you here on your farm. Let that suffice between us, Rip. Your thoughts of me for my thoughts of you."

Rip did not argue; he knew his friend; knew him for a bird of passage. Around the world and around the world, foot-loose and fancy-free; a gypsy by nature, if not by race, was this Martin Zella.



II  
MASTER BLACKTHORNE

*Philadelphia*

1734



## II

### MASTER BLACKTHORNE

*Philadelphia — 1734*

#### I

THE bayberry candles in their silver holders, standing like torch-bearers on either side of the silver tray with the snuffers on the round, polished table, illuminated the room sufficiently to bring out the four people in it and make their faces distinct against a shadowy background. In a large armchair sat a portly man dressed in coat and breeches of brown twilled cotton. His brown hair, which was not powdered, fell to the rim of his collar and made a frame for his plump, pink face. On a smaller chair at his right hand was seated a slender, blue-eyed woman in mouse-colored grey. A third chair held a thin, sallow-faced man in greenish-blue suit, his black hair tied in a pigtail queue. These three were ranged on one side of the table, and across from them there sat a young fellow, auburn-haired, tawny-eyed, big of frame, and dressed in claret-colored cloth with lace cravat and long lace cuffs.

“One would think to hear you talk,” the portly man was saying, addressing his nephew across the table, “that Philadelphia was some dull country village, inhabited entirely by yokels, who had no thought for anything but food and drink. I would not be impatient

with you, John; but on your journey to Virginia you do seem to have imbibed the most absurd ideas."

John Blackthorne smilingly shook his head. "Not inhabited by yokels, Uncle Abel; but rather by strait-laced gentry who walk with their eyes on the ground lest they should see the sun. In Virginia now, and in Maryland ——"

The sallow-faced man interrupted. "I would point out to you, nephew, that those two colonies were settled by Cavaliers, by free-livers, in short; whereas those who came to this land with William Penn were seeking salvation here as sober, industrious members of the Society of Friends."

"I quite understand the difference, Uncle Thomas," John Blackthorne declared. "Do you think I have grown up here to twenty years without being thoroughly instructed in the virtues of our Quaker people? My journey to Virginia, however, has opened my eyes. We don't possess all the virtues; not if freedom to enjoy oneself is to be classed among them."

"To enjoy oneself!" Abel Blackthorne looked at his wife and solemnly shook his large head. "This comes of my sending a mere boy to try to sell our hardware to the Southern planters."

"I sold them some," grinned John. "But what interested me more than business was meeting people who weren't entirely concerned with the state of their souls."

"I don't think you're altogether fair to us, John," said his aunt Deborah. "Our young people have

plenty of amusements. You have a comfortable home here and plenty of money to spend on clothes and such things. You want for nothing. If you think you do, you have only to speak to us and your uncles and I will consider if it is for your good."

"You're always kind, Aunt Deborah; but you don't understand. Have you ever seen a colt in a pasture kicking up his heels? That's the way I feel. I don't want to sell hardware unless I'm interested in it; and I'm not at present. I don't care for the amusements that seem to satisfy Quaker young people. I don't want——"

Again his uncle Thomas interrupted. "There appear to be a great many things you don't want," he stated drily. "Perhaps you'll condescend to tell us a few things you do want to do."

"I can't tell you, because I don't know what they are," John Blackthorne answered. For a moment or so he considered, then added: "Perhaps it's freedom; not to have to accept the cut and dried views of others. I'd like to meet people who aren't Quakers; something more adventurous."

"Sow wild oats, in short," said Abel Blackthorne. "Be the black sheep of the family."

"Not the black sheep precisely, uncle," countered John; "but neither the woolly white lamb."

He said this good-humoredly, a merry twinkle in his eyes; it was not, however, received by the others in a light or playful spirit. Such a spirit was entirely foreign to the brothers Abel and Thomas, whose father

had come from England to Pennsylvania with William Penn, Proprietor of the province, in the ship *Welcome* in 1682. They, with John's father, their brother Daniel Blackthorne, had engaged in merchandising, and now, in 1733, the hardware house of Blackthorne Brothers was doing a prosperous business. Yellow fever had carried off both John's parents and his uncles had taken him into the commodious dwelling they shared on High Street and done their best to bring him up in the sober Quaker tradition. They had prospered by following that tradition, so had their friends in Philadelphia. What could one want more?

As for Deborah, the wife of Abel, she had once had a playful spirit, but marriage and close association with her husband and his brother Thomas had tamed it and made her a quiet, almost passive person. Her house-keeping, her charities, her garden in summer, these and the all important occupation of ministering to the comfort of her men folk absorbed all her attention.

Abel and Thomas looked as dour as a Scotch covenantanter about to upbraid his flock, and on the usually placid face of Deborah there sat a frown. Then Abel laid his large, blunt-fingered hands firmly on the arms of his chair. "Very well, nephew; if that's the way you feel about it we need discuss the matter no more. You'll not be required to go to the warehouse to-morrow. If you wish, you may remove your belongings from under this roof to such place as you prefer. You have sufficient money of your own to keep you in comfort. When you have had enough of this thing that

you vaguely call 'freedom' we will be glad to see you here again—and in, I trust, a somewhat chastened spirit."

Thomas nodded in agreement with his brother. Deborah, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers, looked as if she would like to add something of a kindly nature to her husband's words. If she did have that impulse, she managed to resist it. To qualify anything Abel said was almost as indecorous as to attempt to amend the Bible.

"You have spoken very fairly to me, uncle," John said, getting to his feet. "I'll take the vacation you propose. I haven't the least notion what I'll do with my liberty, but I'll try not to disgrace the Blackthorne name."

It was a cool May evening and a slim crescent moon hung above the opposite housetops when John stepped out from the family mansion. There were few people abroad in High Street, for the citizens of Philadelphia went early to bed. John looked up and down the thoroughfare. Then the signboard of the Indian King tavern near the corner of Third Street caught his eye and he turned in that direction.

As it chanced, he had no more than done so when the tavern door opened and a number of people emerged. It looked to John, as he stopped in surprise, as if these people were being propelled from the inn into the street and that in a none too gentle manner. There were four men and three women. After them came the tavern-keeper and some of his servants. Now from

down High Street hurried a night watchman and several pedestrians.

John quickened his steps. The men and women were, as he had thought, being thrust out from the Indian King. They were protesting volubly and one of the women was crying. Above their voices rose that of the inn's master. "Out with you, you vagrants! Out with you, you wastrels! I'll have no play-actors and their wenches here!"

The street resounded with the babel. Night-capped heads appeared at windows. The watchman came running; so did half-a-dozen more.

On the footway stood the little group of those so rudely expelled. They looked bedraggled and forlorn; the woman was still crying.

The watchman pushed up to the tavern-keeper. "What are they, master?" he asked. "Vagabonds and thieves?"

"Worse!" was the bellowed answer. "They're play-actors. And they think that such as they can have food and lodging at a respectable inn!"

The watchman caught one of the presumptuous fellows by the coat collar. "We want none such as you in Philadelphia," he declared. "Be off with you, out of the town before you're lodged in jail."

"We're doing no harm," said the other. "We're only trying to make a living."

"You'll not make it here," stormed the tavern-keeper. "Play-actors, and husseys!"

At that the woman who had been crying, a fragile

looking girl, gave a hysterical scream. "Oh, what a name to call us!"

An onlooker thrust his sour face close to the girl's. "And a better name than you deserve!" he jeered. "You ought to be ducked in the Delaware and flogged out of town for a sinful baggage."

The girl whimpered and hid her head. But the righteous one, who appeared to enjoy this sport of woman-baiting, pressed even closer, and as the girl drew away he caught the arm with which she was shielding her face and roughly whirled her around to him. "Sinful baggage I said, and sinful you be." He slung her so that she bumped against one of the other women.

Next moment the man himself bumped against the watchman. John Blackthorne had sprung forward and planted his fist in the fellow's chest with all the might of his muscular body.

The watchman gave the man a shove. Now the fellow was glaring at John, and, in spite of his righteousness, was swearing most profanely.

"Come on," said John. "I'm waiting."

The invitation was accepted; the other came on. The group on the footway, play-actors, innkeeper, servants, watchman, and others drew away from the two and left them a clear field of battle. John's opponent was big and strong and lusting for revenge; but John also was large and stalwart and during his recent travels in Virginia he had made a special study of the arts of the prize-ring, which was a popular sport

among Southern gentlemen. Besides studying, he had practised the arts. He feinted as the other rushed at him, dodged his thundering blows, tapped his opponent's chest and chin; and when he saw the proper opening took advantage of it—with the result that the other reeled sideways. Another tap, just below the ear, and the recipient sprawled his length in the mire of High Street.

The attention of all those in the thoroughfare had been concentrated on the fight. Now, with one combatant lying in the mud and evidently feeling no inclination to renew the bout, there rose a hum of voices. From the doorway of the tavern stepped a man. "A neat piece of business that, my lad," he said, and, prodding those in front of him with the tip of a long walking-stick, he made his way through the throng to John Blackthorne.

John smiled; he was feeling rather well pleased with the success of his tactics. "The fellow had no business to use the lass there so rudely," he explained to the appreciative stranger.

"The fellow is a lout, a blackguard," said the other, "and richly deserved what you gave him. I saw the whole affair from the door of the inn." He turned around to the audience. "Your own performance, Master Tavern-keeper, in driving these poor people forth from your house, seemed to me to leave something wanting in the way of gentility."

"They have come into town to give sinful exhibitions, sir," protested the tavern-keeper. "If I allowed

such folk as they to lodge in my house what would our good Quaker people think of me?"

"I haven't the least notion," answered the gentleman—for gentleman he assuredly was from his negligent bearing, his air of authority, his polished voice, the cut of his clothes; "but I know what *I* think of you for driving them forth."

"I have to think of my good name, sir," whined the tavern-keeper.

"Oh, a fig for your good name!" The gentleman turned to John again. "Speaking of names, what is yours, young sir?"

"John Blackthorne."

"Well, Master Blackthorne, I take it that you have no such antipathy to play-actors as some others here have. It pleases me to make your acquaintance."

"I know little about them," said John. "There have been few of their ilk in Philadelphia."

"Now I," observed the gentleman in that light and easy manner that smacked of gentle breeding, "know a great deal about them. I have been to many theatres in London and I consider that the players do a great service to the public in setting forth the foibles, the vices and the virtues, of this many-sided world."

Here was a champion for the little group that had been expelled from the Indian King and they clustered about the gentleman. He looked at them approvingly. "I am not familiar with this town," he said, "having only arrived here this morning. Master Blackthorne, however, may be able to help us find some lodging

where the landlord is not so timorous of losing his good name as this fellow here is. Lead on, Master Blackthorne; we will follow."

Picking up their bundles, which the tavern servants had thrown into the road, the four actors and the three actresses fell in behind the gentleman, who, linking his arm through the arm of John, marched west along High Street.

## II

In his room at the Indian King an hour later the gentleman sat with John, sipping a glass of wine. "Thanks to you, Master Blackthorne," he was saying, "these players—or Thespians, as we call them in London—have found shelter for the night. But will they be driven forth from Philadelphia, as they were but now from this tavern?"

"They are like to be," John replied. "The Quakers of this town class play-actors with acrobats and jugglers or tight-rope walkers, all panderers to low desires of entertainment."

The other smiled. He was a dark man with a high-bridged nose, and very elegant in red velvet coat and breeches and waistcoat of rich flowered silk. "You are a Quaker yourself?" he inquired.

"Yes, but not dyed in the wool. I have a fondness for the Cavalier viewpoint."

The gentleman tasted the wine with the deliberation of a connoisseur. "I myself have a fondness for amusement," he said presently. "No, I don't refer to

the entertainment this wandering band of Thespians is likely to provide—I fancy their ability as actors is negligible. The amusement I have in mind is making the people of Penn's town flock to see these mummers, pay good money to see them, instead of driving them away as children of sin."

"That amusement would be difficult to obtain, sir," John said, smiling broadly. "The people would have to be led, cajoled into thinking it was the proper thing to do."

"The people always have to be led and cajoled. The proper thing? The fashion, do you mean?"

John nodded. "They follow the fashion; even the Quakers."

"Suppose then," said the other, "that you and I set the fashion."

At that John laughed unrestrainedly. "I could set no fashion. As for you, sir, you have only arrived to-day; and, according to what you've told me, have no acquaintances here."

"That is so. But may not that have its advantages? Let us consider. Suppose I assume for the nonce the title of some English nobleman?"

"Turn actor yourself?"

"In a manner of speaking. Let me see now. Suppose I adopt the title of Earl of Otterburn? 'Tis the name of a village in my part of England."

"Earl of Otterburn," chuckled John. "It's a fine sounding name."

"I gave another name to the landlord here; but a

nobleman may have many names. I will be Roderick, Lord Otterburn, a patron of the arts in England. We will let it be known that I consider these actors exceptionally fine, the peers of any in London. Yes, Master Blackthorne, we will have our amusement and none will be the worse for it."

There was something contagious in his drollery, and before they parted that evening John had agreed to look for lodgings on the morrow suitable to the dignity of a rich and influential English nobleman who desired to favor Philadelphia with the grace of his presence.

The town itself—as that patron of the arts who called himself Roderick, Lord Otterburn, discovered when he explored it with John Blackthorne—had many of the characteristics of its Quaker inhabitants. It was neat and orderly, decorous and well-planned, though with perhaps more of an eye to utility than to scenic beauty. The land between the two rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill, was level as a plain, and on the part that bordered the Delaware the streets were arranged with the regularity of a checkerboard. Even the houses—of wood or of bright red brick—appeared to have been built on one pattern, so that, as the visitor observed, "it must be difficult for a man to know his own dwelling from that of his neighbor."

A dozen streets, running north and south, and as many more running east and west, comprised the town proper. Beyond that to the west there was mostly open country, dotted here and there with outlying dwellings or farms, as far as the Schuylkill, which was a beau-

tiful winding stream flowing through woods of oak, walnut and chestnut. Along the Schuylkill to the north was a region known as Faire Mount, of which the Philadelphians were justly proud, for here were lovely sylvan dells, wide views of rolling country, and a paradise of birds and flowers wherein the townspeople made holiday in summer. Prosperous was the town of Penn, thrifty, industrious, a model community of sobriety and decorum.

As they walked about John told his new acquaintance of his disagreement with his uncles and of his desire to taste liberty. "Aye," said Roderick, "we are well met then. Let us disport ourselves like uncaged birds and fly whithersoever we scent amusement."

That suited John, and their first flight took them to the commodious house of Mistress Arbuckle, at Tenth and Prune streets, where that very respectable landlady agreed to rent them the whole of her second floor and also to furnish them such meals as they might wish; breakfast they would take with her; they would probably, the elegant English gentleman intimated, dine and sup at various public houses. To the Arbuckle house the Englishman removed his luggage from the Indian King tavern, and John fetched thither his wardrobe from the Blackthorne mansion.

Their affairs in order, the Englishman observed, "And now, my camerado, let us see to the troupe of players we are about to launch on this staid Quaker town. We will go to their lodging and inform them that his Lordship the Earl of Otterburn and Master

John Blackthorne purpose to take them under their distinguished patronage."

The play-actors, migratory birds roving from village to village, had been so disconcerted by their treatment at the tavern that they were about to leave Philadelphia without more ado when the gentleman in red velvet, cocked hat, and silver-buckled shoes made his appearance before them. To the women he gallantly bowed, to the men he offered his pearl-inlaid snuff-box. With an air he drew off his lemon-colored gloves and seated himself on a somewhat rickety chair.

"What comedies do you present?" he asked and took a liberal pinch of snuff. "What operas or pantomimes?"

Master Wilkie, the leader, produced from his pocket a soiled and tattered play-bill. "'Tis writ here, sir," he said; and read aloud: "The True and Tragic Story of Jane Shore, with the Comical and Diverting Humors of Sir Anthony Noodle and his Man Weazle." Then he added: "We have also for lighter entertainment 'The Diverting Story of Dick Whittington and his Cat,' and 'The Destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances.'"

The gentleman graciously smiled. "Let us start with the drama of Jane Shore, and when the audience have wept their fill over that unhappy lady we will dry their eyes and send them home laughing over the antics of Sir Anthony and Weazle. On another day we will give them the Fall of Troy, most suitably embellished with bagpipes and Scotch reels." He glanced at John.

*A Scale of Furlongs & Miles*



DERBY

Gray's Ferry

Schoey Kill

PASSYUNK

HOG ISL.

QUOI

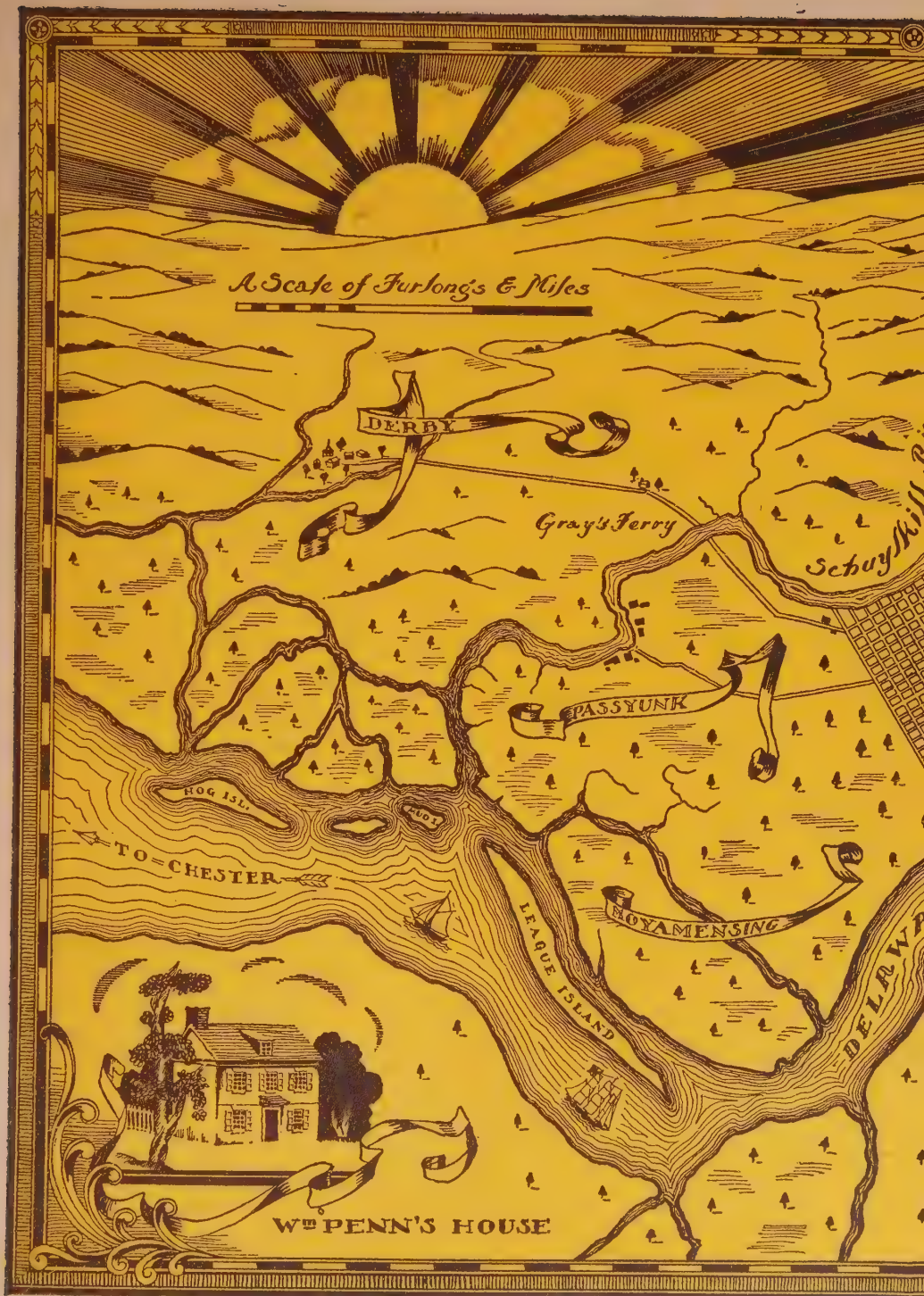
TO CHESTER

LEAGUE ISLAND

MOYAMENSING

DELRIVER

W<sup>m</sup> PENN'S HOUSE





A PLAN  
OF  
PHILADELPHIA  
AND  
VICINITY  
1683

•CEJ•

"We will find them a stage in one of the larger buildings of the town."

"But, sir," said Wilkie, "will the people come to hear us? Will they even permit us to act our plays? You heard what the tavern-keeper said last night."

"Yes, I heard him," said the gentleman lightly. "But why pay heed to the vaporings of such? You will give your plays under the patronage of the Earl of Otterburn, and Master Blackthorne here will advertise that fact."

A murmur ran through the company as they stared at the indolently-smiling, fine-featured gentleman, who was again helping himself to snuff.

"In London it is the fashion for noblemen to act as sponsors to companies of players," the latter went on, "and what is fashionable in London is fashionable everywhere. Master Blackthorne, what say you? Will not the gentry of this town of yours flock to anything—from a bull-baiting to an opera—so it be linked with the name of a nobleman?"

"I don't know," said John. "The Quakers are a peculiar people."

"Well, I do know," said the other. "I've met Quakers in England, and, though I grant you that they're a peculiar people, they have no aversion to the society of a peer of his Majesty's realm. A nod to the men, a compliment to the ladies; and they preen themselves like pouter pigeons." He snapped to the lid of his snuff-box and restored it to his waistcoat pocket. "Shall we say the third day from now for Jane Shore,

Sir Anthony Noodle and his Man Weazle? That will give time for it to become generally known that Lord Otterburn's Company of Players have kindly consented to edify this town."

Master Wilkie and the other actors pressed forward, loud in their thanks to this gentleman for his great kindness. Roderick, however, waved them away. "Nay, nay, good folks," he said; "'tis but a trifle, a trifle. I only amuse myself here in Penn's town as I would in London."

By now John had entered fully into the sportive humor of his companion. This adventure came pat to his hand. He had more than once dared his uncles' disapproval by stealing away to watch jugglers and acrobats; now he would be the champion of a troupe of play-actors. Readily he fell in with Roderick's plans and the two busied themselves about this enterprise.

It was amazing how the Englishman got things accomplished. Probably this was due to his air of command, backed up by an extremely well filled purse. For a liberal consideration he secured the use of a large storehouse on Water Street at the corner of the first alley above Pine. Workmen were installed to set up a stage and range rows of benches; chairs were placed for a favored few, and the floor was sanded.

Next a printer was engaged to furnish handbills and see to the distribution of these at taverns and coffee-houses, markets and wherever people congregated. The handbill was a work of art; at the top was a coronet printed in purple ink and around the edges was a

border of purple roses. It announced that under the distinguished patronage of the Earl of Otterburn his Lordship's Company of Players would on the next Thursday evening present *The True and Tragic Story of Jane Shore*, with the Comical and Diverting Humors of Sir Anthony Noodle and his Man Weazle. Then followed a list of the players, with the characters they would represent; each of the actresses had "Mrs." before her name, according to the custom of the time. The chairs, which were more grandly described as boxes, were priced at six shillings; seats on the benches varied from four shillings to sixpence, depending on their location.

"Now," said Roderick, when the theatre and the advertisements had been seen to, "we will dine in state at some popular public house, where you will be particular, Master Blackthorne, to address me frequently and loudly as 'your Lordship.' Which of the places of entertainment is most frequented by the upper classes?"

"The Three Crowns would be very suitable, your Lordship," answered John with a broad grin.

To the Three Crowns they went. This superior tavern was at Second and Walnut streets and in front of it was a green yard that extended down to Dock Creek. Swinging his long cane with a fashionably negligent air, Roderick marched into the public room and pointed the walking-stick at a table by a front window. "That will do, Master Blackthorne," he said in a commanding tone.

"As your Lordship pleases," John responded, bowing with deference.

A waiter hurried forward and drew out a chair for the gentleman in red velvet coat and flowered waistcoat. The gentleman gave his order for dinner, selecting the choicest and most expensive viands and wines. When he asked questions of John the latter always made use of "your Lordship" in his answers. The waiter withdrew to the kitchen, and soon the landlord of the Three Crowns was bowing and rubbing his hands before the two customers at the window.

"Er—ahem——" said the landlord; "my house is—er—greatly honored by the presence of—er—your Excellency."

"Excellency!" echoed Roderick, raising his fine arched eyebrows. "You mistake me. I am not the Governor of the Province. I am the Earl of Otterburn."

"A thousand pardons, your Lordship." A drawer brought a bottle of wine and the landlord poured it out with his own hands. Thereafter he hovered around the table, buzzing as would a bee around a honey-pot.

With great geniality the two dined, apparently indifferent to the fact that they were the target for the eyes of all who came into the room. Presently John observed, "I have an acquaintance at yonder corner table, the fellow in the canary coat, by name Jonathan Temple,—he's something of a fop."

Roderick looked to the corner. "Make occasion to present him to me," he said in a low voice.

John had some of the gifts of an actor. He rose and strolled toward the door, which was just beyond where Master Temple sat.

The canary-coated one touched John's sleeve. "A word with you, John," he whispered. "Is it true that the gentleman dining with you is the Earl of Otterburn, as the landlord says?"

"Quite," was the careless answer. "His Lordship is just arrived from London."

"Oh lud!" said Master Temple. "Would it—I trust I'm not over-bold—but would it be possible for me to be presented to him?"

"Well," said John, "it might be that he would raise no objection."

Instantly Master Temple rose; this opportunity must be seized. John allowed himself to be escorted over to the window, where Roderick was sampling a green gage tart. "Will your Lordship allow me to present to you my friend Master Temple?" John said.

His Lordship was pleased to be amiable. He bowed, though not nearly so profoundly as did Master Temple. Then he waved John's friend to a chair. "I have come to your town, sir," he remarked in his not unpleasant drawl, "expressly to attend the performance of a remarkable company of players who are to present the drama of Jane Shore in Philadelphia. You will be in the audience yourself, I fancy, Master Temple."

"Most assuredly, your Lordship," responded Temple with the greatest warmth.

"I have heard," went on Roderick, "that the people of Philadelphia are somewhat—shall we say indifferent?—to the art of the theatre."

"Oh, pardon me, your Lordship," Temple expostulated. "The lower classes perhaps; but not those of us who are—er—acquainted with the world of fashion."

"Of course *you* would not be," assented Roderick. "A glass of wine with you, sir."

Presently another acquaintance of John Blackthorne's found an opportunity to whisper a word in his ear and request an introduction to his distinguished companion. The landlord himself brought chairs and uncorked fresh bottles; he had never had the satisfaction of serving a nobleman before and was making the most of this occasion. A group gathered around Roderick's table, a dozen or so of the most fashionable gentlemen of the town, and each of them assured the elegant Englishman that he would be absolutely certain to be in the audience at the theatre on the next Thursday evening.

By nightfall each of those who had had the honor of drinking wine with Roderick had related the event to their families and friends. A nobleman was in their midst and such as desired to see him close at hand—perhaps secure a presentation to his Lordship—would do well to attend the dramatic performance. There were uplifted eyebrows in some quarters, and some made caustic comments on the impropriety of the stage; but this opposition only served to whet the appe-

tite of the others to show themselves superior to such low class squeamishness.

"I think," said Roderick to John that evening, "Master Wilkie and his company will play to a larger audience in this Quaker town than they've played to anywhere else on their travels. Pray Heaven they don't disgrace us with their acting! And yet I much misdoubt if your worthy Philadelphians could tell the difference between a Thespian of talent and a grimacing clown."

When they went to the playhouse on Thursday night John was astonished at the size of the crowd collected around the building and trying to gain admittance. Roderick and he had seats reserved in the front row of chairs and as they entered and promenaded forward all necks were craned for a sight of the nobleman. No peacock was ever more colorful. His suit was of apple green embroidered with gold, an ostrich feather curled on his hat brim. When he turned and bowed to the crowded house gentlemen rose and saluted and ladies clapped their gloved hands.

The play began, and fortunately Sir Anthony Noodle and his Man Weazle were there, with loud buffooneries, to offset the simpers and sighs of a very rustic and awkward Jane Shore. Now and then John glanced at his friend; Roderick's face was all attention and whenever an actress wept or swooned he blew his nose loudly as if overwhelmed by emotion, whenever a clown made a fool of himself he rocked with laughter.

At the end the players were called forth and each

made a bow or curtsy. Then Roderick promenaded to the door, and as Master Temple and others who had the honor of his acquaintance pressed up to him he said to one, "A deuced fine performance, sir!"; to another, "Saw you anything so affecting?"; to a third, "They're worthy of London, sir. Egad, that they are!"

Outside there was a row of people, eager to see him. He lifted his plumed hat many times as he made a royal progress. When he stepped into the coach that he had specially engaged for the evening he remarked to John, "Ah, Master Blackthorne, 'tis I who have had to do the play-acting, not Wilkie's crew!"

In their sitting room at Mistress Arbuckle's, Roderick refreshed himself with several pinches of snuff. "Had anyone told me that a company of players could give such a dolorous performance as that I should have doubted him, sir. They mouthed their lines, they gestured like mannikins strung on wires. Howsomedever, 'twas a just punishment for the sins of this Quaker town, that would swallow any physic given by a nobleman's hand."

There was a knock on the door and Mistress Arbuckle presented a letter to Roderick, which, after she had left the room, he opened and glanced over. "Hearken to this," he said, and read aloud: "'Sir: You have set one snare for innocent feet. Beware that you set not another.'

"No name is signed," he commented as he tore the paper into bits. Then he sighed and shrugged his

shoulders. "I had thought to wash my hands of these Thespians after to-night's business. Howbeit, it seems we are called upon to accept this challenge. Yes, Master Blackthorne, the Earl of Otterburn's players will have to delight Philadelphia with their admirable performance of 'The Destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances.'"

## III

So profitable had been their first engagement in town that Master Wilkie's company of players needed no persuading to give their double bill of *Dick Whittington* and his *Cat* and *The Destruction of Troy* on the following Saturday. Again the improvised theatre was crowded, for many had not been able to gain admittance on the first night, and again Roderick led the applause. "Not so bad as the other," he whispered to John. "At least the cat was admirable—he was a real mouser—and the Scotch dancers were almost as barbaric as many I have seen north of Tweed. Well, we've done our best to set another snare for innocent feet, but if any are led astray by this dramatic fare I'll agree to eat my hat, ostrich plume and all."

The actors, considerably enriched, left town next day, and to good purpose, as it turned out, for the magistrates now made public proclamation forbidding further plays on the grounds that they encouraged idleness and drew large sums of money from weak and foolish people. John Blackthorne laughed. "Let Jonathan Temple and his friends of the Three Crowns

take that to themselves," said he. "Weak and foolish people! Half the fashion of town."

Roderick yawned. "Business first, then pleasure. I have done with business, and now I propose to devote myself to amusements."

"You'll not find many amusements here," said John, "except those of the dinner-table. Our Quaker folk are very fond of good food."

"None the less we can seek for them," declared his friend. "We can dress in our proudest raiment, parade on Chestnut Street, and smile at the pretty girls."

So it came about that a mimic and most entertaining warfare was waged in Philadelphia that summer. On the one side were the sober Quakers, such people as Abel and Thomas Blackthorne; on the other the man who called himself the Earl of Otterburn, John, and a throng of young dandies who cherished the thought they were aping the bloods of London. The tailor, the hatter, the bootmaker who was patronized by Roderick each did a thriving trade, for where he selected his apparel all the fashionables chose theirs. His table at the Crooked Billet Inn, at the Three Crowns, at Peg Mullen's beefsteak house, was always the centre of conviviality. No party was complete without him; his presence at dinner, supper or dance made the affair a glittering success.

With John he attended the horse races, both those on Sassafra Street and those on Race Street, a thoroughfare that gained its name because it led out to the race ground, which had been cleared for the horses through

the forest trees. Strange to say, in the environs of the Quaker city cock-fighting and bull-baiting flourished as they did in England, and gentlemen, among them Roderick's select company, laid wagers on the sports. But the Englishman's favorite diversion was the "fancy" or the prize-ring, and he put up many purses for fistic combats on the commons in the outlying country of the Northern Liberties.

All these sports John Blackthorne enjoyed, for he was a vigorous, lusty youth; and he enjoyed them the more because of the companionship of the lively, care-free Roderick. Now and again, however, he heard bitter things said of his friend; some spoke of him as an agent of Satan, whose ambition was to lead the feet of the people into wicked byways; others, more practical-minded, declared that he was an imposter and not a nobleman at all.

John cared nothing for the first accusation—he knew that it was false; but the second gave him food for thought. His friend was avowedly a jester, an amusement-seeker: had he assumed the title of Earl of Otterburn to play a joke on Philadelphia? He had not given that name when he arrived at the Indian King, but had assumed it apparently to help out the troupe of actors. Was he some sort of play-actor himself? John knitted his brows over this. The duplicity—if it was duplicity—would be discovered sooner or later, and then his friend would be driven with contumely from town.

The puzzle persisted. One day John asked: "The

title of Earl of Otterburn is an old one, is it, Roderick?"

"A century or so," said the other carelessly. "But what is a title, my good friend? Don't we all trace our ancestry back to Father Adam and Mother Eve?"

Then he looked with a sly smile at John. "I made my introduction here with a title, but now I hope that those who are acquainted with me are willing to forget the earl and regard only the man."

That baffled John. He could not ask pointblank if Roderick were a nobleman or no. But from then on his attitude changed slightly; he became a protector of Roderick in his own thoughts at least, and determined that if the pack of enemies should succeed in proving his friend's deceit he would help the other to extricate himself with as much grace as possible.

Wherever there is a cock o' the walk there are others who would trim his comb for him; wherever there is a shining mark some would sling mud at it. On a September afternoon when Roderick and John were taking their exercise on the commons to the east of the Schuylkill they met three rather notorious men of the town. John knew them by reputation; their characters were unsavory, to say the least. They were whispering and grinning as they approached, and John scented trouble. When they came up they stopped, and one of them, Abner Bullard, raised his beaver hat in an exaggerated bow. "His Lordship the Earl takes the air with Master Blackthorne," Bullard said satirically. "And how

does his Lordship think our Schuylkill River compares with the noble Thames? ”

“ They are both beautiful streams,” Roderick answered courteously. “ The scenery along the Schuylkill is perchance the wilder.”

“ Ah, but this is a wilderness country, inhabited by wild folk,” Bullard observed. “ Is not that your noble Lordship’s view of us? ”

The constant reiteration of the title was obviously intended as mockery; Bullard was making sport of the elegant Englishman for the amusement of himself and his two companions.

“ I have not found many wild folk in Philadelphia,” Roderick replied, and made as if to pass by.

“ But plenty of foolish ones,” put in one of Bullard’s mates.

The Englishman raised his eyebrows. “ I think, Master Blackthorne, that I am not acquainted with these three townsmen of yours.”

Before John could answer Bullard spoke up. In a mincing tone that was meant to mimic Roderick’s he said: “ And I think, Master Blackthorne, that I am not acquainted with this friend of yours. Who is his Lordship, actually? ”

John’s face grew red. Roderick, however, hooked his arm through that of his friend. “ Since we are not acquainted with them nor they with us,” said he, “ why waste time in making introductions that would be profitless? ”

On they walked, but behind them came Bullard’s

jeering voice. "The Earl of Otterburn! My eye! I think I'll call myself the Earl of Ditchwater!"

Roderick made no comment on the incident until they were back at Mistress Arbuckle's. Then, as he stood looking out into Prune Street, he said: "Who is the ugly blackleg that thought to insult me?"

"His name is Abner Bullard," John answered. "A profligate and drunkard who ought to be in jail."

"It seems a pity," mused Roderick, "to soil one's hands with such a besotted fool, and yet I have it in mind that I ought to send him a cartel."

"What's that?" queried John.

The other turned. "A cartel? Why, my innocent one, it's the name we give to a challenge to settle a question of honor with rapiers or pistols. If I challenge, he may choose the weapons."

John looked utterly aghast. If his English friend should fight a duel in Pennsylvania he would convict himself in the eyes of the Quaker province of being indeed a son of Satan.

"That would never do!" John protested. "We don't fight duels here."

"And yet," said Roderick, "this Abner Bullard appeared to be attempting to impugn my honor."

"Pay no heed to such offal, Roderick. He's beneath your notice."

The other nodded. "It would certainly dignify the fellow beyond his deserts if I crossed swords with him. You may be right; perchance I should pay no heed to him. Yet it sits in my thoughts, friend John, that since

one blackleg has begun the sport of baiting me there may be others to follow."

That seemed probable also to John. But he was determined to prevent his friend from being drawn into the infamy of challenging a slanderer to a duel. He himself, John Blackthorne, would answer all insults in his own way. The occasion to put his resolve into practice arose within a week.

The two were in Peg Mullen's beefsteak house at supper when there entered Abner Bullard and several others, among them a butcher, Tim O'Keefe, who had made quite a reputation in the prize-ring. O'Keefe was a braggart and a bully and unpopular with the better class patrons of the sport because of his underhand tactics.

The newcomers caught sight of the Englishman and took the table next to his. Instantly John was on the alert, for instinct told him that Bullard meant to renew the baiting of his friend. Over tankards of ale the other party talked louder and louder. Presently Bullard shifted his seat and his insolent eye engaged John's.

John's eyelids narrowed, and, although he continued his talk with Roderick, all his attention was concentrated on the leering Bullard. Then, audible through the room, came the latter's words:

"Yonder's his High Mightiness, the Earl of Beefsteak-Pudding!"

All eyes were turned toward where Bullard pointed. Roderick drew a quick breath, but before he could

move John Blackthorne had risen, a gleam in his tawny eyes, and stepped over to the other party. There for a second he glared down at the truculent Bullard, then turned to the butcher, O'Keefe. "You fancy yourself as a fighting man, don't you, O'Keefe?" said he.

The butcher gave him look for look. "What's that to you, Master Blackthorne?" he retorted in a surly growl.

"I was thinking of fighting you," came the cool, unruffled answer.

O'Keefe stood up, his small, pig's eyes glinting, and squared his burly shoulders.

"Oh, not here," said John. "In a prize-ring; a regular battle somewhere outside town."

The butcher scowled. "I could mash your pretty face to jelly!"

"And I say you couldn't," John responded. "I'm a better man with the fists than you, Tim O'Keefe." Then he turned to the others at the table. "Shall we settle our differences this way, O'Keefe against me? How about it, Bullard?"

Bullard nodded and grinned. "Blackthorne against the butcher; oh, 'twill be a proper battle! To-morrow at four on the common by Wickham's duck-pond above the Delaware."

"I'll be there," said John. Afterwards, as he and Roderick walked away from Peg Mullen's, he observed genially: "Fists are more proper for an argument than rapiers in Pennsylvania, and I think I know how to use my fists better than you do, my friend."

"Have it your own way," said Roderick. "I won't interfere with your sport; but if there's any underhand work attempted in the ring to-morrow I'll be there to crack a few heads on my own account."

## IV

The ring was pitched in a field north of town, where many celebrated fistic encounters had been staged. The turf here was fine and springy; beyond, to the east, rolled the broad Delaware. In the crisp air a great throng gathered, for word had gone abroad that Master John Blackthorne, the friend of the English nobleman, had challenged Tim O'Keefe, the butcher, to battle for his crown. Farmers were there from all the countryside, stable-boys and plow-boys and butcher-boys, gentlemen in frieze coats and gaudy mufflers, gentlemen in solid, substantial homespun; folk of all sorts and conditions, even some Quakers who were not averse to watching a bit of the sport so popular in the old country across the sea.

The noble lord and Master Blackthorne rolled up in a coach and as the two descended they were greeted by a roar of applause. John stripped to shirt and breeches, limbered the muscles of his legs with some dancing steps, feinted at an imaginary adversary. Tall and well-proportioned, loosely built and with fine muscled shoulders, he looked superbly fit. Wagers were taken on him: "Blackthorne against the butcher!" rose the sportsmen's cries as John and Roderick pushed forward to the ring.

The butcher was the heavier fellow. The black hair bristled on his round, low-browed head and on his unshorn cheeks, his neck was thick as a cudgel and his shoulders were wide as cartwheels. Great legs he had, nothing tapering about them, but splendid supports for the sledge-hammer blows he was used to dealing. A tough customer was O'Keefe and one who could stand a deal of punishment.

Over the rope stepped John and Roderick, who was to second him, and in the squared enclosure they met O'Keefe and Abner Bullard, the butcher's second, and also Patrick Mitchell, the referee. The two principals shook hands, eying each other straightly. Roars came from the crowd, so loud as almost to drown out the referee's instructions.

"Now, John," whispered Roderick in their corner, "take your time, my son. T'other chap's drunk more rum than makes for proper training and will be soon winded. Let him fight himself before you start to fight him."

John pulled on the ropes to loosen his muscles, slapped his thighs, and walked out to meet O'Keefe. For a moment the two stared at each other, then the butcher covered up with his arms and commenced to fiddle about, watching for a good opening. This lasted a space; then suddenly O'Keefe was at it; bounding forward with tiger spring, he shot out his left hand, all the weight of his body behind it.

John pulled his head away lightning quick. Again came the butcher's left hand, again and again, but each

time John ducked and came up smiling. That made his adversary think—a process to which he was not much accustomed in his fistic battles—and as John saw his puzzled expression he waded in himself and sent a smart rap to O'Keefe's ribs and then a jab to the side of his head that drove the other staggering back against the ropes.

Howls from the throng. Then the first round was over. As John rested on Roderick's knee the Englishman purred: "It's easy as does it, lad. The one who thinks quickest wins."

John grinned. He could read O'Keefe's thoughts before the latter was aware he was thinking them. In the second round he led the butcher on, drawing him out of position, then thumping him on chest and cheek. Presently O'Keefe saw red and rushed; John side-stepped, rapped him on the nose and drew blood. The butcher caught John on the ear and stars began to dance. Now they were fighting in close, jabbing short blows to the body; now they were hugging each other, now rolling on the ground, pummeling each other. The referee pulled them loose. "Keep away from him," Roderick cautioned John in the intermission. "He'll get his knee into you if you give him half a chance."

Wiseacres in the crowd put their heads together, whispered that Tim O'Keefe was a better seasoned rascal than the young Blackthorne, that the butcher might not have brains but certainly had brawn, and that his thick head and whip-cord muscled body could

stand any amount of lashing from bare-knuckled fists. And in the third round it seemed as if that might be so, for, although John landed a dozen blows that struck like battering-rams, O'Keefe not only kept his feet but actually forced the fighting, planting a fist in John's right eye that almost closed that optic, and cutting a gash in John's cheek that smeared his chin with crimson.

It was a great fight, and the throng was tiptoe with excitement. Roderick, rubbing John's arms, gave him counsel: "The fellow's well pleased with himself, my boy. He don't cover up as he did at first; he thinks he has you rocking. Let him come on while you keep ducking; let him chase you and hammer the air; then, when you hear him wheezing, stand and deliver. A jab and a jolt, you know the game."

Winking his right eye to keep it open, John advanced into the ring. The butcher's face, red-patched, was a grinning mask; he thought to end the battle now. Out he sprang with a well-aimed left hand; John twisted and caught the horny fist on the side of his head. O'Keefe made a grimace, the blow had hurt his knuckles. It had also hurt John, stung him so that he rushed in, throwing caution to the winds.

Now the two had arms locked together and were wrestling rather than fighting. This was the butcher's game; not skill so much as brawn counted here; this was the chance for the foul blows blackguardly pugilists practiced. O'Keefe was squeezing and grunting. He was forcing John's right arm back, back until it

almost cracked. John's head was whirling; then it suddenly cleared. He grew as cold with anger as his opponent was hot. Up came his left hand into O'Keefe's armpit, and with a mighty thrust he tore himself free from the butcher and jumped back to safe ground.

His right arm ached, he was sore in every muscle; but his thoughts were concentrated on the fact that O'Keefe was wheezing more than was he and on the further fact that he must not allow his enemy the opportunity for respite he would gain at the end of the round. He stepped forward, inviting attack. O'Keefe swung, a high right-hander, pivoting on his heel. John ducked, and danced in, making play with both his fists. Again the butcher swung a sledge-hammer blow, and met only air. Maddened now, when he thought he had the battle in his own hands, O'Keefe commenced to rush, without timing, without science; he would batter his opponent down simply by his great bulk.

John waited, jumping nimbly from the other's rushes. He heard O'Keefe wheezing. Stand and deliver now; a jab and a jolt. Cool as ice he watched. O'Keefe, thrusting forward, lifted his head; and with that John jumped in and sent a mighty right-hander clean to his opponent's chin. The butcher shook, and John clinched the matter with a left-hand jab. Down went O'Keefe, and down he stayed until Patrick Mitchell, the referee, called the end of the battle.

Through throngs that strove to stay him with their plaudits John, great-coat thrown over his wet and

mottled shirt, allowed Roderick to lead him to the shore of the Delaware and there bathe his blackened eye and wash the blood from his face and fists. Then, rested somewhat, and medicated greatly by the thought of his victory, he got into the coach with his friend and the two drove back to town. Said John: "I think there'll be no more trouble with Bullard and his band."

Roderick smiled. "'Twas worth the journey across the ocean to see that fight, my friend."

They alighted at Mistress Arbuckle's, and there, pacing the footway, was the plump and portly Abel Blackthorne. "I've been waiting to see you, Nephew John," he said, walking up to the two. "I hear you would engage in a public fistic encounter with a rascally butcher. Let me beseech you not to."

John grinned as pleasantly as his swollen eye would permit. "I have already engaged with him, Uncle Abel," he answered. "And greatly to my own satisfaction have proved myself the better fighter."

Abel Blackthorne looked at his nephew, solemn reproof in his gaze. "A sorry spectacle!" he muttered. "You would not only debauch yourself, but the townspeople also."

"My friend, Lord Otterburn; my uncle, Master Abel Blackthorne," John introduced the two.

The merchant gave a cold nod to Roderick, then turned again to John. "How long will you persist in these evil courses, nephew?" he said. "Take heed, for there is one coming who will cleanse the province of all loose-living folk."

"And who is he, Uncle Abel?"

"John Penn, the Proprietary. He is expected shortly here."

Abel Blackthorne, still shaking his head, moved away, and the other two went into the house. "So John Penn is coming, is he?" mused Roderick in the sitting room.

John threw himself into a chair. "Doubtless, as my uncle says, the worthy son of William will seek to sweep the town clean of all gaiety and amusement."

"Then I had best be going," said Roderick thoughtfully. "At least Uncle Abel's nephew will not then be cumbered with a black sheep for a friend."

John made some remonstrance; but, as he thought the matter over, he inclined to agree with Roderick. A nobleman—a real peer of England—would have no need to disappear before the Proprietary arrived, but one who was counterfeiting—and this decision of Roderick's seemed to imply that such was his situation—would do well to vanish before he was unmasked.

A week later Roderick took his departure and John Blackthorne fell to communing as to what he would do with this liberty he had now since spring so greatly enjoyed.

## V

The trees that made Philadelphia such a verdant town in summer were russet and bronze and gold on the October day when word was brought that John Penn was about to arrive on the banks of the Schuylkill. That was a gala occasion, for the good folk of the town

cherished the fame of the founder of the province and held all his family in honor. More especially were they kindly disposed toward William Penn's son John, because he was the only one of the founder's children that had been born in America and was therefore popularly dubbed "The American."

He had been brought up in England, where his mother, Hannah Penn, and her children resided, and Mistress Penn had arranged that John, her eldest son, should be the principal Proprietary of the province, with his brothers Thomas and Richard as his associates. Now he was visiting his new domain; his ship had brought him to the Delaware and he had landed at New Castle; from there he proceeded by coach to the western shore of the Schuylkill and thence across the stream by ferry to High Street.

All the town turned out to greet him. There was a great collection of coaches and chaises that had brought civic dignitaries, prominent citizens and their wives, to welcome the Proprietary. As the ferry-boat crossed the river the guns on Society Hill and the ships fired salutes. The boat came to shore and John Penn, a handsome, fresh-colored man in blue velvet coat and cocked hat, stepped to the greensward and was followed by a number of gentlemen who had journeyed from New Castle with him.

The dignitaries pressed forward, and as each made his bow the Proprietary gave to each a cordial word. The Quakers were there in full force, and among them were Abel and Thomas Blackthorne and Abel's wife

Deborah. Mistress Blackthorne made her lowest curtsy; the brothers their most profound bows. "Sir," said Abel in his best oratorical fashion, "'tis a great gratification to us of the old Quaker stock to welcome the distinguished son of your illustrious father."

"Ah," said John Penn, eyes smiling, "and you, sir, are an illustrious son of this noble province. Doubtless I have heard your name."

"Abel Blackthorne, sir. My father came hither aboard the ship *Welcome*."

John Penn nodded. "I know the name. I've heard of one Master John Blackthorne. Is he here with you?"

"Not with us, sir. Yonder he is." And Abel indicated a group of interested observers at a little distance.

The Proprietary turned and looked. "Master Blackthorne!" he called, beckoning with a finger.

While his uncles and aunt gazed in surprise John came forward and made his bow to Penn. "A fine, up-standing young gallant," said the latter, "and, according to hearsay, a champion of the prize-ring."

John flushed brick-red. "Oh, your Honor ——" he stammered.

"Isn't hearsay correct?" Penn laughed, the first laugh he had indulged in since he had landed; then he flung a glance over his shoulder. "Come hither, Roderick, and verify the tale you told me in New Castle."

From the company behind the Proprietary a debonair gentleman sauntered forward. "Aye, John, the

tale is correct," he said in his breezy manner. "These worthy Quaker gentry flocking around you were not witnesses, but there are plenty of others who saw Master Blackthorne knock out O'Keefe the butcher in four rounds."

John Blackthorne stared. Here was Roderick, who had left town presumably on purpose to avoid meeting Penn, calling the latter familiarly by his first name and apparently a boon companion of his.

The Proprietary, broadly smiling now, looked at Abel. "My friend the Earl of Otterburn—an old acquaintance of mine on the other side of the water—met me at New Castle and told me much of your famous nephew. He is a young man of spirit—as evidenced by his skill in the noble art of the ring, as well as by other things that Lord Otterburn has related to me. We need such as he to put vigor into the province. You agree with me, sir?"

"Oh, why—yes, of course, of course ——" assented the bewildered Abel.

"I think," said Penn, "on the strength of what his Lordship has told me I shall make Master Blackthorne one of my chief agents in the government of the province."

Abel bowed his acknowledgment of this great compliment to one of the family and professed his thanks. As for John, he had caught Roderick's eye and was trying his best to keep his face decorous and not imitate the merry Earl of Otterburn, who was silently shaking with laughter.



III  
HUMPTY DUMPTY

*Boston*

1773



### III

## HUMPTY DUMPTY

*Boston — 1773*

**T**O Daniel Boydell, as to most young fellows of Boston, the sea was the broad avenue that led to adventure. Massachusetts Bay was their front yard, wherein they played and worked, and they paid but little heed to the rear country, where the rock-burdened, hard-scrabble soil was back-breaking to cultivate.

“Farm the sea!” was the slogan of the first settlers on Cape Cod and along the New England coast, and they farmed it right manfully. The forests supplied them with timber to build ships, and in these they went fishing and traded with the West Indies, exporting lumber, provisions, and fish, particularly salt cod. To a preacher who spoke of the lofty ideals of the Puritan fathers a Marblehead fisherman retorted: “Our ancestors came not here for religion. Their main end was to catch fish!” The sacred cod became the symbol of the wealth and power of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Had not that prominent citizen of Salem, the Honorable Benjamin Pickman, put a half-model of a codfish on every front stair-end in his imposing new mansion?

Daniel Boydell’s father was a merchant—using that

term not as applying to a shopkeeper or commission dealer, but in its original meaning of one who traffics with remote countries—and Dan from his earliest infancy had been familiar with ship-building, the construction of the small, single-decked sloops for the coasting trade and of the lateen-rigged ketches that were used by the fishermen. He had seen oak timbers and pine spars go into sloops and ketches, and had watched the men at work at the rope-walks, at making hempen sail-cloth on hand looms, at forging anchors and iron-work from bog ore, at fashioning wooden trunnels or tree nails to bind the planking to the frame of the ship.

By fisheries and by ocean commerce Massachusetts prospered greatly, and especially the seaport of Boston, which was the largest town in the American colonies until 1755, when Philadelphia passed it in size. Boston, however, continued for a long time to be the principal mart of trade in North America and the merchants built elaborate brick dwellings and their wives and daughters wore the latest London styles. The colony was basking in peace and well-being and would doubtless have continued to do so had not some politicians in the mother country turned headstrong and unwise. The government of England in 1767 saw fit to impose duties upon a number of commodities admitted into the British colonies in America; among other items, it was ordered "That a duty of 3d. per pound-weight avoirdupois be laid upon all tea imported into the said colonies and plantations."

That duty on tea roused resentment from Boston to Charles Town in South Carolina. In Massachusetts the resentment smouldered and flamed. The captain of an English frigate stationed in Boston harbor took it upon himself to seize and impress New England sailors as they returned home from sea. Then a crew from his ship captured a sloop, the *Liberty*, owned by a prominent merchant, and the people of Boston howled with rage. King George the Third heard the howls and was much incensed by the protestations of these obstreperous people. Therefore, in October, 1768, eight British ships of war came to anchor off Boston. Infantry and cannon were landed, and the redcoats were marched on to Boston Common, with drums beating and flags flying, and with sixteen rounds of ball-cartridge in each soldier's pouch. More and more battalions followed, until there was in the British garrison at least one redcoat for every five of the citizens of the town.

The people of Boston—sober, respectable folk for the most part, and accustomed to doing as they pleased—were not used to the spectacle of swaggering uniforms in their streets and did not take kindly to being ordered to do this and not to do that. There was constant friction between the people and the soldiers and for many months insults flew back and forth and more than one rough-and-tumble quarrel occurred between brown homespun jacket and scarlet trooper's coat. There were soldiers lodged in Faneuil Hall and in the Town House, where the judges and the governor's

council sat, and the Common was dotted with tents. Citizens were challenged with "Who goes there?" Even on the Sabbath the descendants of the Puritans heard drum, fife, and bugle in their lanes.

Gunpowder was plentiful and the fuse to light it was touched off on the fifth of March, 1770. On King Street (afterwards called State Street) and on the south side of the Town House (later called the Old State House) was a court of guard, defended by two brass cannon and always sentineled by a large party of soldiers. A short distance down King Street stood the custom-house, also patrolled by redcoats, and as the sentries here paced back and forth through the snow a number of young men taunted them and tried to elbow them off the footways. There were scuffles; but no particular harm was done, except to stir up resentment. About eight o'clock an alarm bell rang and people poured out from their houses, thinking there must be a fire. There were no flames, however, and most of the citizens returned indoors. The more adventurous element kept in the streets, and as some young blades approached the custom-house a sentinel called out loudly, "Who goes there?"

For answer there were jeers and insults; snowballs and lumps of ice were thrown at the soldier and at others who came to his aid. In a twinkling a crowd had collected. The noise reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day, and he immediately ordered eight soldiers with loaded muskets to follow him to the scene of the fray.

The redcoats, under Captain Preston's direction, drew themselves up in a semicircle fronting the crowd, and the sight of the armed men taking possession of King Street spurred the throng to new resentment. More taunts were hurled; the redcoats were dared to fire. "Drive them back to their barracks!" some shouted. "Down with the rascals! Down with them!" howled others.

The soldiers glared, the crowd hooted and defied them. Closer pressed the throng until it looked as if they intended to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston, sword drawn, gave a command which could not be clearly heard in all the uproar. The redcoats apparently thought that he had given the order to fire, for their muskets flashed and the report rang out sharply above the tumult.

When the smoke cleared, eleven of the citizens were seen lying upon the snow-covered ground, dead or wounded.

The alarm bells rang and great crowds rushed to King Street, weapons in hand. A whole regiment was drawn up now, prepared for defense, but Governor Hutchinson arrived on the scene and begged the people to be patient; he would see that justice should be done. Order was restored at length. A few days later the British troops were withdrawn from town and stationed at Castle William, three miles across the water. Captain Preston and the eight soldiers of his guard were put on trial for murder, but none of them were found guilty, since it was held that the insults and vio-

lence of the mob had justified them in firing to protect themselves. Such was the Boston Massacre, the lightning and thunder that presaged the coming storm.

Daniel Boydell, sixteen years old in 1770, heard all about the Boston Massacre from those who had been in King Street on that March night, and he flamed with indignation against King George and the royal troops. The town only wanted to be allowed to go its own way in peace. That, however, it came to appear, was exactly what those in power in England didn't intend to permit. Reports from London told of speeches in Parliament demanding that the colonists, and especially those in Boston, be taught obedience to the Crown. Dan's father, Samuel Boydell, read these reports in his house on Beacon Hill and shook his head over the stupid obstinacy of the Royal Ministers.

Trade languished, and in the summer of 1773 Dan found little to occupy him in his father's counting-house on the Long Wharf that extended King Street some two thousand feet out into the salt water of the harbor. He had a little yawl of his own, which he had christened the *Sea Sprite*, and in this he delighted to sail about the big bay and along the coast as far as Scituate on the south and Gloucester on the north.

One September day he was cruising alone off Scituate harbor when he saw a coasting ship bearing down, evidently heading for Boston. Then up came a British frigate of war, one of King George's watchdogs that patrolled Massachusetts waters. "Will the coaster douse her mainsail?" Dan asked himself, for

such was the mark of respect the watch-dogs were accustomed to require of the colony's ships.

The coaster did douse her mainsail, but, to Dan's surprise, the frigate came on and soon was lowering a boat. "What's up?" questioned Dan. "Some new rule of these gold-braided tyrants? Well, I'll see what it is," and he brought the *Sea Sprite* about and steered for the coaster's rail.

The rail was low and he climbed it easily and knotted the yawl's painter to a cleat. Hardly had he done so when up the other side of the coaster came the party from the frigate, headed by a truculent-featured, black-browed officer of his Britannic Majesty's navy. Dan joined the group of sailors that were staring at the strangers in brilliant uniforms. The British officer snarled: "Where's the master of this ship?"

The master of the coaster stepped forward, fronting the Englishman, who looked like a bulldog about to spring at a tramp.

"Don't you know the law as to dousing your mainsail when you pass a British warship?" stormed the officer.

"I obeyed it, sir," the coaster's master answered.

"Not to my liking, you rascal!" roared the other, now scarlet with fury.

The master shrugged. Then, to Daniel Boyde's amazement, occurred a most monstrous thing. The officer whipped out his cutlass and with it struck the other on the cheek, cutting a gash nearly three inches long. At the same time he denounced the other for not

showing more respect to a king's ship and finished by ordering his men to cut the halliards of the mainsail and let the sail run down upon the deck.

The halliards were cut, the sail descended. Dan, white-faced, fists clenched, was staring in impotent rage when a young midshipman of the frigate's party happened to pass close by. "The scoundrel!" Dan muttered half-aloud.

"Aye, 'tis an outrage," the midshipman agreed in guarded tone. "And no way to make your people love us."

"Don't you see," said Dan, "that it's such villains as that officer make us hate King George?"

"Aye," said the other. "But keep cool, keep cool."

Dan gave a bitter little chuckle. "I'm keeping cool, though it's none so easy. But let King George beware. He's like Humpty Dumpty, and some day he'll get a big fall."

"Oh, no," said the midshipman.

But Dan solemnly nodded. "Oh yes, he will. And when he does—you know the rhyme—all the king's horses and all the king's men can't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

## II

In the Green Dragon tavern that sat between Hanover Street and the Mill Pond there gathered many of the ardent youth of Boston, and there Dan Boydel and his friends frequently met for supper in a private room. To a group of a dozen Dan related the infamous con-

duct of the British officer in striking the master of the coasting vessel, an act of barbarity he had seen with his own eyes. There were mutters of intense resentment, exclamations of hot indignation. Said Peter Weld: "They will goad us too far! They treat us like savages!"

"Aye, that they do," declared Josephus Devens, rolling his big blue eyes, "King George and his Ministers and their underlings, such as this officer, are besotted fools!"

Dan chuckled over a recollection. "I told a British midshipman who was of the boarding party that the king was like Humpty Dumpty and that once he was pulled from the wall not all the royal forces could make him whole again."

"And what said he to that?" asked Charles Grafton.

"He laughed and shook his head at me. The midshipman was a good fellow, and I think he was thoroughly ashamed of the brutality of his officer."

So the talk went on around the table. It was concerned with British wrongs inflicted on a free people. Speeches were made that would have sounded intemperate—perhaps even traitorous—to soberer, elder ears, and the speeches were loudly applauded. Presently the landlord opened the door. "Not so loud if you please, young gentlemen!" he besought. "Your voices can be heard clear out in the lane."

"So much the better," said Peter Weld, who was the chief orator. "Let all listen to us and learn the views of downtrodden Boston."

"There are those outside who complain of you," protested the landlord.

"Let them complain!" retorted Weld defiantly. "Or, better yet, let them come in and argue with us here."

The landlord withdrew, careful to shut the door. Weld, however, opened wide all the windows and the oratory continued.

"Shall we allow King George to flog us like school-boys?" the embryo Demosthenes was declaiming when suddenly the door was thrust violently inward and a red-coated sergeant stomped into the room.

"What's all this? Treason?" he demanded. "I heard you half-a-league away!"

"Will you have a chair?" Weld invited. "And so hear us more distinctly?"

The sergeant glared. "None of your impudence, young fellow! I'd have you know I represent his Majesty the King."

"Another Humpty Dumpty," murmured Josephus Devens.

"What's that?" demanded the redcoat, whirling about.

"I was merely thinking," said Devens, "that you have some points of resemblance to your august master."

At that Charles Parker laughed, and the sergeant pivoted his bulky form toward him.

"You laugh!" he said. "Laugh at me, who wear the king's uniform!"

"And why not?" asked Parker. "Would you have me weep tears at sight of you?"

Now the sergeant was not used to repartee; he felt that somehow these young cubs of Boston were getting the better of him at each exchange of words, and, like a bull that is baited, he became furious.

"I want to hear no more!" he declared.

"Then," said Weld with mock-politeness, "your wants can be easily gratified. You have only to leave the tavern."

That cool, ironical suggestion was the last straw. "I'll take you with me," the sergeant informed Weld. "The officers at Castle William, across the harbor, shall hear how you dare to insult his Majesty's uniform."

"Oh, hold on!" exclaimed Parker, jumping to his feet. "Don't get so hot about it."

"And I'll take you with me, too," declared the sergeant. "You can laugh all you want when you're in the lock-up."

"A perfect Humpty Dumpty," said Devens, nodding his head at the redcoat. "He learns nothing from experience. Like master, like man."

The sergeant pointed at Devens. "You'll come along with the other two," he stated, "and I warrant you'll learn how to keep your mouth shut when you're at Castle William. Now then, the three of you, march! I've a file of men outside."

There was a moment's hesitation. Then Devens said coolly: "On your own head be it. You're only adding

another item to the account of Boston against Humpty Dumpty."

The streets of the town, none too well lighted after nightfall, were quiet and for the most part deserted as the sergeant and his patrol marched the three young fellows past Faneuil Hall, the Town House and the custom-house down the length of King Street to the Long Wharf. The others who had been in the supper room at the Green Dragon, however, were not at all minded to let the overbearing, irascible redcoat have things all his own way and, knowing every twist and turn of the alleys of the town, they were able to reach the waterfront before the soldiers.

There Dan and his mates got aboard the *Sea Sprite* and from that vantage point saw the redcoats march their three prisoners out on the wharf. The sergeant gave some orders, and the three were escorted to a shed at the side of the wharf. Into the shed they were hustled, the bolt on the door was fastened, and away went the sergeant and all his men but one, who was left on sentry duty until the boat should arrive to take the whole party across to Castle William.

There was the gentle swish of oars, so light a noise that it didn't reach the ears of the sentry who stood on the opposite side of the shed from the yawl. The *Sea Sprite* stole closer and closer until it was just below the back of the shed. Dan threw a rope over a pile; then with the agility of a cat—and as noiselessly—he climbed up to the wharf and from there, with the help of a water-barrel, managed to mount to the shed's roof.

Beside him now were two others. Their plans were already made. The redcoat, idly looking across the harbor, suddenly felt something drop on him and sprawled his length on the wharf. His outcry was stifled by gripping fingers, a handkerchief was stuffed in his mouth. Someone was knotting his arms, then his ankles together with pieces of rope. Gagged and bound he lay there, impotently fuming.

Meantime the bolt on the door was withdrawn and out came Weld, Devens and Parker. The sentry was stowed in the shed; the gag was arranged so that he could get plenty of air but make no great noise. "Give the compliments of a band of American Indians to your sergeant," said Daniel Boydell. "We're always ready to take a hand with him in any game, Hare and Hounds or Blindman's Buff."

Down the rope they slid to the *Sea Sprite* and were off along the waterfront to the foot of Salutation Alley. There they landed, and thence tramped homeward, greatly elated at the night's exploit.

### III

Loud and louder grew the protests of the American colonies against the Mother country's tax on their tea. Everybody drank tea and the amount of the beverage consumed was enormous. Wise men in England saw the storm-clouds on the horizon and remonstrated with their government; but Humpty Dumpty meant to test his power. Ships laden with tea were sent in the autumn of 1773 to the four principal ports on the

Atlantic coast, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charles Town.

This was intended as a gage of battle, and so the people of the American seaports understood it. When the tea ships sailed up the Delaware River bound for Philadelphia in December they were stopped at Gloucester Point by a committee sent by a town meeting of some eight thousand people who had assembled in the State House yard. The committee allowed the captain of the tea ship *Polly* to come to the town and learn the spirit of opposition rampant in the populace, so that he might decide whether to attempt to unload the tea or sail homeward with it. The captain came, saw, and the cargoes went back to England.

In New York the people waited for a sight of the tea ships bound for their harbor, but a storm drove the vessels off the coast and the captains were saved the humiliation of being refused a landing. In Charles Town the tea was stored in damp cellars, which spoiled it as effectually as if it had been cast in the water. In Boston the merchants to whom the tea was consigned found themselves the targets of the town's disapproval. When the tea ships sailed into the harbor the captains were allowed by the laws of the port twenty days in which to land their cargoes or clear for England. On the last day, the sixteenth of December, 1773, the three ships were at Griffin's Wharf, and none of the tea had been landed. Watchful bands from the Green Dragon tavern had seen to that.

In the Old South Church the citizens met and re-

solved that the tea should not be brought ashore. John Rowe spoke up. "Who knows," said he, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" There were laughs and cheers. Then the meeting sent Captain Rotch, the master of one of the tea ships, to Governor Hutchinson at his home at Milton to ask for a clearance for his ship and waited while Rotch made the journey of fifteen miles. When he came back it was after night-fall and candles illuminated the Old South Church. Seven thousand townspeople listened to his report: Governor Hutchinson had refused to order the ship to clear. Up rose Samuel Adams. "This meeting," he declared, "can do nothing more to save the country."

Close on the words sounded a shout from the porch of the church, then war whoops were heard in the street. The people poured out and made haste to follow a company of some fifty who were dashing toward the waterfront. In the company was Dan Boyde and he, like the others, was decked out as an Indian. His face was stained a rich copper hue, a blanket covered his suit and partly hid his head, he was armed with a hatchet and a pair of pistols. To Griffin's Wharf went the masqueraders, clambered aboard the tea ships, hoisted the chests up from the holds, knocked them open with their hatchets, and dumped the tea into the salt water.

A large crowd watched in the moonlight, but there was no interference, either from redcoats ashore or from the warships in the harbor. In three hours all the tea had been spilled overboard and the Indians of

the Boston Tea Party had proclaimed their defiance of King George the Third.

Each of the four principal American seaports had opposed the royal orders, but it was Boston that appeared the chief culprit in the eyes of Humpty Dumpty. The sending of troops to that pacific, industrious town had led to the Boston Massacre; the despatch of the tea ships had led to the Boston Tea Party. Now Humpty Dumpty blundered a third time. The British government decreed the closing of the town's harbor and the transferring of the business of administration to Salem and of the Custom-house to Marblehead. In June the blockade was proclaimed, and a town which had made its living by building, sailing, and trafficking in ships was shut off from the use of its waters. Not a boat could bring an ox or a bundle of hay from the neighboring islands, nor a fish from Marblehead. Even the ferries that plied between Boston and Charlestown could not carry a parcel of goods across the river. The town must starve, or subsist, if it could, on the sparse food brought by wagons from the back-country.

Then, while the people denounced this tyrannical treatment by rulers across the ocean, the redcoats under the British General Gage came back into the town and set up a standing camp on Boston Common. Every time Dan BoydeU walked from his home on Beacon Hill to his father's counting-house he saw the grenadiers lounging or parading on the Common, a surly set of watch-dogs. They at least would not be allowed to

A PLAN  
OF BOSTON 1722





starve, no matter what happened to the townsfolk, and the sight of them quickened the sense of indignation under which Dan and all his friends now continually smarted.

There was little work to be done at the counting-house. The main concern of Boston was to secure food, and so Dan rode into the country almost every day that summer and helped with the wagon-trains and the droves of cattle from the farms. He found that almost all the country people sided with Boston against the British. Every cross-roads store, every tavern, was a hot-bed of discussion. One night, chilled and wet from a long ride in the rain, he stopped at a tavern in Shrewsbury to warm himself at the fire. Presently in came a dozen or so yeomen of the neighborhood who lighted their pipes and fell to talking. Said a stout fellow in a blue smock: "The people of Boston are distracted, if what one hears is so."

"And small wonder," declared another. "Oppression will make the wisest of men mad."

A third farmer spoke up. "What would you say if a fellow came to your house and told you he had come to take a list of your cattle, in order that the king's parliament might tax you for them at so much a head? And how would you feel if he was to go and break open your barn or take down your oxen, cows, horses, and sheep?"

"What would I say?" echoed the blue-smocked one. "I would knock the fellow in the head!"

"Well," said a fourth yeoman, "if the king's parlia-

ment can take away Mr. Hancock's wharf in Boston and Mr. Rowe's wharf, they can take away your barn and my house."

The discussion went on in this fashion for some time when a ruddy-cheeked farmer in the corner broke in loudly. "Since that's the pass that things have come to, it's high time for us to rebel; we must rebel some time or other, and we had better rebel now than at any time to come. If we put it off for ten or twenty years, and let them go on as they have begun, they will get a strong party among us, and plague us a great deal more than they can now."

Dan mounted and took to the road again. "Aye," he said to himself, "if matters come to open rebellion these farmers of Shrewsbury will stand shoulder to shoulder with us of Boston."

In the town Dan and his friends met frequently at the Green Dragon, where they came to associate with a company of mechanics from the North End—among whom was a silversmith named Paul Revere—who had formed a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the redcoats and learning the plans of the Royalist party.

The redcoats had now been reinforced until there were ten thousand of them in garrison in Boston. The burden of supporting them, of seeing their arrogant display in the streets, of listening to their drum and fife corps daily on the Common, irritated the town more and more. The irritation spread to the country, as Dan Boydell had observed. General Gage heard rumors of

unrest throughout Massachusetts from his agents, and decided to show the might of his fist.

The militia of the colony kept their cannon and stores at Cambridge, across the Charles River from Boston. General Gage secured information that several townships of the province had commenced quietly to withdraw their share of arms and ammunition. Before dawn on September 1, 1774, he sent a detachment of soldiers out of Boston by road and water and these seized in Cambridge a couple of field pieces and two hundred and fifty kegs of powder and carried them off to the royal stronghold of Castle William.

The exploit was cleverly planned and successfully executed. No resistance was made to the redcoats, but as the report of the seizure of the stores traveled along the Massachusetts seacoast and through the inland towns the citizens flocked to their meeting-places and made ready to march. Next day many thousands, unarmed except for sticks, trooped into Cambridge. There, as law-abiding citizens, they made their protest. There was no rioting or bloodshed. General Gage smiled to himself. Such folk as these merchants, mechanics, fishermen and farmers were easily overawed at the first glint of a bayonet.

Those who met at the Green Dragon tavern, however, decided that two could play at that game. One evening a band of them, in which were Dan Boydel and Peter Weld, landed at Charlestown under the very nose of a British man-of-war and helped themselves to the cannon of a battery that commanded the entrance

of the inner harbor. On another night they contrived to remove four field pieces which were stored near Boston Common. The bees were busily buzzing that autumn and now and again stinging the plump legs of Humpty Dumpty as he sat upon the wall.

## IV

It was in April, 1775,—when the cold of the New England winter was beginning to loosen its hold on the pinched and almost starving people of Boston,—that word of a new plan of General Gage came to the ears of the company at the Green Dragon tavern. Dan Boydell heard the news and discussed it with the others. Vigorous was the argument as to what should be done, for all felt that this latest project of the British commander must be checkmated if possible.

General Gage was planning to send a detachment of soldiers from Boston to Lexington; there the redcoats were to arrest two of the chief leaders of the popular movement, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were staying at the house of a friend; and from Lexington the troops were to march on to Concord and there destroy the stores of powder, arms and bullets that the folk of the countryside had secretly collected.

In the Green Dragon tavern it was arranged that when the redcoats were seen to be departing from Boston a signal should be given, a lantern should be lighted in the belfry of the Old North Church that stood not far from the Charles River opposite Charlestown. One lantern would indicate that the troops were

setting out by land, two that they went by sea. When the light should shine forth Paul Revere, stationed on the Charlestown shore, would mount and ride to Lexington, rousing the farmers as he passed their doors.

Then came the night of April eighteenth. In the belfry of the North Church a single lantern gleamed and Paul Revere, springing to the saddle, was off for Lexington by way of Medford while William Dawes rode by Roxbury. Dan Boydell and Josephus Devens crossed from Boston to Cambridge in the wake of the British regulars and there took up the trail of the marching feet.

It was before midnight when they started and the cocks were crowing in the early April dawn when the two youths neared Lexington and saw the drama that was staged on the town Common. Drums were beating; on the Common near the meeting-house were drawn up two ranks of minutemen, four or five score, dressed in weather-stained homespun and armed with old muskets that had been used in Indian warfare.

Now there came the tramp of the redcoats, veteran troopers who had fought on many fields. At sight of the men of Lexington the soldiers halted and loaded their guns. Then an advance guard, commanded by Major Pitcairn, went forward at the double-quick. Major Pitcairn cried: "Disperse, you rebels! Disperse, I command you! Lay down your arms and take yourselves hence!"

The minutemen, although they were greatly outnumbered, stood their ground with sombre, stubborn

faces. Then from the British officer came the order: "Fire!" Muskets blazed at short range, the minutemen answered with a few shots; away rolled the smoke; none of the redcoats were wounded, but on the ground lay seven of the farmers dead. To resist further was to be slaughtered; across the Common marched the soldiers and took the road to Concord.

Some went after them, dogging their heels, among them Dan and Josephus, and saw the second act of the drama of that fateful April day. The redcoats came into Concord and set about the business of venting their spite on the people of that little town. They spoiled some flour, knocked some iron guns to pieces, made a bonfire of wooden spoons and trenchers, and cut down a Liberty pole. To cover these valiant acts a party of a hundred grenadiers had been stationed at the bridge over the Concord River and these were attacked by minutemen from the neighboring country and driven back on their main force in the centre of the town.

Humpty Dumpty had acted like a bully, and a senseless one at that. Now he showed further folly, for instead of marching back to Boston he hung around Concord until noon. Meantime Paul Revere and William Dawes had done their work well. By the time the British commander was ready to withdraw from his position the men of Massachusetts were converging from every side.

From the coast, from every town and hamlet for thirty miles around, hastened those who had heard of the doings at Lexington. Every lad who could carry a

gun and every greybeard was on the march, the villages were deserted, the roads, the meadows and hillsides were covered with volunteers. Thicker than flies they swarmed about the grenadiers, and would not be brushed off. The farmers hid behind barns, stone walls and trees and fought Indian fashion; the red-coats, when they stopped to fire, were drawn up in close ranks. Before they had covered the six miles from Concord to Lexington the soldiers' ammunition had commenced to run out, many were helping the wounded, the march had become a rout.

They had still a long way to go to reach Boston, and probably would never have reached it had not reinforcements met them a few furlongs beyond Lexington. The reserves had brought up field pieces and with these they were able to resist the farmers while their own men reformed their lines. Then the retreat to town was resumed, and the road was a long line of skirmishes: stand, fire, and hurry past every fence, every cow-shed, every woods.

Dan and Josephus, with muskets, powder-horns and bullet-pouches picked up from the wounded, joined in the wild chase of the grenadiers. The hares reached Cambridge Common and the hounds, reinforced at every farmhouse, were yelping at their heels. From Cambridge to reach Boston a bridge must be crossed and the planks of the bridge had been torn up and were now being made into barricades; therefore Lord Percy, who had brought up the reserves, switched his route and marched his scarlet-coated troopers by the direct

road to Charlestown. This he did in the nick of time, for a strong company of men from Marblehead and Salem were almost on his flanks and would have caught him within the hour. The redcoats streamed toward the hills of Charlestown while across the waters of the Back Bay half the population of Boston watched the flight from the slopes of Beacon Hill. As the sun was setting the British reached the peninsula of Charlestown, and, utterly exhausted, took refuge under the guns of their fleet. In that chase from Concord back to the harbor the Americans had lost from ninety to a hundred men and the redcoats about three times as many.

On the morning of the nineteenth of April, 1775,—a day celebrated in Massachusetts as Patriots' Day,—General Gage had been in authority in the province and was beleaguering Boston; by nightfall his rule was over, his troops were surrounded by a ring of hostile camp-fires and the British were the besieged, not the besiegers.

That night Dan Boydell slept in Cambridge. The next days were packed with stirring events, for that first flash of powder at Lexington had set the whole countryside ablaze. The Americans had stationed a guard at Charlestown Neck and from there to Roxbury, a circuit that took in the entire sweep of the Charles River and the Back Bay of Boston, stretched a line of sentry-posts. Into Cambridge, headquarters for the province, poured minutemen and militia from all over Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island,

and Connecticut. Israel Putnam, working on his farm in Connecticut, heard the news of Lexington, roused his neighbors, and, mounting his horse, rode the hundred miles to Cambridge in eighteen hours. Across the Merrimac went the word, and from New Hampshire came a company of minutemen. These reached Haverhill Ferry at dusk, halted in Andover for brief refreshment, and, having covered fifty-five miles in less than twenty hours, marched on to Cambridge Common the following sunrise. By the twenty-second of April all the land approaches to the British encampment were held by strong American forces.

The tired redcoats had taken shelter in their camp on Bunker Hill in Charlestown, and from there, with the aid of their fleet, they might have held Boston safe from attack. General Gage, however, was afraid that the people of Boston might rise in his rear and therefore he moved his army into the town. As the British came in many citizens left and their places were taken by Tories from near-by villages. The Boydell family removed to Cambridge; their house on Beacon Hill was now adjacent to a British fort.

News came out from the town to Cambridge. The redcoats were running short of food, they were discouraged, they were marking time until reinforcements should arrive. Then troop-ships from England sailed into the harbor; in May came the *Cerberus*, with three Major-Generals, Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe, on board. As the *Cerberus* reached the bay her captain hailed a sloop and then for the first time those aboard the in-

coming vessel heard that their army was bottled up in Boston by a provincial army. "What!" cried General Burgoyne. "Ten thousand peasants keep five thousand king's troops shut up! Well, let *us* get in, and we'll soon find elbow-room!"

"Elbow-room" was the nickname promptly bestowed on Burgoyne; but he soon found there was no room for him to parade his epaulettes outside the limits of Boston.

The troops at Cambridge were well supplied those spring days with information of the plans of the red-coats and they learned that General Gage was making ready to seize Dorchester Heights. Thereupon the American leaders decided to bestir themselves and take possession of the commanding height of Bunker Hill in Charlestown. Dan Boydell was one of the company of some twelve hundred selected for the expedition. The detachment was under the command of Colonel William Prescott of Pepperell, an excellent officer and a veteran of Louisburg. On the evening of June sixteenth the company assembled on Cambridge Common, listened to prayer by President Langdon of Harvard College, and started off for Bunker Hill.

The soldiers had rations for one day, loose powder in their horns and bullets they had cast themselves in their pouches. Back of the lines came a row of carts loaded with entrenching tools. Most of the men wore homespun clothes and carried firelocks. Colonel Prescott marched them to Charlestown and halted them on the lower slope of Bunker Hill, while he, with Israel

Putnam and Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer, debated the proper point to fortify.

The town of Boston, lying between the harbor and the Back Bay, was dominated by the heights of Dorchester on the southeast and those of Charlestown on the northwest. The approach to the latter peninsula was by a narrow strip of land—Charlestown Neck—which was bordered on the north by the Mystic River and on the south by an inlet from the Charles. The village of Charlestown—which was only a small settlement—was on the side of the peninsula opposite Boston; on the side along the Mystic River rose three hills, Morton's Hill, Breed's Hill, and Bunker's Hill. The latter hill was the highest, but Breed's Hill was nearest the British ships and Boston. The question was: which of these two heights should be fortified?

Breed's Hill was chosen, and in the moonlight the company set to work with shovel and pick and by day-break had built a redoubt, which appeared to those on the British ships to have arisen by magic.

There stood the little fort, with its provincial defenders behind it. It should not have been difficult to take; the line of the American retreat could easily have been cut off. If General Gage had landed on Charlestown Neck, drawn his ships in closer, and planted a battery on Bunker Hill he could have quickly forced those in the redoubt to surrender. Instead of this, however, he ordered the ships and the Boston batteries to fire upon the small fort, and in a most leisurely manner set about embarking an expedition to cross by Charles-

town Ferry. The British regulars would stick to their good old custom of marching up to the front of a fort as if on dress parade instead of using strategy.

From Copp's Hill, from Barton's Point, from the ships in the harbor, guns sent their missiles flying at the redoubt that warm June morning. Dan and his mates went on laboring with pick and shovel; the rampart was built higher and platforms of earth and wood were constructed inside for the defenders. When they finished, the redoubt was almost square in shape, with a breastwork stretching toward the Mystic River to prevent flanking. It was noon; Dan had worked all night and most of the morning. Now, looking out from the fort, he saw spread around and below him a scene colorful and brilliant in the cloudless summer sun. Close below was the village of Charlestown; on the water, stretching hither and yon, ships of war and floating batteries; across the narrow river the houses of Boston, and on every roof spectators, non-combatants, perched high to view the drama that was unfolding. From the wharves of Boston, boats, filled with redcoats, were pushing out into the stream. Under cover of the fire from the ships the soldiers crossed and landed on the Charlestown shore at Moulton's Point. Dan could see the scarlet jackets, the glitter of sun on steel.

General Howe was in command of the landing party, but instead of marching to the attack he sent back for reinforcements. Dan waited impatiently in the hot hours of afternoon. Colonel Prescott sent a messenger to Cambridge to ask for more soldiers, then

ordered a detachment of Connecticut troops, under Captain Knowlton, to fortify a position a couple of hundred yards to the rear of the redoubt on the Mystic River side. Knowlton's men found a fence, the lower part of stones, the upper of rails; they brought up another rail fence to strengthen the first, and between the rails they wove hay which was drying on the ground. Now recruits were coming from Cambridge and getting across the strip of Charlestown Neck as best they could, for shot and shell were falling in showers on that isthmus.

At last Howe was ready to attack. He did not send his floating batteries around into the Mystic River, from where they could have raked and destroyed Knowlton's rail fence. His plan was to attack with infantry and artillery; but the artillery was at first of little value, because nine-pound shot had been sent over for some of the six-pounder guns and others of the cannon were drawn into marshy ground where they could not take effective positions. Two detachments of infantry came on, one against the redoubt, the other against the rail fence.

The redcoats carried complete equipment: arms, ammunition, blankets and three-days' rations. The sun was swelteringly hot; the men had to march through fields of tall grass and climb many fences; but they proceeded in dignified confidence and in open formation, so many scarlet targets. There was a crackle of fire from a few American muskets, but Prescott and other officers ordered the troops to wait until the enemy

reached a stake which had been set up as a mark. So they waited, and meantime the houses of Charlestown—most of which had been deserted for weeks—burst into flame; General Howe had ordered the village fired so that it should not give cover to the Americans.

Now the redcoats were eight or ten rods from the redoubt, and Prescott gave the word to fire. A withering discharge answered, and so close and continuous was the fire that the British, after a few minutes, were driven back from redoubt and rail fence. From the defenders came yells of triumph. But Howe reformed his troops and on they came a second time. This time the carnage was greater than on the first attempt. Many British officers fell, the lines crumpled up, those who could turned and fled.

Would they try again? Dan waited, sweating, powder-begrimed, his eyes on the scarlet coats along the shore. From the ships, from Boston, came British reinforcements. Howe divided his troops into three columns; he had learned better than to march his men recklessly into that concentrated gunfire, now he would send them simultaneously against the three faces of the redoubt.

A third time the British were in motion, and this time their artillery did valuable service. The guns gained a position from which they could enfilade the breastwork and send the defenders for safety to the redoubt. From three sides the redcoats advanced on the little fort, and now those behind the rampart found

their powder running short, some had only three or four charges for their firelocks, some had only one.

Dan watched the regulars come to within twenty yards of the redoubt, heard the order to fire, discharged his musket. The heads of the red-coated columns fell, but those behind came on and leaped to the parapet. A few were shot down. But the American powder was spent, and Prescott had reluctantly to order his men to retreat. Some fought on with clubbed muskets, some parried bayonets with their guns; then the tide swept up and threw them from the redoubt down the slope of Breed's Hill.

The defenders of the rail fence closed in behind them, and soon the fugitives were streaming away beyond Bunker Hill toward the Neck. Dan got back to Cambridge that night. The British held Charlestown, but the provincials, farmers, fishermen, tradesmen, had shown that they could stand up to King George's regulars.

v

Dan stood in the throng that was garbed in a great variety of costumes—with scarcely two alike among them—on the Common at Cambridge on July 3, 1775. There he shouted and threw up his hat and cheered and cheered again as a tall man, of strong, majestic features and dignified bearing, rode through the multitude to the shade of an elm. This man wore the uniform of the Virginia Infantry: coat of dark blue faced with buff and waistcoat and breeches of buff. He had seen

much service in the field against the Indians and it was he and his Virginians who had saved the remnant of British troops at Braddock's retreat. Now he had come to Cambridge, commissioned by the Continental Congress sitting in Philadelphia to be General of the American Army. Dan listened eagerly to the words General George Washington addressed to the audience on the Common and felt that here was a leader of immense forcefulness, patience and ability.

At once the new commander set to work to bring order out of what had been almost chaos. The defeat at Breed's Hill—known as the battle of Bunker Hill—had brought much confusion, much bickering among the provincial ranks. Washington's first task was to create an army, to select officers and to train the men in obedience to orders. He had no uniforms for his troops but he did his best to provide insignia for the various grades of the service. Henceforth sergeants were to wear a stripe of red cloth on the right shoulder and corporals a stripe of green. A field officer was to adorn his hat with a red cockade and a captain with a yellow one. Generals were to wear a pink ribbon and aides-de-camp one of green, while the commander-in-chief was to be distinguished by a light blue sash worn across his breast between coat and waistcoat.

He had sixteen thousand troops fit for service and with these he had to maintain a front of eight miles. Before he took command the Americans had built redoubts on Prospect and Winter Hills. These he strengthened and erected fortifications at Roxbury on

the south, opposite Boston Neck. Later he took Lechmere's Point, which dominated the river and the Back Bay. The British occasionally fired at the American engineers who were engaged on these works, but made no general attack.

Could Washington force the enemy's hand? In September, and again in October, he called a council of war of his high officers and discussed an attack on Boston, but each time such a project was held to be impractical. The British had rendered Charlestown almost impregnable by a powerful redoubt on Bunker Hill. Boston was protected by forts and strongly garrisoned. Boston Neck could not be passed and to cross the open water of the Back Bay would be exceedingly hazardous. So Washington exercised his patience and went on moulding his raw recruits.

The British in the town were in a tight place. There were hundreds of wounded from the battle of Bunker Hill. Food was running low. The weather that winter was bitterly cold and all the supply of fuel was early exhausted. Then the soldiers helped themselves to firewood from the fences of the town gardens and the doors and rafters of the houses. The Old North Church was demolished and its timbers used to build fires; so also was the steeple of the West Church. Hemmed in between two promontories, shivering and almost starving, the redcoats lost their spirits; many sickened and died, for there was scurvy and smallpox in Boston's streets.

General Gage was recalled and Sir William Howe

became commander-in-chief. King George and his Ministers were growing impatient. Why had not the veteran British army dispersed the rebel farmers?

Meanwhile those of the rebels who knew something about handling boats were extremely active. In July Washington had a small navy and those soldiers used to the water were detailed in its service. Among these recruits was Dan Boydell. A large number of whaleboats were brought overland from Cape Cod and from towns along the coast. These were fitted out in the Charles and the Mystic rivers and voyaged to the bay. On the islands there were crops and live-stock that might have greatly succored the British garrison, but the redcoats thenceforward got none of them.

Dan in his whaleboat traversed the bay, as did other skippers, landed on the islands, took off the flocks and herds, cut the standing grass, and loaded the boat with hay. This was daring, adventurous work, far more interesting than the camp at Cambridge, and Dan exulted in it. He and his fellows were far more agile, far more enterprising than their British rivals. They knew the rivers, the bay, the islands, from old experience. Then they grew even more ambitious. Under cover of darkness they would shoot out from creek or inlet, steal up on some enemy boat or sloop, take the crew by surprise, make them prisoners, and add their vessel to the American fleet. That fleet was cutting off the approach to Boston by water. To make navigation more difficult was now its object. In broad daylight Dan and others brought their boats to the

island on which stood the lighthouse at the harbor's mouth, landed almost under the guns of several British men-of-war, burned the tower with the beacon, and got safely away to shelter.

"The admirals will run on the rocks now," Dan declared as he looked across the harbor that night. "The bay belongs to Massachusetts, not to Humpty Dumpty."

Food was diverted from the redcoats in Boston, so were military supplies. The Americans captured the royal ordnance brig *Nancy* and brought the ship ashore on Cape Ann. Washington heard of the prize and, in order to forestall any attempt by General Howe to retake the cargo, sent four companies immediately to the place where the stores were landed, impressed teams from the neighborhood for transportation, and carted the booty to Cambridge. The stores were well worth the taking; among them were two thousand muskets, a hundred thousand flints, thirty thousand round-shot, thirty tons of bullets, and a thirteen-inch brass mortar. The mortar was greeted with vociferous cheers, and with the aid of a bottle of rum it was christened the "Congress."

It was March, 1776, and while the redcoats, cooped up in Boston, were fretting at their confinement the Americans were more and more active. General Howe had neglected to secure Dorchester Heights, which commanded the town on the southeast; now Washington prepared to take and fortify that important elevation. On the night of the second of March,

and on the two succeeding nights, the American batteries, that had been silent for weeks, blazed away from their three redoubts on Cobble Hill, Lechmere's Point, and Lamb's Dam in Roxbury. Howe's gunners answered the fire; all the British attention was focussed on those three points.

While the cannonade was shaking the houses in Boston, a strong American brigade crossed over Dorchester Neck and was followed by three hundred carts laden with fascines (bundles of sticks) and coils of twisted hay. With the sticks and the hay a parapet was built along the causeway and back of this the carts went to and fro through the night. Simultaneously, on each of the two heights in the centre of the peninsula soldiers were digging and plastering earth to form embankments. So swiftly they worked and so skillfully—as befitted men who were farmers—that by dawn two forts were finished and ready to protect their defenders from grape-shot and musket-balls.

General Howe, looking out from Boston in the morning, was dumbfounded with amazement. On Dorchester Heights, above the town and the harbor, stood two large redoubts and on lower hills were other earthworks. "The rebels," said Howe, "have accomplished more between sunset and sunrise than my whole army could have done in a month!"

Immediately he called a council of war. Not only the town but the ships in the bay were imperiled; the Dorchester forts must be taken by storm; twenty-four hundred men, under command of Lord Percy, were

sent to Castle William, which lay close to the Heights on the east, across a narrow channel.

The Americans meanwhile were not idle. The earthworks were strengthened, the defenders reinforced; orchards were cut down to form an abattis, and rows of barrels filled with earth were ranged on the edge of the hill, ready to be rolled down on ascending columns. General Washington himself was there; he had seen to every detail, and in addition to the fortifications he had other weapons to use; in the Charles River, out of sight of sentries in Boston, were two floating batteries and bateaux full of soldiers,—these, at his order, were to cross the Back Bay and attack the town.

So the scene was set for a great struggle on that fifth of March, 1776,—anniversary of the Boston Massacre,—the attempt of the British to cross from Castle William and carry Dorchester Heights; the attempt of the Americans to bring their flotilla into the Back Bay and assault the forts of Boston. The scene was set; but fortunately the bloody drama was not acted. The wind rose to a gale, the gale to a hurricane. Windows were broken, buildings unroofed, ships torn from their moorings and dashed against quays. No boat could weather the storm in the channel between Castle William and Dorchester; two of Lord Percy's transports were driven ashore.

All that afternoon and night the gale raged; the next day the wind continued and rain fell in torrents. Washington was waiting for the British to attack and meantime strengthening his defenses. So strong those

defenses looked to Howe, so impregnable and so perilous to town and harbor, that he called another council and asked his generals to concur in his proposal to evacuate Boston.

## VI

The redcoats were leaving town. This, however, was not a simple matter, for Howe had in his army and fleet about eleven thousand men, great stores of ammunition and supplies, many horses, and much artillery. He had also to take with him many Tories, who had no liking for a taste of jail. And for the purpose there was insufficient shipping.

The wind was contrary, the transports slow in making out from harbor. Washington grew impatient and on the night of March sixteenth his troops took and fortified Nook's Hill, from which they could with ease enfilade the British earthworks on Boston Neck. That made Howe hurry his departure. His troops were getting out of hand, plundering against his orders. So he left some of his stores and supplies, crowded his men and the Tories aboard the vessels, and on the morning of March seventeenth sailed his army and the refugees down the channel to the ocean.

Within half an hour the Americans were in possession of Boston. A few days later the town was thrown open to all comers and soldiers and non-combatants from all the neighboring country poured into the streets. The Boydell family came back to Beacon Hill, found their house very dirty, but the furnishings in

tolerable order and the family portraits unharmed. In a town that had been occupied by an enemy, sullen and hungry, for so long a time comparatively little harm had been done. "Well," said Dan to his father, "we've pulled down Humpty Dumpty and they'll never put him up again; but, though he was mighty foolish, I'll have to admit that most of his soldiers behaved like gentlemen."





IV  
FATHER OF WATERS  
*New Orleans*  
1815



## IV

### FATHER *of* WATERS

*New Orleans - 1815*

#### I

THERE was a touch of spring in the air on the January afternoon when Pierre Mandeville rode up the winding driveway of his grandfather's plantation. He had not seen the place in five years, but nothing seemed changed; the rest of the world might alter, but not, so it appeared, this region of peace and quiet, this demesne of the old régime in Louisiana.

How well he remembered every detail: the avenue of pecan trees that led up from the highroad, the aisles between the trunks that gave one glimpses of dark, mysterious glades, the live-oaks, dripping with moss; then the ancient moat, in which he had fished as a boy, its farther bank bordered with the yucca hedge, a mass of glistening spikes that gave the yucca its romantic name of Spanish dagger. Next the rampart, covered with grass, but crowned with its brick wall, and beyond that the wild orange bushes; the avenue lined with sweet-orange trees that in the spring were so fragrant and glorious to look upon; the house itself, its central portion, square and dignified, of aristocratic red brick, its balconies and wings of seasoned cypress wood.

With mixed feelings—for he was in doubt as to the reception that awaited him—Pierre dismounted, hitched his horse to a post, and rapped on the front door with the ornate brass knocker. An ancient negro opened the door, stared, then ejaculated:

“ Bless mah soul, if it ain’t young massa! ”

“ Yes,” smiled Pierre, “ so it is, Scipio.” He hesitated. “ How’s my grandfather? Do you think he’d see me? ”

“ Massa Charles is right sprightly. Jest yo’ step into the drawin’ room, young massa. Ah’ll be back direct’ly.”

The negro pattered away. Pierre stood in the high-ceilinged drawing room, looking at the well remembered mirrors, chandeliers, pictures. Here had been many great parties, but the chamber had the appearance of being little used nowadays.

Presently Scipio was back, grinning and rubbing his wizened hands. “ Yo’ gran’father will see yo’, young massa. He’s in the lib’ry. Ah reckon yo’ ’member whar that is.”

Pierre nodded. “ Thanks, Scipio.” With the feeling he used to have when summoned to give account of some boyish misdemeanor he walked down the wide hall and knocked on the library door.

“ Come in,” said a voice.

Squaring his shoulders and thrusting out his chin, Pierre turned the knob and entered.

In a high-backed mahogany chair, before a hearth on which burned some sweet-smelling logs, sat a tall,

thin man, an open book on his knees. His white eyebrows went up and down; then he placed the book on a stool beside his chair, and, rising slowly and stiffly, held out his hand.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," said Pierre, giving the bony fingers a warm clasp.

"The sentiment is mutual, my dear boy, though my hand-grasp is not so herculean as yours. Stand in front of the fire, the day is chilly."

Pierre obeyed; not that he felt the need of warmth but that he understood his grandfather's polite way of expressing his desire to have a good look at him. Standing with feet well apart, his broad back to the mantel, he smiled at the white-haired gentleman who had now again seated himself.

"You are well, sir, I hope?" he inquired.

"Very well, except for a little ague. There is no need for me to ask you that question. You look magnificent."

Pierre pondered what to say next. So much had happened to him in the five years since he had seen his grandfather. "I suppose you have heard, sir, that Andrew Jackson whipped the British?"

"Heard it? Do you think my plantation is in Africa or Asia? Of course I have heard of it and have rejoiced exceedingly. The insolence of the redcoats! Don't they think we French will fight?" The speaker flushed. "I mean to say—we Americans. Really, my dear Pierre, it's hard for me to remember we are part of the United States."

The young man nodded, much amused at the slip of the tongue. It was so characteristic of his grandfather, scion of an old French family that had come to Louisiana in the reign of Louis XIV. They had been the Sieurs de Mandeville then, and this one—aristocrat to the tips of his fingers—still called himself Charles de Mandeville, although his son Armand, Pierre's father, and Pierre himself, had long since dropped the preposition.

The old eyes, still bright, still keen, were studying the lean brown face of the young fellow. "What do you know of the fighting, Pierre? Did you see the red-coats?"

"I was a gunner, stationed at one of the batteries, sir."

"In General Jackson's army?"

"Certainly, sir. I'm an American, you know."

Charles de Mandeville was surprised, even agitated, and, as was his habit on such occasions, he drew a small silver box from the pocket of his embroidered waistcoat and helped himself to a liberal pinch of snuff. "That is news," he said. "*Ma foi!* That is splendid. My grandson defeating the British! Well done, my Pierre."

"I didn't defeat them single-handed, sir. There were some others on our side of the fence."

"Of course, of course." Mandeville's eyebrows lifted. "But I don't altogether understand. I thought you were . . . I heard you were . . ."

Pierre came to his aid. "You heard I was with

Jean Lafitte in the country along the Gulf, in Barataria. Well, sir, so I was. I'm what the good people of New Orleans call a Baratarian."

"Odious name!" snapped his grandfather. "Jean Lafitte, a robber and pirate!"

Pierre reddened under his tan. He knew very well how the fastidious gentleman in the high-backed chair felt about Jean Lafitte and knew also that his opinion was shared by many of the Louisiana aristocracy. Yet he, Pierre Mandeville, was of quite another view, and as he had seen much of Lafitte since leaving his grandfather's roof he thought himself much better able to judge that famous man than those who knew him only by reputation.

"Lafitte has sailed as a privateer, which is perfectly proper, with letters of marque from the French government, authorizing him to seize English ships. I know that, sir."

"And I know he is a pirate, who has laid hands on any ship, regardless of her flag, that he thought held a rich cargo."

Pierre frowned; his grandfather was so very stubborn in his opinions. Then he drew forward a chair and sat down beside the stiff-necked gentleman.

"Will you listen to me, sir? It's important; I came here to try to explain this to you."

"You may go on," said Mandeville, taking another pinch of snuff.

"What you have heard about me is correct. As I say, I have been in Barataria and have been one of

Lafitte's men. When word came that my father had died of fever at Grand Terre in Barataria I resolved to go thither and see who had been his friends."

"A preposterous notion!" Mandeville interrupted. "You knew I had disowned your father when he cast his lot in with those rascals. You, a boy of fifteen!"

"Well, sir, I did it. I got to Grand Terre, and there out of friendship for my father the leader of 'those rascals,' as you call them, was very kind to me. I admired him. Who wouldn't? He is as courteous and gallant a gentleman as any I have met. I joined his band and he paid me well. But it was not for my share of the booty that I served but because I loved the life; it was so free and open, so much the sort of adventurous existence I dreamed of as a boy."

"Yes," said Mandeville grimly. "Adventurous no doubt, and also likely to end in the prisoner's dock."

Pierre shrugged. "That was a chance, of course. But the spice of life is in the gamble. We prospered. Then one day the British commander at Pensacola sent a proposition to Lafitte; he offered him thirty thousand dollars, the rank of captain in the British army, and the enlistment of all our band in the navy, if he would assist the English in their invasion of Louisiana."

"Ah," murmured Mandeville, "buy you, would he?"

"Lafitte declined the proposition, and sent word of it to the authorities at New Orleans. He also sent a letter to Governor Claiborne in which he offered the services of himself and his men for the defense of our

country. Those in the city who hated Lafitte scornfully spurned the offer."

"So would I have spurned it," Mandeville declared.

"Yes, and so did General Jackson! He issued a proclamation in which he denounced the British for making overtures to 'robbers, pirates, and hellish bandits,' as he called us. But when Jackson came to New Orleans and saw how weak were the defenses and scanty the defenders he changed his mind. Lafitte waited on him in person, renewed his offer, and Jackson accepted it. We Baratarians fought under our country's flag, and after the battle, Jackson, in a general order, praised us for our courage and fidelity. Now we have received full and free pardon and are honest citizens again."

Mandeville sat back in his chair and turned his gaze to the hearth-fire. "You were courageous, of course. So was Armand, your father. It is a family tradition."

Silence fell. Pierre felt relieved; he had done his duty and told his story, as he had intended.

Presently Mandeville spoke. "And now you have come home? You have left Lafitte?"

"I don't know, sir. I have made no plans."

"Surely you don't desire to go back to that way of life, to the company of bandits?"

"Not bandits, sir. Let's call them gentlemen adventurers."

"Call them what you like. It makes no difference in their standing. They are riff-raff, rogues; and you, Pierre, were born and bred a Louisiana gentleman."

"Yes. But what does that mean? Louisiana isn't French, or even Spanish, any more; it's part of the United States. You've never seen Andrew Jackson, have you?"

Mandeville shook his head. "That pleasure has been denied to me so far, Pierre."

"Well, he's as different from the type of your friends as black from white. He's rough and ready, a backwoodsman, blunt and plain, but he's American to the core. And this is a country of the future, not of the past."

"I think we can rise to the future; we always have done so," was the calm retort. "Now that you have come back I will look about and see if I can obtain some position for you among my friends. Meantime we will move to the town house; you will have more diversion there, at the clubs, the balls, the cafés. New Orleans is a delightful city. I will be able to obtain you entrée everywhere. That is good, that is good. A Mandeville again in New Orleans; a young Mandeville, and a not unhandsome one. That is settled, Pierre." He bent forward and held out his fragile fingers.

The grandson rose and took the hand, careful this time not to give it too firm a clasp. "Very well, sir, I will try it."

As he looked into those bright and now smiling eyes, however, he realized how great a gulf—its width yet to be determined—lay between his grandfather's views and his own.

## II

New Orleans had been gay in the days of its French and Spanish governors, but never more gay than in the spring of 1815. The war was over and a glorious peace was won. The city decked itself in triumphal arches; in the great Place d'Armes before the stately Cathedral, General Jackson's heroes paraded while *Te Deums* rose from the organ and cheers from the crowd; the massive *Cabildo*—relic of Spain—was festooned with bunting and the Stars and Stripes; at night every avenue glittered with lanterns and bands played while the people danced.

To enjoy the delights of city society—and particularly to enable his grandson to do so—Charles de Mandeville took up his residence in the old family mansion on Chartres and Conti streets. This was a large brick building, fit to be described as a palace, with a famous winding staircase adorned with an elaborate handwrought iron railing, and with a solid terrace on the roof surrounded by a stone balustrade. Here Mandeville entertained his friends—mostly ladies and gentlemen with distinguished French names—and proudly presented to them his grandson Pierre.

Pierre found his new situation agreeable, for his life in the bayous of Baratavia, though filled with the glamor of adventure, had been hard and full of toil. It was pleasant to rise when the sun was high and drink his coffee on the gallery in the fresh air while musical negro voices cried their wares, fruits, vegetables, sweets, in the streets below. Up they rose as in a chant:

*"Belle des figues!" "Bons petits calas!" "Confitures coco!" "Pralines, pistache! Pralines, pacanes!"*

Pleasant also to stroll abroad under the arching trees, to meet acquaintances, to loiter on the levee and watch new ships arrive. Lunch perhaps at a café with a party of young bloods; dinner—an exquisite rite—at his grandfather's board or in some other house equally elegant; then an evening of amusement, a theatre, a masked ball, where one danced with lovely Creole maidens, and to top it all a midnight session at some club or coffee-house where in an upper room gaming-tables were spread and cards were played while glasses of Malaga, Bordeaux, Madeira were quickly emptied and refilled.

A good life—for a time. But Pierre Mandeville was no sybarite and even in his hours of amusement he saw many things that gave him food for thought. The old régime was passing; had passed, in fact. The aristocratic Creole families with their French or Spanish traditions still thought that New Orleans was theirs. It was theirs within the walls of their houses, but not outside. He had only to walk down to the banks of the Mississippi and observe the new arrivals from up and down the river to appreciate that the city belonged not to those who wore fine linen and embroidered waistcoats but to those in leather hunting-shirt and coonskin cap.

More than that he saw. The old families were spenders, not earners. Indigo had been the staple and profitable product of their plantations, but a worm had

destroyed crop after crop to their great dismay. Pierre had not been long with his grandfather before he began to suspect that the latter was entrenching on his capital, was living far beyond his income, and buoying himself up with the hope that indigo would prosper again. Charles de Mandeville was, like all his circle, an inveterate gambler at cards and his mood, as Pierre soon recognized, was amiable or morose depending on whether he had won or lost on the night before. Sometimes Pierre attempted the suggestion that expenses be curtailed; on each such occasion his grandfather assumed a haughty manner and heatedly denounced the idea as unworthy of his position.

Having launched his grandson socially, Mandeville made overtures to his friends in regard to some business connection for the young man. Nothing came of these, however, and thereat Pierre was not disappointed. He had no desire to be a clerk in some banking-house or lawyer's office. What he did wish to be was not so easy to decide. Meantime the spring slipped into summer and the city became more indolent, more pleasure-loving than ever.

On a warm evening in July, Pierre was seated at a card table—as was now a nightly custom with him—in a private room on the upper floor of the restaurant known as "*La veau qui tête*," an old Spanish building opposite the *Cabildo* on St. Peter and Chartres streets. The place was patronized by the fashionable youth of New Orleans and celebrated for its wines and the high play at its tables. Pierre gambled because everybody

did; he had money of his own, gained from his service with Lafitte; and in the hazard of cards he found now the only substitute for the sense of adventure his nature required.

There were three other players at Pierre's table, and one of these—a young Creole blood by the name of Hector Marot—won consistently. So successful was he that presently Pierre began to observe him closely and, from the attention with which Marot watched each card as it was dealt, suspected that he had in some way marked the pasteboards on the back.

"I suggest a fresh pack," said Pierre.

"Oh," said Marot negligently, "these cards are clean enough."

"Nevertheless I wish fresh ones," Pierre persisted.

"Monsieur Mandeville is fastidious." The other laughed and commenced to shuffle the cards.

Pierre flushed; he didn't like Marot's tone. "A new pack may change monsieur's luck?" he retorted with a smile and a glance at the other's pile of winnings.

"Luck? Call it rather my skill; that's more magnanimous."

"Skill?" The eyes of the two met and Pierre saw from the sudden contraction of the other's pupils that he understood the accusation lying in the word.

A moment the glances held. Then Marot shrugged. "And was Monsieur Mandeville so fastidious when he lived in Barataria?" he asked coolly.

"No more so and no less," was Pierre's equally cool answer.

"One would have supposed there was less fastidiousness among Lafitte's followers. A pirate now ——"

"Monsieur Lafitte was a privateer, I would instruct you."

"I said a pirate." Marot rose. "As to instructing me, I must ask monsieur to withdraw a word that I find offensive."

Pierre also rose. So the quarrel between them was not to be based on a charge of cheating at cards; that was too inelegant. Marot had adroitly shifted the ground and for his quick-wittedness Pierre could not help but admire him. That was the old régime. Pierre knew what the old régime, what his grandfather, would now expect of him.

"Instruct appears to me to be the proper word, monsieur."

The two other players at the table pushed their chairs back, got to their feet and began to protest. Marot waved them aside. "Monsieur Mandeville and I have come to an impasse, gentlemen. I ask him to withdraw an offensive term and he refuses. To settle the issue I suggest that we meet at the Oaks to-morrow morning at six."

Pierre bowed. "I will be there. The usual duelling-pistols?"

"As monsieur says. That is his privilege. If these two gentlemen will be our seconds . . . to keep the affair private. . . ."

The two gave their consent; affairs of honor were no novelty in their circle, where gentlemen fought duels

over a difference as to the cut of a coat, the vintage of a wine, the etiquette of a ballroom. Marot bowed himself out; Pierre presently followed; the latter's second, Jules Lamar, was to call for him at the Mandeville house at five in the morning with saddle-horses and the pistols.

The Oaks—the favorite duelling ground of New Orleans—was situated outside the city on a ridge of land that overlooked a swamp. Here two beautiful wide-branching trees gave their name to a level sward that was screened by a ring of high bushes. Hither in the July dawn rode Pierre and Lamar, and they had no more than dismounted when Marot and his second, Etienne Lemaitre, also arrived.

Pierre was a good shot, as he had more than once proved in Baratania as a member of Lafitte's band. How skillful Marot was with a pistol Pierre didn't know; but that didn't concern him. The whole business seemed to him like a duty laid upon him by tradition, by the order to which he belonged, in a sense by his grandfather. Gentlemen settled disputes with pistols, as formerly they had with swords; to show any reluctance to engage was to brand oneself a coward.

The seconds examined the pistols—which were heirlooms in Lamar's family—then loaded and primed them and presented one to each of the principals. Next they measured off twenty paces and placed the duellists at that distance from each other, careful to have them stand so that neither had the advantage of the sun in his opponent's face. Then Lemaitre gave his instruc-

tions. "I will ask 'Are you ready, messieurs?' When you signify your assent I will wait a moment and then drop this handkerchief, the signal that you may fire. One exchange will be sufficient." Formally he bowed, then with Lamar took a position midway between the two and some yards from the line of fire.

"Are you ready, messieurs?"

"Entirely," said Marot.

"Quite ready," said Pierre.

A pause, and the handkerchief fell. There was a sharp report from Marot's pistol and a bullet winged past Pierre's right shoulder.

Pierre saw his opponent smiling at him and liked him for the smile. The fellow might be a cheat at cards, but indubitably he had courage. Then Pierre raised the barrel of his pistol and deliberately fired. His bullet clipped a leaf from an oak, high above Marot's head.

"That is sufficient, messieurs," Lemaitre declared. "Honor is vindicated."

All four participants bowed. Lamar relieved the two principals of their weapons and put the pistols in a mahogany case. Marot and his friend rode away and Pierre and his second mounted their horses.

"We will celebrate the event at the Café des Emigrés, where the brandy is magnificent," Lamar proposed.

"Does it require celebration?" Pierre responded. "The whole affair appears to me supremely absurd."

"Absurd! An affair of honor!"

"Yes." Pierre turned his horse's head toward New Orleans. "For two men to spend their time taking pot-shots at each other, chancing a bullet as we did ——" He broke off and shrugged his shoulders. "As absurd as all the rest of the things we do daily."

Lamar gaped. "What would you have us do, Pierre?"

"I don't know, Jules. It may suit you; but it doesn't satisfy me. No, I'll not go back to Lafitte, I'm done with Barataria. But I'll not stay in New Orleans either. Somewhere there must be work I am fit to do. I swear I'd rather be backwoodsman than Louisiana aristocrat."

"You're leaving the city?" gasped his companion.

"To-day; this very morning. I'm going up-river, to see the United States."

Lamar rode beside him in silence, astonished at the outburst. So they entered the city and Pierre reined up in front of the house in which his grandfather was still asleep.

### III

In front of a log cabin on the bank of the Ohio River, Pierre Mandeville sat and talked with Moses Hubbell, hunter, trader, riverman, pioneer. It was early spring and the trees were a shimmering green, the Ohio swollen with freshets; in the air still lingered the nip of cold of retreating winter.

Pierre had shaken the fashions of the city from him; his hair was long, his cheeks bearded. Instead of tail-

coat and pantaloons he wore buckskin jacket and breeches, instead of a modish hat of beaver a cap of raccoon fur. Far had he roamed since the day when he had returned from the Oaks and the fantastic duel, dismounted at his grandfather's door and stalked into the house. Then he had debated whether to wait until that gentleman was seated at breakfast to announce his determination to leave New Orleans; and had decided instead to put a note beside his coffee cup and be off at once. So he wrote the letter, strapped on his money-belt, and took passage on a batteau that was making the up-river trip from New Orleans to Natchez.

Through the autumn and winter he had journeyed, sometimes by boat on the Mississippi, sometimes on horseback through the wildernesses of Tennessee and Kentucky. He had no plan, except that he wanted to see the world and if possible take some part in those new forces that, he felt vaguely, were at work in the country.

Reaching the Ohio River, Pierre had, at Hubbell's invitation, stayed at the latter's cabin for several days. Hubbell knew the river's every turn and twist, every mood and caprice. Boats were his hobby or passion, and since Pierre had had much experience with the craft of the Gulf and the Baratarian bayous, the two swapped stories. Pierre told of pirogues, yawls, schooners, and galleys; Hubbell of flatboats, batteaux, keel-boats, bull-boats, barges, and Mackinaws. "Howsomever," said Hubbell that spring day, "sails, poles and oars are givin' way to steam. The ole flatboat was

mighty useful in its day; but look what the steamboat can do: take twice the cargo and twice the passengers in half the time from here to N'Awlins. Mebbe they'll make the trip—Louisville to N'Awlins—in ten days when they git goin'."

"There are steamboats on the lower Mississippi now," Pierre stated. "I saw one at Natchez."

"In a year or two there'll be a hundred. Yassir!" The frontiersman gave his thigh a resounding slap. "Mark my words. The river belongs to the steamboat. Jump aboard, young feller."

Pierre grinned. "Jump aboard? What do you mean?"

"Be in at the start. Larn how to work 'em. Thar's fortunes to be made by them that's got the gumption an' the git."

Hubbell went on talking of the new type of river boat. Next morning, as the two were breakfasting in the log cabin, they heard a steam-whistle and looked out through the doorway. Lo and behold! there was a steamboat, her bow pointing down the Ohio; she appeared to have run aground on some underwater snags near the southern shore and her paddle wheels were churning furiously.

"Thar," said Hubbell, "ain't she a beauty!" and immediately ran outdoors, with Pierre at his heels. The frontiersman stared, fascinated. "By gum, she's a dif'rent sort of critter than any I've seen. Look! 'Stead of havin' a deep, round hull like an ocean-goin' ship, with her machinery down below, she's built like

a flatboat. She's got her bilers an' engines on the main deck, and they've put another deck over that. She's a double-decker. Yassir, that's what she is!"

Pierre appreciated that he was looking at a novel kind of vessel, a steamboat that had two decks above the water and a flat bottom. She could scarcely be called a beauty, but she was none the less interesting for that. With her elaborate, white-painted, wooden super-structure and her two towering black chimneys she seemed a clumsy but powerful leviathan swimming on the river.

"Thar's her name on the paddle box—the *Thomas Jefferson*. Come along. I'm goin' aboard her."

Hubbell launched his rowboat and in a few minutes he and Pierre were climbing over the rail of the steamboat.

A man called down from the pilot-house. "Hi there! Do you fellers know the sand-bars and the mud-flats in this river?"

"Reckon I do; hereabouts at least," Hubbell shouted back.

"Come up then. Some of the men'll look after your rowboat."

In the pilot-house they found a young man standing at the wheel, a broad-shouldered fellow with red side-whiskers and a determined jaw. "We struck some snags, tree-roots, I reckon," he said; "but we're easing off from 'em now. Want a job as pilot to Cairo? Twenty-five dollars and your feed."

"I'm agreeable," grinned Hubbell. "Reckon I kin

fetch you as fur as Cairo." He turned to Pierre. "How about it, son?"

"I'd be glad to take your friend as passenger," put in the steamboat captain.

"We've got a couple of hosses," said Hubbell. "Lemme see. Round the next bend's Tom Keegan's cabin. When we git thar we kin blow the whistle an' sing out to him to see after the critters. Yassir, that'll do. I'd like mighty well to ride on this here boat."

"So would I," said Pierre. "I've never ridden on a steamboat."

"Good enough," said the captain. "My name's Avery. This boat belongs to me, and I'm taking her clear through to New Orleans."

The other two told him their names. The captain rang a bell, wheels began to flail the water, and then the *Thomas Jefferson* came free from the submerged obstacle and started on again.

Around the bend the whistle screeched. Keegan appeared from his door and Hubbell yelled instructions to him concerning the horses. That matter arranged, the frontiersman took up his position beside Avery at the wheel and as the boat churned along pointed out to the captain the best channel in the river.

When steering was easy Avery gave bits of information to Hubbell and Pierre regarding the *Thomas Jefferson*. The young captain was from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the home of Robert Fulton, and had gone to New York to study the experiments of his fellow-townsmen with steam navigation. So much had he been

impressed that he had decided to put all his money into a steamboat for trade on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. He had brought shipwrights and machinists from New York to Pittsburgh and built the *Thomas Jefferson* on the Monongahela. This was the boat's first attempt at a through trip; Avery had engaged an experienced pilot and the latter had brought them as far as Louisville. There they laid up for a week to make some repairs; the pilot went on a spree, got into a fight, and was so badly mauled as to be unfit for service. "I couldn't get another pilot there," the captain concluded, "but was told there were plenty at Cairo. So I determined to push on and handle the wheel myself."

Hubbell grinned. "You've got spunk, but this here river's a mighty ticklish matter."

"So I've learned," agreed Avery, "but it hasn't beat me yet."

The pugnacity in the young captain's tone, the fighting quality shown by his square-cut figure, broad brow above wide-set grey eyes, firm, rock-like chin, made a great appeal to Pierre. Avery reminded him somewhat of Jean Lafitte; he had the same resolute, forthright manner, the same cool confidence in himself.

The midday meal was brought up to the pilot-house and Avery ate while he steered. Afterwards Pierre asked if he might try the wheel and the captain acquiesced and instructed him carefully how to manipulate it. Under the guidance of Hubbell, who knew this part of the river like the back of his hand and who

gave warning of hidden reefs and shoals, the steamboat made good progress. The Ohio was wider here than in its upper reaches, a broad yellow sea flowing between gaunt brown bluffs and sombre precipices. At night the boat tied up to the shore; on the third day the *Thomas Jefferson* arrived at the little town of Cairo, where the Ohio joins the Mississippi.

Avery paid Hubbell the sum agreed on and thanked him warmly. Then he turned to Pierre. "You tell me you're from New Orleans. How'd you like to go on with me down the Mississippi? We ought to get there in a week or so."

"First rate," said Pierre. "Not that I'm so eager to see the city, but this boat's got a hold on me."

The captain laughed. "That so? Well, come along then. I like your company and maybe we'll be able to make a mate out of you."

"How about your hoss?" asked Hubbell.

"The mare's yours," said Pierre. "Some day I'll stop on an up-river trip and see how you're treating her."

He shook hands with Hubbell and went ashore with Avery on the latter's hunt for a pilot experienced on the Mississippi. One was found, Jake Murdoch, an old riverman; and the next morning the steamboat pushed her bow south on the great Father of Waters.

Then began a new life for Pierre Mandeville; an experience that thrilled him, for he felt that after long searching he had discovered something he intensely wanted. The *Thomas Jefferson* was a machine, but it

PLAN  
OF THE CITY OF  
NEW ORLEANS  
IN THE YEAR  
1815

PLANTATIONS

FAUBOURG  
STE. MARIE

PLACE PUBLIQUE

CUSTOM HOUSE

HOSPITAL

GOVERNMENT

BATTURE

MIS

CANAL





was a great deal more than that to him. Actually it was a very crude, very clumsy vessel; a long, wide barge with two decks, the lower almost level with the water and exposing to view the machinery and furnace fires, the upper a row of cabins, supported on pillars, with the little pilot-house perched on the roof aft of the two tall iron chimneys. The boat had no masts, no sails, no high curving prow, such as made the sailing ship a delight to the eye. When she moved columns of black smoke poured from her chimneys, there was the thump of the engines, the splash of the paddle wheels. Yet she was great, the harbinger of a new era, Pierre felt; he visioned the day when the steamboat would revolutionize commerce wherever rivers flowed.

As they steamed down the Mississippi he talked much with the captain, the pilot, the engineer, for he wanted to master every detail of steamboat life; he wanted, as Hubbell had phrased it, to "jump aboard, be in at the start, larn how to work 'em."

In this quest for knowledge Avery helped him, for the young Pennsylvanian had taken a great liking to the Southerner and found in Pierre an enthusiasm for the *Thomas Jefferson* almost equal to his own. When the two were not busy they would sit on camp-stools on the hurricane deck in front of the pilot-house and talk of the wonderful future of trade on the Ohio, the Missouri, the Mississippi.

Meanwhile Jake Murdoch steered the boat with veteran skill. The great stream over which she now coursed was entirely unlike the Ohio; there were no limestone

cliffs, no precipitous gorges; instead there were low banks of yellow clay, countless acres of cane-brakes, and mile after mile of low-bending willows and stalwart cottonwoods.

They stopped at Memphis, where crowds gathered to inspect the steamboat; then journeyed on for several days to the bustling town of Natchez. South of there the river commenced to flow eastward on its final reach to New Orleans and the Gulf. At noon of a sparkling sunny day the old French city hove into view, embowered in green foliage. Proudly the steamboat whistled and steadily paddled on until she was abreast of the wharves at Canal Street, that were lined with cheering people. Then the *Thomas Jefferson* turned and rounded against the stream. Pierre was standing with Avery on the hurricane deck when suddenly the captain shouted: "Look out, she's losing headway! What's happened to her? Look at the wheels."

The wheels were turning slowly, more slowly. The boat had lost headway, was drifting, stern first, with the current away from shore.

"They've banked the fires too soon, the steam pressure's failing!" Avery exclaimed and made for the engine deck.

Pierre, following at the captain's heels, saw him snatch up an axe and bellow orders to the crew. Instantly all hands were at it, splitting wood and cramming it into the furnace doors. The steam was promptly shut off and the fire began to leap up, sending smoke and blazing splinters from the two chimneys. Now

the mounting steam hissed loudly as it pressed against the weight of the safety-valve; the engineer pulled open the throttle, the paddle wheels firmly clutched the water, Jake Murdoch spun the wheel, and the *Thomas Jefferson* churned victoriously up to the wharf and the gaping, wondering throng.

Pierre landed that afternoon with Avery and showed the captain the sights of New Orleans. They dined at the *Café des Emigrés* on Chartres Street, the headquarters of the fugitives from San Domingo, and drank the house's celebrated liquor, "*le petit gouave*." There were gentlemen of fashion at other tables, but none of them recognized in the bronzed and bearded youth clad in backwoodsman's buckskin their former associate. When they had finished their last glass Avery said: "And now where do you go? To the house of some relative or friend?"

Pierre hesitated a moment, then he said: "I'd like to go back to my cabin on the steamboat, if it's agreeable to you."

"Agreeable to me? Sure as my name's John Avery."

"I'd like to work under you on the river."

"Work *with* me, I'd put it. I've been hoping you'd feel that way about it. I need a mate, and you'd suit me fine."

So Pierre went back to the steamboat, a riverman, and as fond of the *Thomas Jefferson* as the owner himself. Then one day on Chartres Street he saw his grandfather approaching along the *banquette* and stopped, lifting his cap. "Who is it?" said Mande-

ville. "Ah, it's you, Pierre. And what have you been doing?"

"I've been steamboating, sir. I'm mate on the *Thomas Jefferson*."

"Steamboating? That's a new occupation. Is it—is it an occupation worthy of one of our blood?"

"I think so, grandfather; and it has a great future. How are you, sir?"

"Well enough, thank you, Pierre. The indigo crop is still in the doldrums and I haven't had my usual luck at cards for some time. However, there's plenty of entertainment at my house for old friends, and for my grandson, if he chooses to come."

Yes, thought Pierre, times were hard with his grandfather. He walked with Mandeville to the house and stayed to supper. As delicately as he could he suggested that what money he had was entirely at his grandfather's disposal. Up went the white eyebrows. "Money you made with Lafitte?" Then more gently, in apology, "No, I thank you, Pierre. You'll need it for yourself. Why not go into cotton planting? They say there's money in it."

"I'm going to carry cotton up the river and bring rich cargoes down. I'm a steamboat-man, not a planter."

"A steamboat-man," mused Mandeville, half closing his eyes. "It doesn't sound—shall we say aristocratic?"

Pierre laughed. "Well, it's what I am." And to avoid further argument he rose and shook hands with

his grandfather. "I must get back to the boat, sir. I'm a working man now."

Mandeville shook his head. "A working man. That sounds honest, at least; but somehow the word suggests those that move in less polite circles than ours. Remember, Pierre ——"

"Yes, sir, I will remember," said the grandson, and took his departure hurriedly. The steamboat was to leave for Natchez early the next morning and all hands would be busy now loading freight aboard her.

#### IV

The wharves of New Orleans teemed with activity, the Mississippi was full of boats; into the city trooped rivermen by the hundreds, most of them from flatboats and barges, but some from the new-fangled steamboats, that had pushed so far south. When New Orleans had belonged to Spain the government had located the landing for barges and flatboats outside the city walls, along the willow-sentineled shore in front of the Tchoupitoulas Road, and here now sprang up the American section of the city, as distinguished from the old French town, that had been protected from Indian attack by forts and ramparts and which called itself the *Faubourg Marigny*. The American was beating the Creole, for from east and north men of Anglo-Saxon stock were coming down the river in pursuit of trade.

John Avery and Pierre Mandeville were among the busiest on the river. When they were not carrying cargoes of cotton, tobacco, and sugar-cane up-stream to

Natchez or Memphis, they were working on the *Thomas Jefferson*, improving her engines, her boilers, her steering-gear, painting her cabins and decks, increasing her efficiency and beauty of appearance. Their pride in her was immense. What profit Avery made from his cargoes and passenger-traffic he put back into his boat.

Now other steamboats were docking at New Orleans, and as each of these arrived Avery and Pierre scanned her eagerly. How fast was the stranger? Was she a better boat than their own? Occasionally they raced one of these newcomers for short stretches on the river; the *Thomas Jefferson* was always able to keep abreast of them and sometimes nosed ahead.

On an autumn day there appeared in the harbor a larger steamboat than any that had yet arrived. On her paddle boxes was painted in gold letters her name *Aztec Queen* and between the two chimneys was a wooden board on which was depicted in red paint the head of a woman with flowing tresses. Altogether a very proud boat; the waterfront of New Orleans was crowded with admirers.

The *Thomas Jefferson* was in dock at the time, and together with other rivermen Avery and Pierre went to inspect the stranger. "A beautiful boat," said the captain. "She must have cost a mint of money."

"Yes," agreed Pierre; "she's the finest the Fulton Line has built so far, and it's reported they've millions to spend on their boats."

The next morning as the two sat in the cabin that

served as office, working on a pile of bills-of-lading, there entered a burly man who was smoking a fat cheroot. "Good day to you," said he. "One of the niggers told me I'd find Captain Avery here. I'm Captain Masters of the *Aztec Queen*."

"Glad to meet you," said Avery. "Won't you sit down? This is Mr. Mandeville, mate of my boat."

The burly captain sat down, hitched one leg up over the other, and took a pull at his cheroot. "Nice boat you've got here, Avery. They tell me she makes some speed. Like to race her against the *Queen*?"

Avery grinned. "We'd need a couple of hours start on you from here to Baton Rouge, and long odds besides."

"I reckon you would," laughed Masters. "And even so we'd beat you. That boat of mine can beat anything on the Mississippi. Yes, sir; steam away from them as if they was stuck in the mud."

"We might try a brush some time."

Masters shook his head, puffed his cheroot a moment or two, and squinted across the table at the *Thomas Jefferson's* captain. "No, I didn't come here to fix up a sporting event; I came to talk business. I represent the Fulton-Livingston interests of New York, in other words, the Ohio Steamboat Navigation Company, and you're infringing on their patents and other rights."

Avery stared. "Just what do you mean by that, sir?"

"I mean just what I say. You're infringing on our

patents. Nobody's got any right to use steamboats on this river excepting our company."

"You mean to say you've got a monopoly on the steamboat?"

Masters nodded. "That's the idee. Whether we have or not is for the courts to decide, if anyone wants to go to law about it; but meantime I can get an order from the judge here to seize and hold your boat."

Avery banged his fist on the table. "It's an outrage!"

"Well, so it might seem from your viewpoint," the other conceded. "But business is business. You can't move your boat from the dock."

"I'll go to law," declared Avery. "I'll fight you in the courts."

"That's your privilege," Masters nodded. He stood up, waved his hand. "I'm not blaming you for anything you've done—you most likely didn't know about the patents—but don't do it again." At the door he turned. "Good day, gentlemen. Pleased to see you aboard the *Queen* any time you want to look over her."

If a bombshell had exploded in the cabin Avery and Pierre would not have been more aghast. They stared at each other in silence when Masters had left the room.

"He sounded as if he knew what he was talking about," said Pierre. "He had that very pat about getting an order from the judge to seize our boat."

"Oh, he wouldn't come here just to bully us. His company actually thinks it has the exclusive right to

run steamboats on the Mississippi and is going to try to drive all rivals off the river."

"Do you think they can do it?" asked Pierre. "They've got bushels of money, people say; but have they the law on their side?"

"That's what we've got to investigate. You know New Orleans, Pierre; take me to the best lawyer in the city."

Pierre had often heard his grandfather say that Adrian Boyle was one of the leaders of the bar and had himself several times met the distinguished-looking gentleman at entertainments in the Mandeville house. To Boyle's office in a small, one-story brick building adjoining his residence on Conti Street he now escorted Avery, and shortly the captain had stated his predicament to the lawyer.

Boyle pressed his finger-tips together and sunk his long, clean-shaven chin in his high stock. "I have no doubt, Mr. Avery, that the Ohio Steamboat Navigation Company can obtain an order from the court to seize and hold your steamboat. On your side you could probably obtain a court order that would hold the company responsible for any damages you might suffer while your vessel was detained. I make myself clear, sir?"

"Entirely so, Mr. Boyle. But what I want to know is whether the company can permanently prevent me from using my steamboat."

"That," said the lawyer, "is a question for the court to decide—or rather, I should say for the courts—since

in a matter of such importance as this, an issue that appears to involve the future of the steamboat throughout the entire country, the question would probably be appealed from one court to another and might even come eventually before the United States Supreme Court."

"You mean that if I won my case—my right to run my steamboat—before the judge in New Orleans, the company would appeal to a higher court?"

"I should certainly expect them to," smiled Boyle, "and should advise them to, if I were of their counsel. Contrariwise, if they won before the judge here I should advise you to appeal to a higher court."

"But, Mr. Boyle," exclaimed Avery, "that would cost a pile of money!"

"It would be expensive," agreed the lawyer. "I presume the Navigation Company has plenty of funds. That is perhaps the most important of their weapons in such a fight; with it they can frighten off the independent steamboat owner who hasn't their financial backing."

"How much would it cost to fight them?"

"I couldn't tell you, Mr. Avery, with any exactness. It would depend on the number of appeals, the amount of work involved. It might cost five thousand dollars, it might cost ten thousand. Yes, I think we might safely say ten thousand, sir."

Avery reached for his hat. Outside in the street he said to Pierre: "We'll have dinner on the boat. They can't prevent us from eating there."

"Now," said the *Thomas Jefferson's* captain when they had finished their meal and were alone in the cabin, "we know where we stand. It's either fight them or give in."

"Mr. Boyle wasn't much help," said Pierre gloomily, "with all his talk of appeals and big sums of money."

"Ten thousand dollars." Avery shook his head. "He might as well have said ten million. Every penny I've got has gone into this boat."

"I could let you have a couple of thousand, John."

"That wouldn't be enough. And besides, Pierre, I'll not have you risk your money on such a gamble as this; we might lose the fight."

"It makes me boil when I think of it—the curs stepping in and telling you you can't run your own boat on the Mississippi, that's free to every other kind of vessel."

"Makes me hot too, clear through and dripping over. But as Masters said, 'Business is business.' We can't leave the dock without his permission, and if we did steal away he'd have us nabbed at the next town we touched. We can't raise the money to fight the company in the courts. Looks to me as if we'd have to let the boat rot where she lies or try and sell her to Masters for his company." Avery sighed. "They might give me something for her, a tenth perhaps of what she's worth. Then again they mightn't; they're building bigger and faster boats than the *Thomas Jefferson*; they might decide they didn't want her at any price." He

shook his head. "She's a good boat. Golly, Pierre, you don't know how I feel about her."

But Pierre did; for he knew how he felt about the boat himself; how much greater the sentiment of this man who had built her, launched her, striven constantly to improve her.

The freight they were to have carried on the next trip must be unloaded, shippers must be seen and explanations made. Pierre was busy about this all the afternoon. Not until after nightfall did he rejoin his friend in the office-cabin.

"I'm going to see Masters," said Avery, "and I'd be glad if you'd come along, Pierre. Two heads are better than one."

Pierre doubted if the Navigation Company would make Avery any kind of decent offer for his boat, but appreciated that it was only sensible to try to dicker with them. So the two walked along the levee, moodily gazing at the broad water in which the mirrored stars seemed to dance and swim, until they reached the gangplank of the *Aztec Queen*, where a couple of her crew were lounging.

"Captain Masters aboard?" asked Avery.

"No, sir," said one of the men. "He went to supper at Emile Lavedan's place, the coffee-house on Dauphine Street. He won't be back till late, I reckon. Better come in the mornin'."

As they turned away Avery said to Pierre: "Might as well get the business done with. Do you know where this coffee-house is?"

Pierre did; and the two went on to Lavedan's, which was a popular resort of rivermen. At the door they inquired of a negro major-domo if Captain Masters was within and were ushered to a private dining-room on the ground floor. At a supper table sat Masters with four other men, and from the array of decanters and glasses on the board it appeared that the occasion was extremely convivial.

"Pardon my intrusion," said Avery. "I wanted a word or two with Captain Masters, but since he is engaged ——"

"Hello!" the burly captain interrupted, "bless me if it ain't the young feller from the *Thomas Jefferson*. No intrusion, Mr. Avery. Draw up a chair. And you too, sir. Lemme see, I met you this morning, Mr. ——"

"Mandeville," supplied Pierre, and bowed to the company.

"Mr. Mandeville. That's a French name. Born in New Orleans, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said Pierre.

"It's a good town. I like it. Draw up, both of you gentlemen. Smack your lips over some of this brandy; it came straight from the West Indies. Boy, fetch a couple of clean glasses." Masters, ruddy of face and mellow of eye, presented his friends by name to Avery and Pierre.

The two accepted the glasses of brandy. Masters leaned back in his chair and grinned broadly. "You wanted a word with me, Avery? Well, you can speak

freely before these gentlemen. I'll lay you a wager of ten dollars I know what you've come about."

"You win, sir," said Avery. "It's about my boat."

"I always win," chuckled Masters and lighted a fresh cheroot. "Lay you another ten dollars I know your proposition."

"You've got a long head," said Avery on a note of admiration.

"You want to know if I'll buy her from you." Masters, feeling exceedingly pleased with affairs in general after his excellent supper, watched his smoke-rings circle to the ceiling through reflective, half-closed eyes. "Well, I don't believe I want to. Your boat's not good enough for us."

"You've never looked her over, Captain. She's a right fast boat."

"Faster than a barge or pirogue. Yes, I'll give you that." Masters looked around the board and laughed loudly. "She'd be no better than a snail compared to the *Aztec Queen*." He glanced at Avery and waved to the company. "These gentlemen know something about steamboats—they've been aboard the *Queen*—and I'll leave it to them to say if I'm not right."

At once the four others agreed. They stated their unanimous opinion very vociferously.

"But they don't know the *Thomas Jefferson* any better than you do," Avery persisted. "They've never seen her work. It's just a blind guess."

"Blind guess!" exclaimed the heated Masters. "I know what I'm talking about, and so do my friends."

Lookee here, young feller, what d'ye mean by this? You don't really reckon your boat could lick mine?"

"That's what I do reckon, Captain."

"Well, of all the ——" began Masters.

"And if you'd like to gamble on it," Avery went on, "I'm quite agreeable. You're a sporting man."

"Gamble on it! How much'll you wager?"

Avery's cool eyes held the other's excited gaze. "I'll bet my boat against ten thousand dollars that the *Thomas Jefferson* beats the *Queen* in a scratch race from New Orleans to Baton Rouge day after tomorrow."

"Ten thousand dollars!" exclaimed Masters.

"I figure my boat's worth a lot more than that, but I'll take you on for that purse. If you haven't got that much at hand perhaps some of your friends here will go in with you. It's a sporting proposition, for I don't know your boat and you don't know mine."

"Done!" cried Masters. "Your boat against ten thousand dollars. And when we've got the old tub we can sell her for iron and firewood. We're as good gamblers as you are, Mr. Avery."

"There'll be no difficulty, of course, about our leaving the dock for the race?" said Avery. "No legal papers or such things?"

"D'ye think I'm a welcher? Your boat'll be free to start at the time we agree on," Masters declared, and added: "After that there won't be no need of court orders; the boat'll be ours. It's an easy way to settle the business."

## V

All New Orleans heard of the race that was to be staged between the *Thomas Jefferson* and the *Aztec Queen*, and it looked as if all the city, as well as folk from plantations for miles around, were gathered on the levee that crisp October morning when the rival steamboats made ready to slip their moorings. Creole, Anglo-Saxon, riverman, planter, gentleman of leisure, all loved a gamble, but to most of those in the crowd it seemed that the outcome of the match was a foregone conclusion, the Fulton-Livingston boat was so much larger, so vastly more imposing in appearance than her independent rival. "The young fool's lost his boat for sure;" so spoke the wiseacres. "Masters'll lick him easy; the *Queen* could give him a ten-mile start and get to Baton Rouge an hour ahead."

Avery and Pierre, Jake Murdoch the pilot, Tom Girty the engineer, and every one of the crew, had worked long hours to make their boat fit to travel faster than she ever had before. The grim determination of the square-jawed, fighting captain had communicated itself to all aboard; knowledge of the odds against them did not dishearten them but made them more resolute in the will to win.

It was nine o'clock, the moment agreed on for the start. Avery, on the hurricane deck in front of the pilot-house, looked down at Pierre on the forecastle. "All ready, Mr. Mate?" he called.

"All ready, sir!" Pierre answered.

The captain rang the big bell. Roustabouts pulled

the mooring-lines aboard; from the engine-room came the jangle of a series of bells.

The crowd roared its cheers, a great volume of sound, as the boat's reversed wheels began to beat the water, the exhaust steam to hiss through the escape pipes, and the *Thomas Jefferson*, black smoke belching from her chimneys, to back into the current.

Simultaneously the *Aztec Queen* drew away from her moorings and the rivals stood almost parallel in the middle of the river.

Pierre went up to the hurricane deck and watched the roofs and steeples of New Orleans disappear, looked at the low levee banks that confined the brown flood of the Mississippi, glanced now and then at the *Aztec Queen* that was steadily steaming ahead, showing more and more of her rounded stern to those on the other boat.

"It's a long race," muttered Avery at Pierre's elbow. "All sorts of things can happen. It don't depend on Masters' boat alone; there's the skill of the pilot to be reckoned with and the nerve of the engineer. I'm expecting him to get a good lead where the going's easy, but wait till it's a question of who finds the better current, who knows the cut-offs through the islands, which boat draws the least water."

"There's none better than Jake," said Pierre. "But we want to keep him fresh. Let me take a turn at the wheel."

The captain nodded. "All right. You stand a spell; then I'll relieve you."

Through the hours of the forenoon the rival boats pushed their way up-river. The firemen of the *Thomas Jefferson* were keeping their fires clean and white-hot; engines and boilers were justifying Tom Girty's pride in them. The *Thomas Jefferson* was hitting a fine stride, moving like clockwork; never had she performed better; yet in spite of this the *Aztec Queen* was ahead, a half-mile, a mile; the race had become a stern-chase.

At noon Avery turned the wheel over to Murdoch and the captain and Pierre ate their dinner in the pilot-house. The Red Church—landmark to rivermen—standing high on the right bank, came into view, was overhauled and left to starboard. Now the best course was a problem, pilots might differ as to currents and the shifting of shoals. "The *Queen's* keeping well out," said the vigilant Avery. "Reckon Masters thinks he needn't try any tricks."

"There's a cut-off behind that island," said Murdoch, nodding ahead. "I dunno if there's enough water. Masters couldn't get through; his boat draws too much water."

"Try it," said Avery. "I'll put a leadsman on the bow."

As the boat reached the head of the island the pilot sent her swerving out from the main current into the shallower waters. Here were rips and eddies, denoting sand-bars and snags. If the pilot made an error the race would be over, the boat would have a hole in her timbers. Punctuating the flap-flap of the paddle

wheels, the rhythm of the engines, rose the strident sing-song of the leadsman's voice.

Murdoch watched the water with hawk-like eyes, his hands steady on the wheel, now a point this way, now that. It seemed to Pierre that the boat missed snags by fractions of inches; he felt the shiver of her timbers as her flat hull grated and dragged over submerged bars. Yellow mud was churned up by the wheels, the river here was full of slime that gave off a fetid smell. Mile after mile, through one cut-off after another, the pilot stuck to this winding, difficult course, then brought the boat again into the main stream.

"Glory be!" sang out Avery. "Look yonder, lads!"

Pierre turned. A mile astern was the *Aztec Queen*. He pounded Murdoch on the back. "Let me take the wheel."

"No," said the pilot. "I'll keep it." He wiped the sweat from his face with his shirt-sleeve.

The *Thomas Jefferson* was in the lead at mid-afternoon, but as the sun began to draw westward the *Aztec Queen*, with machine-like precision, gained and gained until the bows were even. Avery was brooding darkly. "The wind's coming down the river," he pointed out to Pierre. "Likely to be more wind after sunset. That'll work against Masters, with all the heavy upper-structure his boat carries."

"Yes," said Pierre. "Why not strip the *Jefferson*? That might help us a bit."

"Strip her—that's the idea!" Avery put his spare

men to work and within ten minutes every door, every shutter, was off its hinges, every panel that was unessential was hacked from its beams. Resistance to the wind was minimized, and the boat jumped forward like a racing machine.

Even so the *Aztec Queen* was gaining, again showing her stern. Avery stared at the rival boat, now between him and the sunset. "Got to do better, Pierre," he muttered. "Come along to the engine room."

"Tom," he said to Girty, "Masters is drawing away. How's the safety-valve? You sure we're not wasting any steam?"

"The weight's in the last notch, Captain. However, she might hold a leetle more."

"Tie the valve arm down. Pierre, you look after the firemen. Stoke her and keep on stoking her, cram the furnaces full! I'll send a barrel of resin down. It's do or die; beat the *Queen* or bust the boilers!"

The safety-valve was fastened down; resin, thrown in with the coal, made the fires hiss and leap and roar in the flues. The firemen, their naked bodies wet and red in the glow from the furnace doors, shoveled the fuel and slaked their thirst with copious drinks. The paddle wheels threshed more loudly; more loudly the exhaust hissed. Boilers and engines were being tested as never before.

The *Thomas Jefferson* caught up with her rival and the two raced side by side while dusk settled on the Mississippi and the stars lit their candles in the sky.

The resin was all used. Pierre reported this to

Avery on the hurricane deck. The captain pondered. "What to do, Pierre? Got to keep up the fires."

Pierre scratched his head. Then suddenly he remembered that when he had been unloading cargo at New Orleans on the last trip one consignment had not been delivered, the firm to which it had been billed had refused to accept it. "We've got a dozen barrels of lard in the hold, John."

"Get 'em up. Put it on the wood. That'll make the boilers hot!"

Pierre gave his orders. As the lard was shoved in at the furnace doors up leaped the fires again and the boat churned ahead as if maddened by its boilers. High above the pilot-house swarms of sparks flew from the chimneys, gleamed redly against the purple darkness and trailed off astern. Jake Murdoch was watching the river; engineer and firemen, furnaces and boilers were giving their best; it was the skill of the pilot in the last dash that would win or lose the race.

The river made a corkscrew curve and then, ahead on the right-hand shore were to be seen the twinkling lights of Baton Rouge. Pierre looked across at the *Aztec Queen*; against the darkness that was like a curtain there stood out amazingly vivid shafts of red-orange flame as the furnace doors of the other boat were opened and shut by the firemen. He could hear the clang of those doors, could see the glistening shoulders and chests of the brawny furnace-stokers. Masters' engineer, he appreciated, was doing what Tom Girty was doing; had hung some weight on the

arm of the safety-valve—a sledge-hammer, perhaps, or couple of kegs of nails—and gambling that the boilers wouldn't burst and send the boat and its passengers hurtling in air. As he watched the glow of the furnaces the glares drew farther and farther ahead; the *Aztec Queen* was making a final spurt like a runner who sees the goal.

Pierre felt the *Thomas Jefferson* swing toward the right-hand shore. He ran to the bow. A long line of mud flats divided the river; to the left was the main channel and the other boat; to the right a narrow ribbon of water that was barely visible in the shine of the stars. A canoe might make its way through here; but could a steamboat? Tensely he stared at the winding black water that like a serpent coiled between shoals and bars, outjutting logs, headlands of mud and coarse grasses.

Jake Murdoch in the pilot-house never once gave the signal to slacken speed as he sent the boat through that cut-off with only a foot or two to spare on either side. He had piloted boats through here before, but cautiously and in daylight. Now he staked all on one supreme gamble, on the sixth sense of a riverman born and bred on the Mississippi, on his intuition as to when to give the wheel a twist. Beside him stood Avery, silent, motionless. The floor of the pilot-house shook so with the throb of the engines that the two could not tell when the hull of the boat grazed on sand or mud.

The line of flats to the left disappeared. Avery turned, gave a look around, then clutched Murdoch's

elbow. "You've done it, Jake!" he said, and his voice shook a little. "You've won the race for us, and I'll never forget it. There's the *Queen*, more than a mile behind!"

From below rose Pierre's voice in a yell of exultation.

The pilot nodded. "A quarter mile more to go," he estimated, looking up the river. "Tell Tom to let up on the boilers; we don't want to bust 'em now."

Up to the levee at Baton Rouge steamed the *Thomas Jefferson*. From her decks rose whoops of triumph, as if a band of Indians were about to attack the sleeping town. South on the river sounded three whistles, Captain Masters' acknowledgment of his rival's victory.

## VI

It was several weeks later when Pierre, meeting his grandfather on Chartres Street, accepted the latter's invitation to step into the Mandeville house and sample a new wine. As they sat together, glasses in hand, Mandeville observed: "How are affairs progressing, Pierre? In the steamboat business, I mean."

"Excellently, sir. Mr. Adrian Boyle is our lawyer in the suit of the Navigation Company and he thinks we should win the case."

"Hm-m. That's an expensive matter, isn't it, Pierre?"

"Well, you see, grandfather, John Avery, the owner of the *Thomas Jefferson*, wagered his boat against ten thousand dollars that the boat would beat the *Aztec*

*Queen*, which belongs to the Company, in a scratch race from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. We won the race; so Avery's got the ten thousand to fight the Company."

"Very clever," said Mandeville. "Very clever indeed. Your friend Mr. Avery has a head on his shoulders."

Pierre took another drink of the wine, which seemed to him of a most excellent vintage. "And how are affairs with you, sir? The indigo crop?"

"Indigo? No crop at all. But otherwise affairs are prosperous, my dear grandson." Mandeville smiled above his wine-glass. "Like Mr. Avery, I made a wager; and again like him, I won."

"Good, sir. What was it? At cards?"

"No, not at cards. I backed a steamboat; two thousand dollars at odds of five to one. Ten thousand dollars was my winnings. I've replenished my cellar—that wine, Pierre ——"

"You don't mean to tell me, grandfather, that you bet that money on the *Thomas Jefferson*?"

"Why not, my dear boy? I had to recoup on something. Luck at cards had deserted me; so why not bet on a steamboat?"

"But you didn't know anything about our boat, except that the odds were against her winning."

"Pardon me, Pierre. I knew that you, a Mandeville, were a mate on the *Thomas Jefferson*, and it's a family tradition to back a Mandeville to the limit. My grandson believes in this boat and in her captain,

said I; therefore I will believe in her too. That wine, Pierre ——”

“A wonderful vintage, grandfather. Allow me to propose a toast,—to the old régime of New Orleans!”

“Thank you, my boy.” They drank. “And now,” said Mandeville, “with your permission, another. To the new régime of steamboats on the Mississippi! An honorable business, Pierre; and from my experience of it a lucrative one as well.”





V  
THE BRAMBLE BUSH  
*Chicago*  
1833



## THE BRAMBLE BUSH

*Chicago - 1833*

## I

JEDIDIAH OAKES was one of those men who always want to see what lies beyond the next hill; he was by nature a pioneer and explorer; curiosity was the main-spring of his actions, and to satisfy that desire he, his wife, and their five children were continually packing up their household goods and starting off on new trails.

The five children had been born in as many places. Jed had married Mary Welsh, the daughter of a farmer who lived on the Schuylkill River near Valley Forge in Pennsylvania, and their first child, Amelia, had arrived there. The Welsh farm was a good one and Jed had worked it on shares with his father-in-law; but after a year or so the young husband grew restless. Conestoga wagons were winding over the hills to the west, to Lancaster and York and beyond. What was that country like? Jed felt that he must see; so one summer day a Conestoga wagon took Jed and Mary and the baby to the little town of Columbia on the Susquehanna River.

Jed found work in a saw-mill, and in Columbia the second child, Nathan, was born. The wagons, however, were rolling on to the Alleghanies, and presently

the family rolled with them. Jed was strong, a strapping big fellow, always good-humored, an excellent worker, and he easily obtained employment in a mountain lumber camp. There, in a log cabin, banked deep in snow, Sally, the third child, made her bow. The next spring they went on to Pittsburgh. Boats were building there, and Jed helped in building some of them. Walter, the new baby, made his first excursion on a flat-bottomed boat called an ark, and when he was a year old the family moved on with the tide of emigration down the Ohio to Cincinnati.

Cincinnati was Jed's headquarters for a considerable time. After the fifth child, Matilda, was born Mrs. Oakes persuaded her husband to allow the family to remain a while in the comparative luxury of their four-room frame house. Jed was willing, he liked the town, the variety of movement on the river; he worked at a number of trades, for a carpenter, a blacksmith, a boat-builder, and earned not only enough for food and rent but something over, which his wife, thrifty woman, put aside for a nest egg.

One of the chief reasons for his being content to stay—indeed the most potent—was that here he made the acquaintance of Dugald Bruce, a Scotchman and a naturalist, who mounted birds for the town museum and gave drawing and painting lessons. Some innate attraction drew the two men together, the small, dark, dour-looking Bruce and the big, blond, amiable-featured Oakes. Both loved the outdoor world, both were wanderers. Bruce delighted to teach and Oakes was no

less pleased to learn from one whom he considered a fount of amazing wisdom.

Bruce was a widower with one child, Roderick, a boy of about the same age as Jed's son Nathan. The Scotchman in his spare hours was schoolmaster to his lad, and presently Amelia and Nathan Oakes were included as pupils. The three youngsters became great pals and frequently on summer evenings Amelia and Nathan would go with their father to Bruce's cottage and listen for hours to the naturalist's talk of the habits of birds and beasts.

When Jed became restless now he would make excursions from town, and happy was he when Dugald Bruce would accompany him on his explorations. Sometimes Nathan and Roderick went along with the two men. Wilderness adventures were too rough for Amelia, and besides she was needed at home to help her mother cook and sew and look after the three younger children.

Nathan grew hardy and wiry, a son of the river and the forests. He was much taller than Roderick, but the latter was sturdy and never lagged behind in any enterprise. The circle of their experiences widened, their ventures took them farther afield. The two men and the two boys roved and hunted through the Ohio country and even as far as the Mississippi.

Steamboats were appearing on the rivers, but there were still many arks on which families floated westward in search of new homesteads. Sometimes Jed and Nathan and the two Bruces were invited aboard and

joined in the journey. At night they would tie up by some spring or some "salt lick," where game would be abundant. Much attention was given to marksmanship, for Indians lurked in the woods. Many times Nathan saw the pioneers test their skill and often took part in the contests. A target would be set up and in the centre a common-sized nail would be hammered for about two-thirds of its length. Forty paces or so would be marked off and the competitors would take their stand. Each would clean the interior of his rifle-barrel, place a ball in the palm of his hand, and pour as much powder from his horn as would cover the bullet. They would fire in turn. The competitor who lodged his ball close to the nail but without hitting it was considered an indifferent marksman; to bend the nail was better; but to hit the nail on the head was the only entirely satisfactory achievement. One out of three shots generally hit the nail, and those who succeeded in doing this would continue the competition until the champion was decided.

Nathan also watched backwoodsmen training their vision to shoot at night at the light reflected by torches from the eye of a deer or wolf. A lighted candle would be set up some fifty paces from the marksmen, the flame barely distinguishable in the cloaking darkness. The most skillful marksman he saw succeeded in snuffing the candle three times out of seven while his other shots either blew out the light or cut the candle just below the flame.

On one occasion when Jed and Dugald and their

two boys were paddling up Beargrass Creek in the country south of the Ohio they saw a crowd of people in a forest glade not far from the water. "They seem to be holding some sort of jubilee," said the Scotchman.

"So they do," agreed Jed. He turned to Nathan. "What day of the month is it, son?"

"Why," considered the boy, "lemme see. . . . Must be just about the Fourth of July."

"That's it," grinned Jed. "Suppose we go ashore an' help the folks celebrate."

They landed and were welcomed by the crowd, who had come from up and down the creek to join in the merry-making. Wagons had jogged many miles over the Kentucky roads bringing farmers and their wives and children, as well as cooked meats, fresh vegetables and fruits. In the middle of the glade was a huge cannon, made of wood and hooped with iron. At noon a train was lighted and the cannon fired while everybody yelled their loudest. Then orators in homespun hunting shirts, bare-legged and moccasined, took turns at making speeches from the stump of a cottonwood tree. Speeches finished, all turned to the business of eating, after which there was dancing to the music of banjos and fiddles. The boys had a wonderful time, and so did Jed, cutting pigeon-wings and swinging partners, while Dugald amused himself by making sketches of the dancers in the notebook he always carried in his pocket.

Sometimes on their travels far in the woods they would come upon a maple sugar camp. Nathan saw

the first of these at the end of a long day's tramp, when darkness was on the forest, and the spectacle seemed to him weird and savoring of witchcraft. Caldrons were boiling over immense log fires, and around them moved uncouth-looking men and women, white settlers and Indians in fantastic costumes.

The sugar kettles, raised on stones around the fires, were tended by the women, while the men "bled" the sugar maple trees, draining the juice through cane pipes and collecting the maple sap in vessels made by splitting the wood of the yellow poplar into rough troughs. It took ten gallons of sap to make one pound of fine-grained sugar, but the sugar was greatly prized in the frontier settlements and the Indian camps.

Nathan learned how game was hunted. On a trip with his father and the Bruces they came to a cabin in the forest and were invited by the owner to spend the night. They warmed themselves by a big log fire and greatly relished the sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes. The night was clear and their host announced that he was going raccoon hunting. "Every coon's worth half a dollar," he said, "an' there's plenty of 'em hereabouts."

The hunter handed Roderick an ax and Nathan a lighted torch. Then he took up his rifle, blew through it to make sure it was clean, looked at his flint, and thrust a feather into the touchhole. A powder-horn was attached to a leather bag slung at his side; he carried also a sheathed knife and a strip of homespun linen. From the bag he produced a bullet, pulled out the

wooden stopper of his powder-horn with his teeth, and, holding the bullet on one palm, poured powder out to the top of the ball. With the powder in the rifle's tube, and the box of the gun sprung, he then greased the "patch"—as it was called—of homespun linen with some melted tallow and placed it on the muzzle of his firing-piece. The bullet was placed on the patch over the bore, pressed down with the handle of the knife, and the edges of the linen trimmed. With an elastic hickory rod he pushed the bullet down the bore; the feather was drawn from the touchhole and the pan was filled with powder. "Now I'm ready," he stated. "Hold up the torch, son, so we can see the gullies and the grape vines."

With a pack of dogs they set off to the woods. The hounds, nose to ground, quickly picked up the scent. "They're making for the creek," said the hunter. Holding the torch, Nathan tried to follow the dogs and went stumbling over logs to a flat stretch of shore ringed with beech trees.

Now he caught sight of a raccoon swimming in a pool. The torch showed him the animal's shining eyes as he watched the dogs, intent to catch any by the snout if it came near enough. In and out the dogs dashed while the raccoon wallowed about, thrashing the water with his rounded tail until the pool became thick with mud. He growled threats at his assailants, but soon, emboldened by their numbers, they closed in upon him. One he bit savagely, but another got him by the muzzle and dragged him to the shore, where the hunter

hit him on the head. "Thar's a half-dollar's worth of coon fur! Hullo! Hear them dogs bark! They're got another up that tree!"

The hunter snatched the ax from Roderick and sent beech chips flying. The tree commenced to crack, then to bend. Soon down to the earth it came with a crash. Three raccoons had lodged in the top branches; one craftily leaped while the tree was swaying, the other two stuck to the hollow of a limb. As the beech came down the dogs were on the two and there was a tremendous tussle of claws and teeth. Meantime a hound had brought to bay the fugitive that had leaped and the hunter secured him with a well-aimed rifle bullet. The dogs won their fight around the beech and the hunter went back to his cabin with four fine pelts.

Nathan and Roderick became expert hunters themselves; self-reliant, cool-headed, and wise in the lore of the pioneer and the Indian. From Jed Oakes they learned much; but from Dugald Bruce even more, for the naturalist was always studying birds and animals, trees, flowers, ferns, sketching them and collecting them for his museum.

On one of their down-river trips they joined a party of Shawnees, who showed them a lake on which hundreds of magnificent cream-white swans were floating. That was a feast for the eyes of the artist and Dugald added many pictures of the beautiful creatures to his sketch-book. With the Indians they hunted bear and supped off a soup made of pecan nuts and bear fat. On

that expedition they encountered wild deer, wolves, cougars, opossums; used the meat of wild turkeys for bread and bear's grease for butter.

The Mississippi had so far been the furthest of their wanderings. Then one day when they were looking out on the great river Jed Oakes said: "Most of the boats go down-stream to Memphis and New Orleans. How about the country north, above St. Louis?"

"I'd like very much to see it, Jed," said Dugald Bruce.

On the return trip to Cincinnati the two men talked much of the northwestern country and by the time they reached town they had decided to explore that region, virgin so far to them. Dugald could pull up stakes, for he and Roderick could supply their simple wants almost anywhere; Jed—or rather Mrs. Oakes—had saved enough to keep the family housed and provisioned while he and Nathan pioneered for a new home.

Mary Oakes did not argue with her husband, although she greatly liked the house in Cincinnati and the friends she had made there. She was grateful that Jed had let her stay while the children were small; now Amelia was almost as capable a housekeeper as her mother, Nathan nearly as big as his father, and Sally, Walter, and Matilda strong, reliable children. Jed should have his way, push west with Nathan and the Bruces, and when he sent word to the family they would make shift to join him.

So the two men and the two boys embarked on a steamboat for Cairo and at that junction point took

another boat north on the Mississippi, that formed the western border-line of the state of Illinois. Up and up stream they went, and when the boat ran aground on a shoal off the little settlement of Moline they landed on the east bank.

"Good a place as any to stretch our legs," Jed said in his breezy fashion. "If we don't like the country hereabouts, we can always push on further."

The country was novel to them, a rich agricultural country, prairies that seemed boundless, land to be had for the taking. They liked it at first sight, they liked the people who were settling Illinois, farmers, hunters, and stockmen. These people were enterprising and industrious; they raised their own provisions, built their own houses and furniture, made their carts and wagons, the yokes for their oxen, the harness for their horses.

They were kindly people too and gave a warm welcome to strangers. "Why don't you take up some land here?" they asked Jed and Bruce.

"I dunno about that," said Jed. But the more he saw of the prairie country the better he liked it. What crops of wheat and corn could be grown here! The instincts of the Pennsylvania farmer rose in him. At length he said to Bruce: "How about it, Dugald? Want to build a couple of cabins and try a spell of farmin'?"

"Mightn't be a bad idea," mused the Scotchman. "I'm no farmer, but there's Rod to think of. He mayn't want to be a rolling stone like his dad; maybe he'd make a farmer, maybe he'd like it."

When the notion was suggested to Roderick and Nathan they took to it eagerly. Each was now old enough to think things out for himself, each was ambitious, and much as they loved the roaming, adventurous life each felt the urge to own and cultivate a piece of land.

"Two farms," said Jed, "and two houses. Then, when you want to study, Dugald, you won't be interrupted by the noise of my youngsters."

It was summer when they started building, working turn and turn about on the two cabins, and by autumn two new dwellings had risen on the fields of Illinois. Before winter Mrs. Oakes and the four younger children had come to Moline and seen their new home. It was not nearly so commodious as the one in Cincinnati, but when she listened to Jed and Nathan talk of their plans for the farm she smiled and wondered if the desire to build, to accumulate, might not have overcome the impulse to roam.

## II

The farms prospered. The next spring Dugald Bruce married a young schoolmistress of Moline, and now that he had a wife as well as a son to think of he turned his energies from the study of birds to the study of the soil. Agriculture began to fascinate him; Roderick liked it also. There was the lure of a new type of adventure in cultivating a farm.

The prairies, the Mississippi; everything here was on a big scale. There were no cities, as there were to the

east and south; the small towns were widely separated and were usually situated for convenience on waterways. Yet pioneers were coming into this new state of Illinois, from Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia and the southeast by the Ohio River, and from the northeast by the Illinois River, which linked the Great Lakes with the Mississippi country.

Along the Illinois waterways were to be found the buildings of a prehistoric race, called—for want of a better name—the “mound builders.” The mounds they built were to be seen on the shore of Lake Michigan, along the Mississippi bluffs, near the Ohio and Rock and Wabash rivers. In the mounds were pottery, woven cloth, flint spades and hoes, polished instruments of stone, and some of hammered copper, silver, or iron,—evidence that the people who made them were more inventive and accomplished than the Indians who succeeded them.

These Indians belonged to the great Algonquin family, but had a federation of their own, known as the Illinois, which was made up of five tribes, the Tamaroas, the Michigamies, the Kaskaskias, the Cahokias, and the Peorias.

These were the redmen through whose hunting-grounds the great French explorers, Joliet, Marquette, and La Salle, journeyed. For France they claimed the country and the French held it until the conflict between France and England was decided on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec. Then, when peace was declared in 1763, Canada and that part of the ter-

ritory known as Louisiana east of the Mississippi were surrendered to the English.

The English did not hold the Illinois country long. By the treaty that ended the war of the American Revolution the government of Great Britain recognized the independence of the United States and fixed the boundary of the new nation at the Mississippi River. Immediately four States claimed the whole or parts of Illinois; Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Virginia each laid title to the western land. Congress settled the matter by an ordinance passed in 1787 which created what was known as the Northwest Territory.

Into this rich country came a steady stream of settlers, so many that in 1818 the national government admitted Illinois to statehood. With the Mississippi on its west, the Ohio and the Wabash on its south and east, almost in the centre of the territory between the Atlantic seaboard and the Rocky Mountains, Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, the new state held a very important position.

Jed Oakes enlarged his farm buildings and fenced in more land; so did Dugald Bruce. "What we farmers need," said Jed to Dugald one day, "is a better sort of plow."

"Aye," agreed Bruce, "a good, workable plow would do wonders for the prairie country."

That was indeed a great need in Illinois. There were of course plows of sorts wherever land was cultivated in North America. The Pilgrims had used them in their colony of Massachusetts Bay, but their plow

had been a clumsy affair of wood, twelve feet long, with a ten-foot beam and a four-foot landslide. Eight or ten oxen were needed to draw it and a man had to ride on the beam to keep it in the ground. As even that weight would not always keep it down another man followed with an iron hoe to dig up the places untouched by the plow.

Then in 1797 a farmer of Burlington, New Jersey, patented a plow that was made of cast iron, that could be worked by one man and two oxen, and would actually turn a furrow. But his neighbors were difficult to convince of the advantages of this innovation, and farmers in the east went on drawing a rough-hewn tree behind a small herd of steers.

When the pioneers, however, moved into the western country they found a very different sort of soil from that near the Atlantic. Here was rich loam, with few stones and boulders, capable of yielding much more bountiful crops. But, virgin soil as it was, it was very difficult to plow the ground into neatly turned furrows. The emigrants brought iron plows with them, but the heavy, sticky loam clung to the iron surfaces, the long prairie grass resisted the dull shares so that the clods would not turn over. Sometimes when a plowshare struck a red-root, the toughest of the prairie grasses, the handles would jerk loose, strike the driver and knock him flat.

Presently Dugald Bruce heard that a Connecticut blacksmith named Oramel Clark who had settled in Sangamon County, Illinois, had succeeded in making

a workable sod plow. Bruce took Roderick and Nathan and went to see the new invention. They saw an iron share with an edge of steel fastened to a six-inch beam of oak. The plow had wooden trucks, one wheel at the side and one in the furrow, and a very heavy frame. It was a huge implement, but it had to be massive to stick in the furrow. The travelers saw it work; it seemed to them a great improvement on those to which they were accustomed; then they heard that another blacksmith, one John Lane, in the little settlement of Chicago on Lake Michigan was making another type of plow, a frame of wood to which were screwed strips of the finest saw-steel. For the share the blacksmith used a sharp edge of saw-steel, braced with iron.

On they therefore went to Chicago to see the first steel plow successfully turn a furrow of Illinois black loam. And so they came into the town—its name derived from Checaqua, the title of an Indian chief—which was just beginning to rise on the shore of Lake Michigan.

It was a small place—a few years before there had only been three families there, all living in log cabins—but already the citizens were talking proudly of its great future. “You see,” said Judah Foulk, a citizen with whom Dugald, Roderick and Nathan were boarding, “Chicago’s the proper geographical centre for receiving and forwarding grain, cattle, hogs, and other products from the west, and also for distributing eastern manufactured goods to the great northwest country.

All we need is better methods of transportation, and then just watch how this town will boom!"

"There's the canal they talk of building," suggested Dugald.

"Yes, there's the canal between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River," Foulk agreed. "They've talked of that for years, and when they get it built it'll be a mighty big thing. But what we want is railroads. Chicago ought to be the greatest railroad depot in the United States."

Railroads! The word had a magic ring to Nathan and Roderick. Steam-engines and trains of cars carrying produce and goods and passengers from one part of the country to another! After supper that night the two young fellows plied Foulk with questions about this new method of transportation, concerning which heretofore they had only heard rumors. They found that he had an absorbing interest in railroads; more than that, that he was actually experimenting in building a locomotive and running it on rails along the lake shore. He invited them to go to his workshop; and after that, while Dugald was watching Lane's new steel plow turn furrows Roderick and Nathan were entirely engrossed in Foulk's miniature railway.

### III

"Well, boys," said Dugald one day when they had been several weeks in the town on Lake Michigan, "this steel plow works all right and every blacksmith shop in Illinois will soon be busy fitting old saw-plates

to wooden plows. Let's be getting back to the farm and try the thing out on our own acres."

He looked from Roderick to Nathan. "Don't you want to try it, Nate? Lane's plow will make farming a whole sight easier."

"The plow's all right, I reckon," said Nathan slowly, "but Rod and I have been thinking of something else."

Dugald's eyes twinkled. "You've got Foulk's steam-engine in your heads? You want to see the wheels go round?"

"We like the farm well enough," said Roderick, "but you see, Dad——"

"Aye, I see," interrupted Dugald. His brows puckered in thought. "Well, I was never one to say a lad shouldn't follow his own inclination. I've always followed my own bent and I daresay I've been the happier for it. But this new idea—this railway—it may be only a bramble bush that'll give you thorns 'stead of fruit."

Roderick grinned. "How about the verse, Dad? You remember it?" And he quoted:

"There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise,  
He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both  
his eyes;  
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might  
and main  
He jumped into another bush and scratched them in  
again."

"So he did, Rod, so he did!" chuckled Dugald. "It's the history of most of those who've worked at new

inventions. Well, be sure you jump in the second time and keep on jumping." He eyed the two and his gaze was kindly and sympathetic, for Dugald Bruce could understand and appreciate the ambition of youth to strike out from the beaten path. "So you want to stay here in Chicago and see what you can do with Judah Foulk instead of going back with me?"

"Mr. Foulk says he'll let us work with him and give us board and lodging," Nathan explained.

"Very well. Go ahead and try it."

So spoke Dugald, and next day he set out to ride west across the prairies.

Judah Foulk, a big, raw-boned man with a great mane of red hair, had worked at many trades before he came to Chicago, visioned the great future of the settlement on the lake, and almost simultaneously was possessed by the desire to build a railroad.

He had heard how George Stephenson had constructed a locomotive to run over rails between Manchester and Liverpool in England, how there was already a railroad in the United States, the Baltimore and Ohio, over which Peter Cooper had successfully driven his famous engine, the *Tom Thumb*. Foulk had a small foundry, was handy with tools, and his powers of adapting materials to new uses were considerable. The engine he now proudly displayed to Roderick and Nathan he had built in his own shop from drawings he had seen of the *Tom Thumb*. "When Cooper ran his engine outside Baltimore," Foulk said to the two young fellows, "the exhaust from his loco-



•THE •ORIGINAL •FORT •DEARBORN •WAS •BUILT •IN •1803 •C  
•THEN •CALLED •THE •CHICAGO •PORTAGE •• THIS •FORT •V  
•AFTER •THE •CHICAGO •MASSACRE •IN •1812 •AND •LATER •RE



ON THE SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN AT WHAT WAS  
WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY THE INDIANS.  
BUILT THE ONE SHOWN HERE IS THE OLD FORT.

motive scairt all the hosses, an' the police told him if he didn't quit frightenin' them they'd arrest him for a public nuisance. That was a facer all right. But what did Cooper do?" Foulk went on with a broad grin. "He turned the exhaust into the smoke-stack to muffle the noise, an' found that by doin' that he had made a forced draft, an' that's a mighty useful thing in an engine let me tell you lads!"

Foulk had started work on a road along the lake a short distance out of town, with sleepers of cedar and stringers, or rails, of yellow pine. Nathan and Roderick labored on this, learned the mechanism of the locomotive and how to operate it. One day while they were repairing a leak in the boiler an elegantly dressed young woman and a tall, bewhiskered man came up and stopped near by.

"Oh, Henry," exclaimed the young woman, "that must be one of those new-fangled steam-engines we've heard tell of! To think of seeing one of them way out in Illinois!"

"It is a steam-engine, Bessie," agreed her escort. "That's the boiler, and that big pipe's the stack where the smoke comes out, just as you have seen it on a steamboat."

"And will it run?" cried the lady. "Or should I say, will it walk?"

Nathan, much amused, took it upon himself to answer. Stepping down to the ground, he turned to the two strangers. "It will walk or run, ma'am, if you give it fuel."

"My!" exclaimed the young woman, "but I should like to see it go!"

"It belongs to Mr. Foulk," said Nathan. "He calls it the *Prairie Star*."

"What a beautiful name! Oh, Henry," went on the lady, "do you think we could stay in this town long enough to see it work?"

The gentleman smiled indulgently. "I think we might, my dear. I'll talk to Mr. Foulk about it." Then he looked at Nathan. "This locomotive is a great novelty to my wife and me. We've come all the way to Chicago from Detroit by boat. My name is Henry Rumford."

Mrs. Rumford asked questions of Nathan and Roderick, so did her husband, and they were all busily talking when Judah Foulk appeared. Rumford explained his wife's desire to see the locomotive move; the owner promised that she should have the opportunity as soon as the boiler was repaired. When the two had departed Foulk observed to his apprentices, "Looks like he was a rich man. Maybe he'll shell out something if he's handled right."

Henry Rumford was a rich man and he and his wife were on their honeymoon. Was his beautiful wife interested in the *Prairie Star*? If she was, he would buy it for her, or, failing that, help to further its success. And Rumford himself was interested; a shrewd business man, he saw what railroads might do to develop the country.

The Rumfords had only intended to stay a few days

in Chicago before taking ship again for the voyage back to Detroit, but the more they saw the *Prairie Star* at work the more they were fascinated by this new and remarkable contrivance. The locomotive puffed successfully up and down the short stretch of rails Foulk had built along the lake shore; then Henry Rumford declared he wanted to see it make a trip of several miles, as the *Tom Thumb* had done outside Baltimore. When Foulk explained that he needed money to extend the track any further distance Rumford supplied the requisite capital in return for a share in the future business of the road.

Every day when the weather was fair Rumford and his wife would drive out from Chicago in a chaise and watch the progress of the work. Frequently they shared dinner with Foulk and his apprentices under a big sycamore on the lake bank. The pretty bride was all enthusiasm; she persuaded her husband to buy a disused stage-coach, alter its wheels so that they would run on the wooden rails, and then she made curtains for the coach windows and with her own hands painted the new railway-carriage brilliant red and blue.

On a fine September morning there was collected in the vicinity of Judah Foulk's locomotive shed a throng of curiosity-bitten Illinois settlers, men, women and children, drawn thither by the word that the *Prairie Star* would make a public demonstration of its powers. Everything was in readiness when the Rumfords arrived and made their way through the groups to Nathan and Roderick. "Isn't she a beauty!" cried

Mrs. Rumford, gazing at the steam-engine with enraptured eyes.

Nathan laughed. "I don't know about her bein' a beauty, ma'am; but she can pull more than a dozen oxen or two dozen hosses."

"She's an iron horse," said Mrs. Rumford; "that's what she is!"

"Looks more like a camel," put in Rumford. "See the long neck and the round hump."

On the track stood the *Prairie Star*, in length about twelve feet, its most conspicuous features the four high wooden driving wheels with their iron tires and the tall chimney that rose toweringly in air at the front edge of the platform like a lighthouse on the rim of a cliff.

To the rear of the locomotive was fastened a small tender by a chain of three large links, and aboard the tender was a cask of water and several baskets of wood for fuel. Behind the tender was the coach that Mrs. Rumford had painted red and blue, also fastened by a linked chain, and back of that were three flat cars, with benches ranged crosswise for passengers.

Foulk had invited friends in Chicago and from the neighboring farms to ride on this gala trip. A few had declined, considering the adventure too hazardous, —suppose the engine should blow up or the locomotive prove unmanageable, dash from the rails, and smash itself and the train to smithereens?

Most of those invited, however, had the pioneer's spirit and were willing to try anything once. "Now, Nate," said Judah, "you get the folks aboard. Put 'em

on the flat cars. Only the Rumfords and their guests are to ride in the coach."

Nathan leaped up on the front flat car. "Ladies an' genelman," he announced in the oratorical manner of the master of ceremonies at various barbecues he had attended, "the *Prairie Star* is goin' to start. Those of you that have invites will please to step up here."

The sheep pushed forward from the goats. A dozen or so women and a score or more men clambered up to the benches and sat themselves down with an appearance of grim determination to do or die.

A number of the passengers raised umbrellas, with which they had thoughtfully provided themselves to keep off flying sparks.

Meantime the ladies and their escorts whom the Rumfords had invited were climbing into the coach. Mrs. Rumford sat at a window and waved a lace handkerchief to the gaping crowd. "See the folks are all right, Rod," Judah said to Roderick, "an' tell 'em not to jump off while the train's goin'."

At the side of the coach and of each flat car was a narrow platform and along these runways Roderick walked, the bearer of Judah's message. Everyone was excited, but all assured him they would keep to their seats. "Suppose we run into a cow?" one woman asked anxiously. "Well, ma'am, if we do," Roderick answered, "we'll take her along as fresh beef to Chicago."

From his station at the back of the rear car Roderick called out, "All aboard, Nate!"

Nathan had taken up his position on the tender. Now he drew a tin horn from his pocket and blew a loud blast. The throng on either side of the track broke into loud cheers, which were echoed by those on the train, while handkerchiefs, hats and umbrellas were wildly waved.

Judah Foulk, aboard the *Prairie Star*, was immensely thrilled by the great acclaim. His engine had never pulled such a weight of passengers before, and he was not certain of its ability to start the load. He would take no chances; therefore he abruptly opened the throttle wide. The connecting chains that had been hanging slack between the locomotive and tender, tender and coach, and so on down the line, suddenly were jerked forward and each carriage was as suddenly catapulted into the one ahead.

There were screams and a babel of voices as many of the passengers went sprawling from their seats to the floor. Hats were bounced from heads and went rolling away from the train. Nathan caught hold of a support on the tender to save himself from being jerked off his feet; Roderick clutched at a bench and inadvertently squashed the beaver hat of an occupant. "Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Rumford as her husband helped her up from the coach-floor, "the *Prairie Star* must be a sky-rocket!"

Judah Foulk himself had managed in some miraculous manner to keep his position, and the locomotive, pulling steadily now, was drawing the train with comparative smoothness along the rails. The passengers

picked themselves up, rubbed their bruises, and began to laugh at each other, although there were some who cast glances of misgiving at the puffing, snorting engine and wished they were back on solid ground again.

The *Prairie Star* was chugging along at a good pace when clouds of black smoke, filled with cinders, commenced to rise from the chimney and blow back through the air. Judah, by experimenting, had succeeded in producing a strong draft, and, as there was no spark catcher in the smoke-stack, pitch-pine cinders and sparks, some as large as a thumb-nail, came pouring forth and settled over coach and cars.

Mrs. Rumford stopped waving from the window. Her lace handkerchief was ablaze and she let it drop to the ground. "The locomotive reminds me of what I've heard of a volcano," one of the guests observed. "It certainly does spout sparks, even if it doesn't shed lava."

"A trifling inconvenience," declared Henry Rumford, who felt it incumbent on him to stand up for the new contrivance. "Maybe the wind will shift and blow the cinders in some other direction."

"Suppose," said another of the guests, "the cinders light on prairie grass; won't they set the fields on fire?"

Rumford had no answer for that. He looked anxiously through the coach window; so far as he could see none of the flying sparks had yet settled on the prairie.

"I should think it would be advisable," said Mrs. Rumford, "to station a line of men along the rail-

road's track, each with a bucket of water, so he could put out the fire if any started in the grass."

Meantime the passengers on the flat cars were in wild commotion. Sparks and cinders were raining from the sky. "It's lucky I thought to bring an umbrella," said a stout woman; but no sooner had she said it than her umbrella cover was in flames. Roderick snatched the umbrella from her and tried to beat out the flames but only succeeded in scorching his hands. By now blazing embers were alighting on all those on the three flat cars; umbrellas, covers burned from frames, were pitched overboard, and the passengers were slapping each other in an attempt to extinguish the sparks on hats, coats and dresses.

Nathan looked back from the tender, over which the smoke and cinders were flying high from the tall chimney. "Looks as if they were fighting mosquitoes," he said to himself. "We ought to have brought a fire brigade along. The old *Prairie Star* certainly does shoot off sparks!"

Judah Foulk had other things to think of than the comfort of the riders. Three miles from the starting-point he had placed a tank and there he planned to renew his supply of water. He was almost opposite the tank now and must therefore halt the train. There was a lever that applied brakes to the wheels, and this he firmly grasped. He pulled the lever. The brakes worked perfectly, too perfectly indeed. The *Prairie Star* bucked like a bronco, almost reared from the tracks; the tender bumped violently into the locomo-

tive, the coach into the tender, and each car into the one in front.

Backward over the benches went the passengers; Nathan sat down abruptly on the tender's floor; Mrs. Rumford's bridal bonnet was knocked askew as a man sitting opposite her was bounced into her lap; Roderick, at the rear of the last car, almost turned a somersault and landed flat on his back between the rails. Judah Foulk, holding on by the lever, smiled triumphantly.

"Well," he declared, "I sure stopped the doggone train!"

There was at least this comfort to the passengers as they picked themselves up that second time: the *Prairie Star* had halted and they could dismount. Aching and growling, they got down and fell to work putting out the embers that still blazed in their garments. Judah, the man with one idea, busied himself immediately with replenishing the locomotive's water from the tank.

Roderick gingerly got to his feet. No bones were broken, though there was a good-sized lump on the back of his head. As he walked past the train the door of the coach opened and the Rumfords and their guests descended. "We got here," said Rumford genially; "the *Prairie Star* is going strong."

"And stopping even stronger," added the gentleman who had been shunted into Mrs. Rumford's lap. "Riding on a railroad train is more exciting than breaking in a colt."

"How about the people on the flat cars, Rod?" asked Mrs. Rumford.

"Well, ma'am," answered Roderick, "they had plenty of exercise—what with fighting fires and bumping forward and backward ——"

Enthusiastic Mrs. Rumford gave a peal of laughter. "Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything! I'll buy them all new clothes when we get to Chicago."

"Are we going on that far?" asked one of the guests in a tone that implied he would be just as well satisfied to finish the journey on horseback or by chaise.

"Why, of course we are!" declared Mrs. Rumford. "Henry, you go and talk with Nate Oakes,—he's very clever at thinking up all sorts of contraptions. Maybe he can think of something to keep the cars from bumping."

"Yes, sir, there ought to be a way," said Nathan when Rumford propounded the problem to him. "If we could keep the chains taut 'stead o' goin' slack." He looked around and his eyes lighted on a rail fence. "There's the answer, Mr. Rumford. I've got an ax aboard the tender. We'll chop them rails into lengths that'll fit into the spaces between the locomotive and the tender and the tender and the cars."

Rumford hailed the suggestion gladly, so did the other passengers when they heard what Nathan proposed. Rails were torn from the fence and chopped to the proper lengths. Then the linked chains that coupled the locomotive, tender, coach and flat cars were stretched to full tension, and the fence rails were

lashed to the coupling-chains with some of the packing-yarn Judah Foulk carried for the cylinders. This gave the train rigidity, a quality that the bumped and bruised riders greatly desired.

"All aboard!" cried Roderick from his post on the rear car.

The passengers scrambled back to the coach seats and benches. In spite of their burnt clothing they were game to complete the ride. The new method of coupling would be a great help. Besides, they wanted the satisfaction of being seen by the crowd when the train pulled up on the outskirts of town.

Nathan sounded his tin horn; Judah opened the throttle very cautiously this time; the *Prairie Star* moved smoothly on and the passengers gleefully shouted. Cinders flew back from the chimney, but not so many as before, and the riders, by waving their arms, were able to keep the sparks from settling on their garments.

As the train drew near town its route was lined by many spectators. It looked to Nathan as if the whole countryside had gathered to witness the novel sight. Farmers and their families had driven up in carriages and wagons, in any sort of conveyance, and were crowding as close to the rails as they could so as to obtain a good view. Along came the *Prairie Star*, snorting like a buffalo and pouring forth clouds of smoke. The horses nearest to the track eyed the strange creature and then, not unnaturally, commenced to rear, to shy, and to snort themselves. They turned about, regardless of

those who held the reins, and then took to their heels in fright. As the *Prairie Star* went chugging on there was a series of stampedes along the line, chaises and wagons were upset, occupants were pitched out, and horses dashed to safety.

Now the train was almost at the terminus of the line. Chicagoans on foot were loudly cheering, so were the proud passengers. What mattered it to them if the route was lined with the débris of farm-wagons, the fields filled with galloping horses? Amid a great outburst of applause Judah Foulk with circumspection pulled the lever that worked the brakes; the locomotive slowed and halted; there was only a slight bumping of the tender, coach, and cars. "Hurrah!" shouted Nathan. "First railway train to reach Chicago!" He sprang on the locomotive and enthusiastically pummeled Judah on the back.

#### IV

Silas Peters was not so enthusiastic. He was sitting in a thorn-bush half a mile from the *Prairie Star*. There his horse had dumped him after a wild cavorting ride from the railroad track. The beast and what remained of the carriage were disappearing on the horizon. Peters said unkind things of the *Prairie Star* as he slowly rose and picked the prickles from his damaged coat and trousers.

He had never liked the idea of railroads, because he was financially interested in a couple of stage-coaches that plied from Chicago to settlements on the lake.

Now he liked them less than ever; they were inventions of the devil and should be suppressed. Growling to himself, he moved painfully toward the town. Presently he caught sight of a man, a woman, and two children running out from a farmhouse, each carrying a bucket.

Peters hobbled after them. He saw wisps of smoke curling up from a field of grass. The bucket-bearers were pouring water on smouldering flames when he arrived. A short distance away was the railroad track. Peters put two and two together.

"Sparks from that blasted steam-engine did that," he announced.

"Reckon they did," said the farmer and went on putting out the fires with water and his heavy boots.

"It's an outrage!" declared Peters and joined in extinguishing the flames. When that work was accomplished he had something more to say. "The steam-engine scares the hosses and sets fire to the fields. It oughtn't to be allowed."

"That it oughtn't," said the farmer's wife. "I seen it from the door, spittin' out smoke an' sparks."

Peters hobbled on. The railroad would compete with the stage-coaches, would frighten horses and cattle, would burn crops. The farmers would appreciate the peril; he, Silas Peters, would be their spokesman, put himself at their head, and demand of the legislature that it take steps to protect their property. By the time he had reached his house in town he was rehearsing the speech he would make to the governor.

The following week he was busy, and as the result of his activities all sorts of reports began to come to Judah Foulk's foundry. One day when the Rumfords went out to see the locomotive—which Mrs. Rumford now regarded as her particular pet—they found the builder and Roderick and Nathan discussing the situation. "Looks as if some of 'em were fightin' mad," said Judah with a shake of the head. "Reckon we'd better set a guard about the *Prairie Star* every night to see they don't do it any mischief."

"Who would touch it?" asked Mrs. Rumford in a tone of indignation.

"Some of the farmers might; some of 'em are hoppin' mad, I hear tell," Judah answered.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Rumford. "And we made such a fine trial trip! All the passengers were delighted when we reached Chicago; I didn't hear one of them complaining about bruises or burnt clothes."

"Some sparks set fire to grass along the road," Nathan explained, "and a lot of hosses ran away."

"The engine did create quite a commotion among the livestock," Rumford agreed with a chuckle.

"Well," said Mrs. Rumford, "the animals will soon get used to it. Let them see it three or four times and they won't blink an eye."

"Silas Peters has rounded up some of the farmers," Judah declared, "and they say they're goin' to law to stop me runnin' the engine."

"Silas Peters," mused Mrs. Rumford. "I've seen him in Chicago. He's that stout, pompous-looking

man and his wife does her hair in tight little corkscrew ringlets."

Judah nodded. "He's a windbag; but he might stir things up agin me an' the locomotive."

"What a shame!" sighed Mrs. Rumford. "Can't we make him see that a railway will help Chicago, boom land values, and do wonders for the farmers?"

"We might give him a ride on the *Prairie Star*," laughingly suggested Nathan.

There was a pause; then Mrs. Rumford nodded her head slowly at the last speaker. "I believe you've hit the right idea, Nate. It won't do for us to stand still and let the others do all the fighting; we've got to fend them off by acting first. Run the train again to Chicago——"

"Jump into the bramble bush a second time——" murmured Roderick.

"Run the train with Silas Peters and the farmers aboard," continued Mrs. Rumford, "and open their eyes to the great future of the railroad."

"But if they don't want to ride," objected Rumford.

"Oh, they will want to," responded the confident woman. "We'll plan a campaign. First we'll have some handbills printed and we'll leave one at every farmhouse along the railway from here to town. On the handbills we'll state what a wonderful location Chicago has and say—what everybody here knows—that all it needs is better methods of transportation to make it the greatest city of the west. We'll tell them what markets it offers to the farmers, and we'll invite

them to ride—the farmers and their wives—on our train and bring along any produce they may want to take to town. We'll set a date for a party and see if we can't find a brass band to go along."

"How about the cinders and sparks lighting on their clothes?" interrupted Rumford.

"We won't have any flat cars on this train," declared his wife. "We'll buy a string of coaches and use them instead. We'll put the farm produce on cars with wooden roofs for protection. Mr. Foulk will drive very carefully, so as not to send any more sparks than he can help from the chimney, and we'll have men with water-buckets at intervals along the road to put out sparks in the fields."

Her enthusiasm won over the others. "Yes," agreed Judah, "that might fix the farmers all right."

"But Silas Peters is our chief opponent," Roderick pointed out.

"I was coming to him," went on Mrs. Rumford. "I'll invite him and his wife to ride with me in the front coach."

"Mrs. Peters may accept, but not Silas," Judah argued.

Mrs. Rumford held up her hand. "Listen to this. On the handbills it will state that at the end of the ride all the passengers will be entertained at a grand gala dinner at the hotel in Chicago where a speech on the future greatness of the city will be delivered by the leading citizen, Mr. Silas Peters."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed her husband. "I'll agree

to pay for the dinner if you'll get Peters to make a speech praising the railroad."

"I'll get him," said the charming woman. "I'll call on Mrs. Peters this very day and she and I will make the pompous Silas realize what a great man he is."

"Flatterer!" laughed Rumford.

"In such a good cause as this," smiled his wife, "I might even be willing to ask Mrs. Peters to show me how I could do my hair in tight curls like hers."

On a sheet of paper the five jointly concocted the wording of the handbill and the Rumfords took the draft to town with them and gave it to a printer. Rumford went to the proprietor of the one hotel Chicago boasted and arranged for the gala dinner. His wife meanwhile, in very elegant sage-green brocade dress and bonnet of green curled silk, sought out Mrs. Peters. That lady had already admired Mrs. Rumford, the pretty bride of the wealthy merchant, when she had seen her in the streets; on closer acquaintance Mrs. Peters found her visitor a very paragon of gentility and most delightful gossip.

The next day Nathan and Roderick rode out with the handbills and left one at each farmhouse adjacent to the railway track. A number of more or less derelict stage-coaches were procured by Henry Rumford and converted by Judah Foulk to their new uses. Carpenters were employed to put roofs over several flat cars. Judah worked out a device to catch sparks in the locomotive chimney and so keep them from flooding the air. A bucket-brigade was engaged. For ten days

the engine sheds hummed with activity and on each of those days Mrs. Rumford found the opportunity to gossip with Mrs. Peters and cast a few admiring glances at the important Silas.

Everyone in Chicago had seen the handbills on which were emblazoned words of glowing prophecy for the future greatness of the city; everyone had read the lines referring to the gala dinner and the speech to be delivered by that leading citizen, Mr. Silas Peters; but no one knew for certain—unless it was Mrs. Rumford—whether Silas Peters would consent to ride behind the *Prairie Star* and say nice things about the railroad at the feast. Even Silas himself didn't know. He was an obstinate man and inclined to be mulish. On the day proclaimed by the handbills as the one for the celebration he saw his wife array herself in a brand new dress and spend some time before the looking-glass trying on a brand new bonnet. Silas didn't like to be left out from any party. He hadn't made up his mind yet; but he felt it could do no harm for him to put on his best coat of bottle-green cloth with collar of black velvet, moleskin trousers, and new waistcoat of white marseilles with large gold spots.

The morning he occupied in jotting down notes for a speech—in case he should decide to make a speech. Soon after the mid-day meal Mr. and Mrs. Rumford drove up in their chaise. Rumford handed Mrs. Peters to the carriage; Mrs. Rumford smiled most invitingly at the portly Silas. Should he stay at home when his wife and these others were going merry-making? “Sit

here by me, Mr. Peters," said the pretty lady. Silas clapped his beaver on his head and sat down where she indicated.

When the chaise arrived at the starting-place a brass band was regaling a large throng with "Hail Columbia." On the track stood the *Prairie Star*, at the head of a row of converted stage-coaches and roofed flat cars. The procession made a fine appearance; the coaches had been newly painted; the cars were already loaded with farm produce. "Now, Mr. Peters," said Mrs. Rumford, "if you will kindly hand me down, we will take our places in the front coach."

Everyone was looking at them. Was this the time for Silas churlishly to withdraw from his prominent position? Mrs. Rumford laid her gloved fingers on his arm; he assisted her to descend and then, with her hand resting in his elbow, conducted her to the coach while the crowd cheered.

The brass band was installed in the second coach, the invited farmers and their wives in the others. Roderick saw that all were aboard, Nathan blew his tin horn, Judah Foulk cautiously opened the throttle. New bumpers, their ends bandaged with sacking, had been installed, and as the train began to move there was no jarring of the coaches. "Could anything ride more smoothly?" said Mrs. Rumford to Silas at her side. "One would think that the wheels and the rails had just been greased."

Along the road was the bucket-brigade, but they had little work to do, for Judah's new spark-catcher was a

great success. Steadily the *Prairie Star* puffed on and on; the passengers, sheltered from smoke and cinders, chattered like magpies; the band began to play. A halt was made at the water tank, and the riders stretched their limbs. Then on the train went to the end of the line, the frontier of Chicago. The band burst out joyously in "Yankee Doodle," the Stars and Stripes were run up on a flagpole; as proud as if this wonderful railway was their own achievement the farmers and their wives alighted.

Carriages were there to take them to the hotel, wagons for the farm produce. Mrs. Rumford kept Silas beside her, saw that he took the chair next to hers at the banquet table. In trooped the guests to the tunes of the band. Pioneer appetites were voracious, but even the most greedy of trenchermen were satisfied by the amazing variety and prodigality of the food set before them.

Rumford proposed a toast to Judah Foulk and the *Prairie Star*; it was drunk with great enthusiasm. Then he called on the leading citizen of Chicago, Mr. Silas Peters, to tell them his vision of the future of the city, when railroads should link the farms of the west with the markets of the eastern seaboard. Silas rose and hemmed and hawed. But what could he do after that triumphal ride, after that introduction, with Mrs. Rumford smiling up at him? He commenced, and before he had finished he had worked himself up into passionate ardor for the new means of transportation, the wonder-working railroad.

"We've won!" whispered Nathan to Roderick, and winked at Judah Foulk, who was seated at the high table next to the perspiring but grandly eloquent Peters.

## V

Nathan and Roderick went back on a visit to their fathers' farms by the Mississippi. The new plow was making agriculture easier and more profitable. Walter Oakes was helping Jed, and Dugald Bruce was employing a couple of lads on his acres. "Well," said Dugald to his son, "are you and Nate going to be farmers or railroad men?"

"Nate an' I have thrashed that out," answered Roderick, "an' we've decided to hook up with Chicago and the locomotive. Some day that town will be the greatest railroad depot in the United States."

So they returned to the city by Lake Michigan and to Judah Foulk. In spite, however, of the fact that the citizens and the farmers were now their staunch allies, the path of the young railroaders was not an easy one. The first railroad that was chartered for Chicago was the Galena and Chicago Union in 1836. A survey was begun at the foot of Dearborn Street and a line was run due west ten miles to the Desplaines River, though the workers had to wade waist-deep in cold water part of the way. Some piles were driven along Madison Street and stringers were placed upon them. But a railroad could not be built without money and there was not enough wealth in Illinois to finance

the project. The work was given over, and Judah, Roderick and Nathan traveled east and helped to construct locomotives for the Erie road. Then again they came to Chicago and now they found that their faith was justified, for the town by the lake was becoming a busy city and railroads were needed and were being built.



VI  
OH! SUSANNAH!

*San Francisco*

1849



## VI

### OH! SUSANNAH!

*San Francisco – 1849*

#### I

“ Oh! Susannah!  
Don't you cry for me!  
I'm off to Californy  
With my washbowl on my knee! ”

UP and down the streets of Salem rolled the rollicking chorus, as the song, with numberless variations of words set to the popular tune, was sung and whistled and hummed and shouted through all the New England seaports. Banjoes thrummed it and feet jigged to the rhythm. Heads popped out of windows and lusty voices caroled:

“ Oh! California,  
That's the land for me!  
I'm off for Californi-a  
With my washbowl on my knee! ”

Gold! A workman at Sutter's Mill in California had found a gold nugget in January, 1848. A Mormon had come riding into San Francisco, waving a bottle of glittering flakes and shouting, “Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!”

But news traveled slowly from the Pacific seaboard to the Atlantic and those who heard the returning sailors' yarns appreciated that mariners like to tell tall stories, whether of gold or sea-serpents, of mermaids or whales.

Yet gold there was, and presently the Eastern newspapers proclaimed it. "The El Dorado of the old Spaniards is discovered at last!"—so ran the message. Men no longer shrugged their shoulders. What was this about El Dorado? The words sounded of romance, of something much more interesting than farming or clerking at home.

The barque *Eliza* was setting out from Salem for California on the day after Christmas in 1848 and three passengers aboard her put their heads together and evolved new words for the popular song "Oh! Sannah!" The verses amused them and, leaning over the rail, they sang the words to their friends ashore.

"I came from Salem City,  
With my washbowl on my knee,  
I'm going to California,  
The gold dust for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left,  
The weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death,  
Oh! brothers, don't you cry.  
Oh! California,  
That's the land for me!  
I'm going to Sacramento  
With my washbowl on my knee.

“ I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship,  
 And traveled on the sea,  
 And every time I thought of home  
 I wished it wasn't me!  
*Oh! California,*  
*That's the land for me!*  
*I'm off for Californi-a*  
*With my washbowl on my knee.”*

Words and tune were caught up and flung to the winds; the song became a slogan, something for men to march to; as homely as “Yankee Doodle” and yet somehow strangely blood-stirring. “Oh! Susannah!” represented gold and adventure. Gold was the material basis, but it was the lure of adventure that whispered in many ears.

Adventure! The thrill came to Hannibal Wade just after his seventeenth birthday in 1849. His parents' family was large—there were three children older than he and seven younger—and there were plenty of hands to work his father's farm outside Salem. He stood six feet in his stockings and was broad-shouldered and long of limb. He talked with his father and mother, showed them the handbill of the newly organized California Mining Company of Salem,—full of glowing words,—told them how many of the neighbors were joining the expedition, and at length won their consent.

With a few dollars in his money-belt, strapped securely under his coat of butternut brown, Hannibal went to the headquarters of the California Mining Company and asked for information about their ex-

pedition. The Company's agent was uncertain as to when their party would set out, perhaps not until April or May. Hannibal was impatient and didn't want to wait around Salem until the trees began to bud. He went down to Derby Wharf and made inquiries of ships about to sail. There were some almost ready to set out with companies of gold-seekers; some bound for Panama, where the passengers would be landed and make their way across the Isthmus to the Pacific Ocean,—with luck they might find other ships to carry them north from there;—some embarking on the voyage around the Horn to California. The ships' agents asked a good round sum for passage either way. Hannibal shook his head; he couldn't afford to pay so much passage money. Did the ships need hands to make up their crews? No, said the agents, the crews were all full; every sailor in port wanted to get to the gold-fields; they couldn't use another hand.

Hannibal was not daunted; he meant somehow to get to the El Dorado of the West, and at length he found a friend of his father's, Captain Benjamin Wyer, master of the brig *Nancy*, who was sailing with a cargo of lumber for New York City. Captain Wyer would take Hannibal along, and so on a clear, cold January day the young Argonaut landed on Manhattan Island.

Scouring the villages on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, Hannibal took a job as guard on a mail-coach that was going to Trenton. A boatman set him across the Delaware and he tramped down the shore of the river to Philadelphia.

An able-bodied fellow could find plenty of work to pay for his board and lodging in that busy city. It was February when Hannibal set forth again, this time as a teamster in a train of Conestoga wagons that were crossing the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio River. He admired the sleek, powerful horses, liked most of the company, and greatly enjoyed the ride through the splendid Pennsylvania forests and up the high ridges. A snow-storm delayed them some days, but the skies had cleared again when they drove into Pittsburgh and Hannibal was paid off.

On a steamboat, loaded with machinery for the Memphis and New Orleans markets, he journeyed down the Ohio. Aboard there were emigrants, families seeking new homesteads, traders and adventurers. Banjoes strummed "Oh! Susannah!" and the voyagers talked of the gold-fields. A picturesque crowd the steamboat carried, and Hannibal felt that he had reached a far more interesting and lively world than that of sober Salem.

At Cairo he changed to another boat, as did others of the passengers, and in this went up the Mississippi to St. Louis. Magnolias were in bloom when he voyaged along the Missouri to Kansas City and the grass was already green when he looked over the prairie from the little frontier town.

There were thousands of emigrants camped in western Missouri, waiting for spring to open, when they would be off on the long haul to the Pacific. It seemed to Hannibal Wade that half the United States

must be there; every day there were new arrivals, on foot and on horseback, with prairie schooners and pack-mules, some driving herds of cattle, some bringing along with them all their household goods.

The spring was late, and most of the overland parties waited until early May, so that the grass should be high enough to feed the cattle. Meantime the emigrants formed into companies and Hannibal joined one that was largely composed of people from Kentucky and Tennessee. Among these was a man named Hosea Burton, a long-limbed, wiry fellow, with a shrewd but humorous face; like Hannibal, he was a free lance, and the two soon became great friends.

On a fine morning the company started, crossed the Missouri River, and headed west on the rolling plains. Then day after day they marched across the fresh green country. Sometimes they came to a swamp and the mules would sink to their bellies in the mud and water. The beasts would have to be unharnessed, the wagons unloaded, and all hands help in lifting the wheels. At night the animals were herded in a corral and guards were set as protection against Indians.

Westward to the Platte River the emigrant train moved, then up the valley of the Platte to the South Fork; from there to the North Fork, where there was a frontier post-office and letters might be delivered for transit to the east. Now they steered for Fort Laramie, the farthest western fort of the United States, and along the route passed quantities of goods thrown away by preceding parties to lighten their loads. There were

bacon, coffee, flour, axes, chains, even wagons. Said Hosea Burton to Hannibal: "If I had a dozen good mules I could pick up enough stuff between the Missouri and here to make a right sizeable fortune."

They saw a few Sioux along the Platte but the redskins didn't molest them. Now they were in the mountain country, crossing the Continental Divide, and seeing ranges and gorges that filled them with wonder. Hannibal's company was comparatively small and pushed ahead as rapidly as possible lest other emigrant trains should denude the land of grass. By midsummer they were at the Great Salt Lake and the new home of Brigham Young's Mormon colony. Beyond were the Sierra Nevadas. The road here was littered with broken wagons. Twelve mules had to pull each prairie schooner and all the company to push it to get the conveyance up a ridge.

August saw them in California, El Dorado. Here the company divided. Burton said to Hannibal: "We'll need a new outfit. Don't start prospecting yet. Come with me to San Francisco, son, and we'll get the lay of the land. Maybe we'll hear news of gold-fields that ain't crowded."

Hannibal had a high opinion of the lanky Kentuckian's sagacity. Therefore while others turned aside toward Sutter's Fort and the country along the Sacramento River these two rode on to San Francisco.

At the head of a peninsula jutting from south to north between the waters of a wide and beautiful bay and the majestic Pacific was the city that had sprung

into fame in a single year. When the United States ship *Portsmouth* had anchored in the harbor in July, 1846, and Captain Montgomery had hauled down the Mexican flag in the Plaza and run up the Stars and Stripes the settlement had contained some fifty houses with two hundred inhabitants. The name had been changed from Yerba Buena to San Francisco, but still the little town, clustering above Montgomery Street on the waterfront, had been a very quiet, sleepy place. Not so it looked to Hannibal Wade in August, 1849.

With Hosea Burton he took a room at a small hotel and went out to see the sights. The harbor was crowded with shipping from all quarters of the globe. The city itself was a jumble of hastily-built wooden shacks, canvas tents, unpainted frame houses, with here and there one of respectable brick. On the shore the hulks of two beached vessels advertised themselves as lodging-houses. In Portsmouth Square—which had formerly been the Plaza—a band played all day and most of the night to attract customers to the wares of the neighboring merchants.

Two features of the city caught the attention of the newcomers at once. One was the great number of gambling-houses, the other was the absurdly high price that was asked for everything. Many of the gambling-houses were very crude affairs, but each had large plate-glass windows, an elaborate bar, quantities of gaming-tables, and some sort of music. In the better ones were ornate mirrors, large statues and oil paintings, chandeliers; in these swaggered the high-class

gamblers; some in flannel shirts, topboots, sombrero or silk hat; some with gaudy Chinese scarves about their red shirts, belts with silver buckles loaded with weapons, feathers in their hat-bands. Each of these carried bags of gold-dust or piles of slugs that were worth from ten to twenty dollars. Many were the games they played: faro and keeno, Mexican monte, rondo, rouge et noir, vingt et un, roulette and other wheel games. In the big houses, the Tontine, the Rendezvous, and particularly in the most magnificent, the El Dorado, on Portsmouth Square, play ran high, and as much as twenty thousand dollars was wagered on the turn of a card.

It was the prices asked for every sort of commodity, however, that most amazed Hannibal and Hosea Burton. Surprised by some of the placards in the markets, they inquired of various clerks. A loaf of bread cost fifty cents, a dozen eggs sold for two dollars; a small shack could be rented for three thousand dollars a month; land on Portsmouth Square was valued at one thousand dollars a foot. At some of the more pretentious restaurants the customer was charged a dollar for a bowl of soup and two dollars for an omelette. Moreover, there appeared to be plenty of people willing to pay these prices. Every ship that docked was unloading hordes of passengers eager to spend money, every boat that came down the Sacramento River was crowded with prospectors who had struck gold and wanted to celebrate. Through the streets, in and out of the gambling-houses, the restaurants and the bar-

rooms swirled a continuous throng of excited adventurers, some in frilled shirts with blazing diamond studs, some in pioneer buckskin. "Well," said Burton, surveying the crowds, "I reckon that most of the fools in the world are collected here, and them that ain't fools are plumb ornery rascals."

San Francisco was a panorama of strange sights, and a panorama so interesting that the two spent several days exploring the place and its environs. They visited Australian Sydney Town and Little Chile, the Mission on the beach of Yerba Buena Cove, the California Street slopes, the Market Street hills through the Happy Valley to Rincon Point. On a height they sat in the sun and looked down at the town and its enveloping waters.

"Are you for the gold-fields, Hannibal?" Burton asked.

"Of course I am," was the surprised answer. "That's why I came all the way here from Salem."

The Kentuckian's glance turned eastward to the mainland where the gold-fields lay, then rounded to the ships in the harbor and the roofs of the city. "There's more money to be made down there, son," he drawled. "Some—a few—may strike it rich in the fields, but it's an almighty gamble. There ain't no gamble in doing business with the people pouring into town. If you want to make your fortune, settle right here."

"Sell goods to them, do you mean?"

"Sell them anything, everything," Burton grinned.

"Run a general store, miners' outfits, provisions, fire-arms, boots, anything you can get a hold of." He mused for a few minutes. "I've seen what's going on. A ship from the Atlantic seaboard sails in here, loaded with supplies. Do those in charge of her haggle over prices? Not a bit of it. They're so plumb crazy to unload and be off for the diggings that they let the goods go at the first figure that's offered. With what money I've got in my belt I ought to be able to get a lot of stuff cheap; then I'll put up a tent somewhere and sell over the counter—at my own prices. No gamble to that; shortest way to make a fortune in Californy, son."

"Sounds sensible," Hannibal agreed.

"Want to go in with me, share and share alike?"

"Much obliged, Hosea; but I came out here on purpose to go to the gold-fields. I reckon I'll stick to that."

"Have it your own way, son. We've been pardners now some time and when you get back to town with your bag of gold-dust be sure to look me up at Burton's Emporium."

That afternoon Hannibal bought his mining outfit, pick, shovel, pan, and small canvas tent. Next day he loaded them on a boat bound up the Sacramento for the diggings. "What camp you going to?" asked Burton, who had come to the boat with him. "Let's see—I've heard of a number of camps with pretty names. Are you for the Git Up and Git, the Hell's Delight, the Petticoat Slide, Shirt Tail Cañon or the Ground Hog's Glory?"

Hannibal laughed. "None of them for me. I'm striking out where it ain't crowded."

The whistle tooted, the boat cast off. Burton, on the shore, waved an immense red bandanna handkerchief.

## II

On the journey upstream Hannibal fell in with two young fellows, Jake Kettel and Sam Slosson, who, like himself, were from the East and making their first trip to the gold-fields. It was easy to strike up an acquaintance in such primitive surroundings and after some talk the three agreed to hunt gold together. At random they selected a landing up the Sacramento, a place near which a miner a few weeks before had found gold in a stream and which consequently had blossomed forth in the name of Nugget Bottom.

A number of others landed with the three and among them a young man, whose handsome olive-colored face, brilliant scarf and purple coat and trousers strapped with gold braid, had already caught Hannibal's notice. He had kept aloof from the crowd aboard, sitting on his camp-outfit in solitary, brooding silence, as though he were an alien and traveled in strange places. Hannibal put him down as a Mexican or South American; he undoubtedly had Spanish blood, his hair was raven black, his eyes a deep brown.

There was a noisy crowd at the landing at Nugget Bottom, around which a number of shacks—proclaiming themselves by vivid signs bar-rooms, hotels, cafés—were already clustered. Hannibal and his friends

pushed their way through the motley throng and piled their outfits on the ground while they looked about them. Then it was that Hannibal saw the fellow in the purple suit engaged in conversation with a red-faced, red-headed Irishman.

Perhaps it could not rightly be called a conversation, for the Irishman was doing all the talking while the other stared blankly at him. Hannibal edged nearer to the pair. Now he heard the Irishman's loud, bullying tones. "We don't want any brown-faced fur-riners 'round these here diggin's. Nugget Bottom's all American."

"Yes?" said the other politely. "I understand—all American."

"Well, you ain't one. Get back on the boat and go where you belong."

"Pardon me. I don't understand your language very well. I am a Chilean."

"A Chilean!" The man waved with a threatening gesture. "Then get back to Chile."

"But I've come here to hunt for gold."

"You won't get any here. Not so long as I can prevent it."

The Chilean glanced about, his mobile face perplexed, as though he felt very much alone in a foreign country.

The bully lurched forward, the other stepped back. Hannibal appreciated that the young stranger feared to defend himself with any weapon lest he might bring the whole milling crowd down upon himself.

The Irishman drew back his fist.

"No, no!" protested the other.

The fist shot forward, but the Chilean dodged, so that the blow only grazed his ear.

Then Hannibal interrupted. Striding up to the bully, he bumped him with his shoulder so that the man rocked on his feet. "Get out of the way!" he growled. "Don't you make trouble for this gentleman."

"Gentleman!" ejaculated the bully. "He's from Chile."

"Gentleman was what I said. You leave him alone."

The Irishman glared, but the face he was looking into was very resolute, with a determined jaw and steel-grey eyes. He wavered, muttered something, then capitulated. "Very well, mister. Have it your own way. I won't beat him up to-day."

Hannibal nodded. His lip curled as he watched the bully slouch off to the wooden shanty with the sign-board that declared itself "Nugget Bottom Hotel."

"Well," he said, turning to the Chilean, "the cur's gone back to his kennel. He won't stop you again."

"A million thanks, kind señor. I knew not what to do. I am a foreigner, from Valparaiso."

"That's some distance," Hannibal smiled. "I'm from New England myself."

"My name is Luis Montez." The Chilean bowed, hand on his hip.

"My name is Hannibal Wade."

The Chilean bowed again, was still bowing when Kettel and Slosson came up to Hannibal. "What are

you doing?" demanded Kettel. "Thought we'd lost you. Let's be off to the woods."

The idea flashed through Hannibal's mind of suggesting that they invite young Luis Montez to go with them—he seemed so much alone—but he doubted if his mates would welcome the company of a foreigner and one so different from themselves. "Very well, I'm coming." Impulsively he stepped up to Montez and held out his hand. "Here's luck, pardner," he said in the lingo of the prairies. "Maybe we'll meet again."

Montez took the hand. The brown eyes smiled into the grey ones. "Good fortune go with you, señor," he responded in his Spanish-accented English.

The three young Americans loaded their mining-kits on their backs and set off along the trail that led north to the stream where gold had been located. Said Slosson: "What were you doing, Wade, with that Bird of Paradise? Looked like a Mexican or some such sort of critter."

"He's from Chile," Hannibal informed them. "A drunken rowdy was rowing with him, and I stood up for the stranger." He chuckled. "I thought how I'd feel if I was in his country and a Spanish bravo treated me like that."

"Chilean, eh?" said Kettel. "Well, I reckon you'll have your hands full if you're going to look after all the foreigners that's flockin' to these parts. Uncle Sam took over this country from Mexico, and it belongs to us. Let the foreigners keep away."

Hannibal was silent. Argument wasn't in his line; but he told himself that his judgment had been well-founded; these other two wouldn't have wanted Montez to join them. He wondered, however, how the Chilean would make out with the rough-handed, self-centered gentry of the gold-fields.

The three prospectors found a new world as they explored the country that day and the next. The roads that ran inland from San Francisco to Sutter's Fort—where Sutter himself was now staking out the town of Sacramento—had formerly traversed flourishing farmlands; now, however, the crops were untended and going to waste, the houses were deserted, and the cattle roaming through fields of ripening grain. In contrast, the hills and valleys along the streams were crowded with tents and huts hastily built of brushwood and rocks. All day and far into the night men labored on the banks of the rivers. Some were washing the sand from the river-beds in tin pans; others were using close-woven Indian baskets; still others were utilizing what they called cradles. The cradle was a basket six or eight feet long, mounted on rockers; one end of the basket was open, the other was covered with a coarse screen sieve. Across the bottom of the cradle cleats were nailed. One workman would dig the gravel from the stream, another carry it to the basket, a third pour water over it, and a fourth rock the cradle. Then the screen would separate the stones from the gravel and the water wash away the earth and carry the heavier soil out from the cradle, thereby leaving in the basket

the black sand and what there was of gold. This was carried to a pan and allowed to dry in the sun; the sand could then be blown away and the gold would remain.

Hannibal and his companions saw hundreds of miners at work and heard marvellous stories. From one creek seventeen thousand dollars' worth of gold had been taken in a few days; another—only a small ditch—had already yielded nuggets valued at twelve thousand dollars. The difficulty was to find a place that was not overcrowded. By dint of persevering, however, they finally succeeded in locating a rivulet so far untouched.

Here, in an alder-clad valley, they set up their tents and went to work. Dawn saw them busy filling their pans with gravel and soil from the brook; the stars, shining down, gave them sufficient light to separate the gold flakes from the dirt. They had brought some provisions with them and the three took turns in tramping down to Nugget Bottom to restock their larder. In a short time each of the prospectors had several bags of the gleaming mineral.

They had not struck a rich vein, however, and presently the gold-dust began to diminish in the pans. Each of the three, listening to the tales of returning miners on their visits to Nugget Bottom, had his own view of where to hunt. The American River attracted Slosson, the country around Coloma seemed more desirable to Kettel; Hannibal thought more gold might be found higher up the rivulet by which they had camped.

All over the country men were moving, singly or in twos and threes, each intent on following his own notion of the best stream to work. On an autumn morning Kettel and Slosson packed up their kits and started off for their new goals. Hannibal kept his tent where he had originally pitched it in the valley; he meant to prospect up the brook and would use this place as headquarters.

Day after day he set out at dawn and footed it up the stream, stopping to work his pan every hundred yards or so. To his tent he brought back some gold each night and added it to that in his bags, which he hid in a small hollow in the neighboring hillside. Then one afternoon, as he was climbing along a rocky ledge a mile up the river, his foot slipped; he caught at a bush, but it came away in his hands, and he fell on an out-jutting boulder.

His right foot struck with great force and he came down in a heap, his right leg bent under him. Stabs of pain darted through his right ankle, and when he tried to straighten out the foot and rise the injured ankle hurt prodigiously. He lay still for a time, then tried again. The effort made him gasp. Gingerly he felt along the bones of his lower leg and decided that the ankle bone was cracked, possibly broken.

A pleasant situation, stranded there with a foot he couldn't put any weight on. Above was the ledge, below the stream. He couldn't even crawl back to his tent. There was, however, a road high above him, used by travelers going north from Nugget Bottom.

So he set to work to shout at intervals "Hello! Hello!" in the hope of attracting the attention of some wayfarer.

The sun was setting and Hannibal was wondering whether he could possibly let himself down into the stream and hop on his uninjured foot far enough to find some stick that might serve as a crutch when a voice sounded behind and above him. "Did I hear someone shout?" called the voice, and it seemed to Hannibal the most attractive sound he had ever listened to.

"I can't move; I must have broken my ankle," Hannibal called out.

"Wait till I climb down."

Hannibal turned his head. A little distance up the bank someone was pushing his way through a willow thicket. The stranger came nearer, was now in full view, and Hannibal saw that he was the young Chilean, Luis Montez.

Montez waded through the stream. "So it is the señor I met at the boat landing," he said in his precise English. "And you have broken some bone?"

"I reckon I have," said Hannibal. "My right ankle hurts like the devil whenever I try to move it."

"Is your camp near here?"

"About a mile down the river. But it might as well be a thousand miles if I had to peg it alone."

"You won't have to. We have three good legs between us," said the Chilean with his agreeable smile.

"If I could get a crutch ——"

"We will see," said Montez. "First I will lift you

down. Gently, very gently." He put his arms about Hannibal. "Now rest your weight on my shoulder, so."

Hannibal was surprised at the strength of the young Chilean; he actually managed to carry the New Englander to a grassy slope beyond the ledge of rock.

There, while Hannibal rested on the turf, Luis Montez worked over the damaged foot. With his sheath-knife he slit the heavy leather of Hannibal's boot, and removed both boot and stocking. His fingers were very skillful and his touch almost as light as that of a woman. About the bare, swollen ankle he wound his scarf and made of it a very creditable bandage.

For a crutch he cut the branch of a willow that tapered to a fork. Then he helped Hannibal up to his sound foot and with the aid of the willow stick and Montez' arm the Yankee was able to hobble to the road. With frequent halts, the two went on. It was some time after nightfall before they reached Hannibal's tent on the river-bank.

The Chilean made cold compresses for the wounded foot; he built a fire and boiled coffee, fried bacon, warmed a tin of beans. Hannibal watched him admiringly, thanking his stars for the friendly services of this foreigner with the olive skin and the soft, lucent brown eyes.

After supper they talked, compared notes. Montez had found some gold, but had decided to go back to San Francisco, buy a cradle, and try to discover some other Chileans who would help him work it. "One

NEW ALBION

THEY'S GOLD

A MAP  
SHOWING  
SAN FRANCISCO  
AND THE  
SACRAMENTO VALLEY  
IN THE YEAR  
1849

TOMALE'S  
BAY

REDWOOD FORESTS

NAPA RIVER

A DESERTER FROM THE FORT AT

SAN PABLO  
BAY

SACR

SAN FRANCISCO

DIABOLO  
MTS.

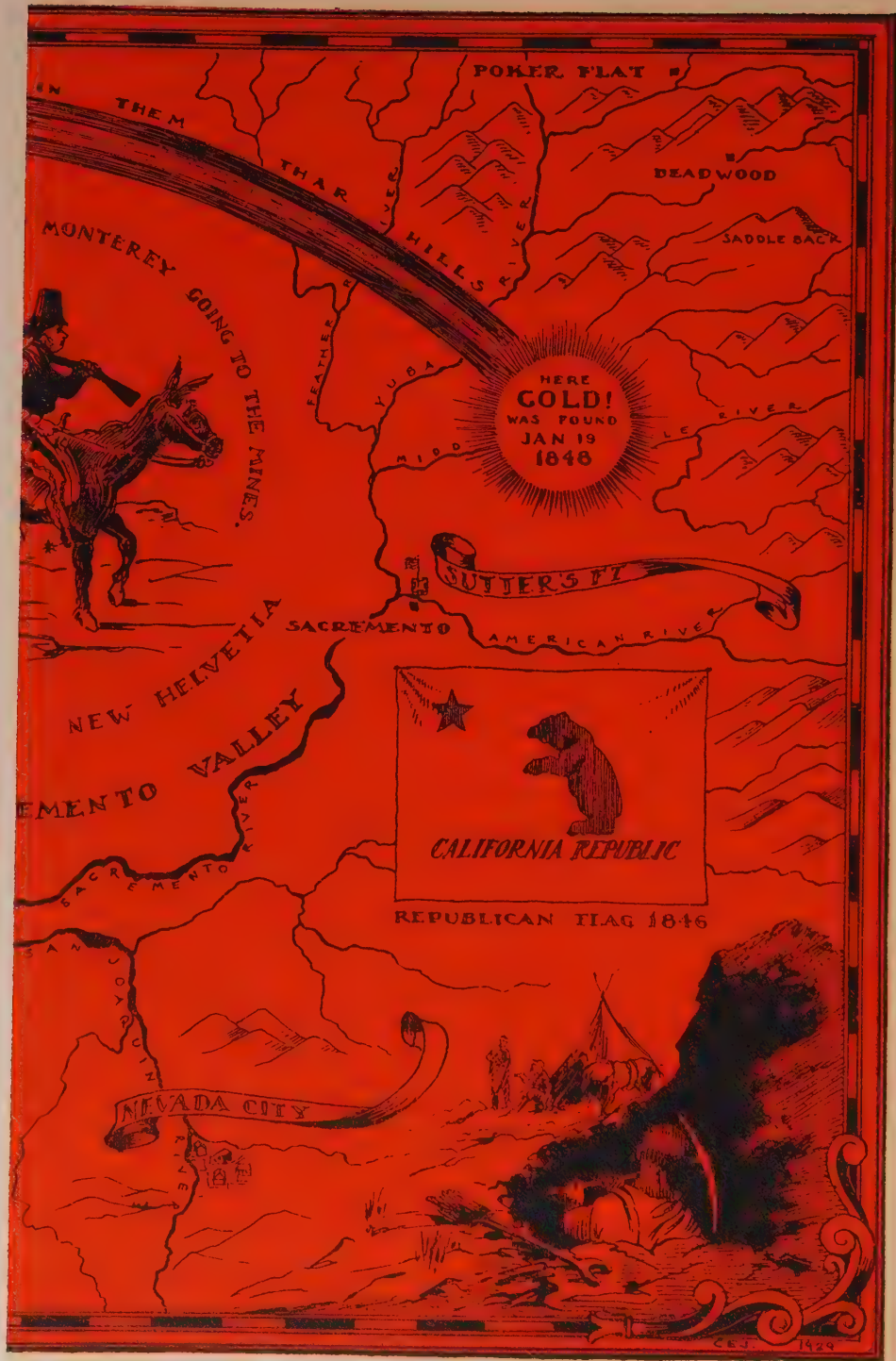
VERBA BUENA

SAN FRANCISCO BAY

STA. CLARA

SAN JOSE





can do little by himself," he said, "and I would not seek to join those who might not want me. The North Americans here, I have found, turn what you call the cold shoulder toward us from the South."

That night Hannibal's foot gave him a good deal of pain. In the morning Montez bandaged it freshly, made a splint for the ankle bone, and insisted that Hannibal should not attempt to move. After breakfast he said: "I might go to Nugget Bottom and try to find a cart that would take you to the boat."

"Nonsense!" retorted Hannibal. "A few days' rest for that pesky ankle and it ought to be as good as ever."

The Chilean shrugged and went to the stream to wash the tin cups and plates they had used. When he came back Hannibal said: "You've been mighty kind to me, Luis; but I oughtn't to keep you here, playing nurse to me. You'll be wanting to get to the city and buy that cradle."

"Do you think I would leave you like this?" Montez looked astonished.

"Well, if you don't mind waiting a few days."

The other smiled. "I am in no haste, Hannibal, my friend."

A few days passed. Hannibal would sit on the shore, his back against an alder, his foot, bound in its splint, propped up on a cushion that Montez had made of a bag stuffed with twigs and leaves. The Chilean would shake a pan filled with gravel from the river, sift the gold-dust from the dross and pour the flakes into a

bottle. At other times they swapped stories of their adventures in their boyhood homes and on the journey to California. Hannibal told of Hosea Burton, the Kentuckian who had been his traveling mate. "Burton's got plenty of hoss-sence," he said; "but think of a fellow that's come all this distance and then takes to selling goods in San Francisco instead of going to the gold-fields."

"This Señor Hosea Burton has opened a store in San Francisco?" Montez asked.

"He said he was planning to. Burton's Emporium, he called it."

So they chatted. Hannibal rested his foot, but the swollen ankle did not appear to improve. Several times in the week Montez urged him to leave the camp and go to the city, where the bone might have proper treatment; but each time Hannibal protested that such a trip was not necessary. "You will not do as I wish," said the other; "yet I speak as a friend. There should be someone who would make you."

Provisions ran low and Montez went to Nugget Bottom for supplies. He brought back the best the place afforded and that night they had a feast. Two days, three days went by. Hannibal was sitting in the sun, watching Montez working the gold-pan in the river, when a heavy foot crunched on the grass. He looked up. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "if it ain't Hosea Burton!"

"Right, the fust time, son. Howdy? That your pal in the water, shaking out the dust?"

"Howdy yourself?" Hannibal grinned. "Yes, that's him. Come ashore, Luis, and shake paws with Mr. Burton."

Montez came up and offered his hand to the tall, stalwart Kentuckian, who looked like a giant beside the slender Chilean youth. "I'm very glad to see you, señor," he said.

"The pleasure's mine, Mr. Luis. I reckon that between us we can tote Hannibal to the wagon I've fetched along."

"How's that?" exclaimed Hannibal. "The wagon? See here, ole hoss, how'd you ever come to locate my diggin's?"

"Well," said Burton, "a feller brought me a letter. It had come by boat down the Sacramento and was addressed to me at Burton's Emporium. The letter said as how you was laid up with a bad leg and ought to have proper treatment, but wouldn't budge. It axed me to come an' git you, and tole me whar you were."

Hannibal looked at Montez. "You sent a letter to him and didn't tell me, Luis?"

"I thought——" stammered the Chilean. "Hannibal, my friend, you wouldn't listen to me, but I thought perhaps you would pay attention to the Señor Burton, who is of your own race."

"An' he is going to pay attention to me," declared the Kentuckian. "You may be stubborn as a mule, ole son, but you're coming along with me to San Francisco, if I have to knock ye on the head an' drag ye thar."

So, with Hannibal's bags of gold-dust and camp-kit,

the three rode to Nugget Bottom and took steamboat down the Sacramento to the city by the sea.

### III

San Francisco, a city of fogs, of winds, of sandhills a blazing ochre in summer, added to its charms a veritable morass of sticky mud in winter. There may not have been as many ships crowding into the harbor as during that first wild rush of the summer of 1849, but the ensuing winter, in spite of chilly rains and enveloping mire, saw quite as much excitement in that amazing city.

Every type of person—from preacher to card sharper, from aristocrat to gutter rat—and of every color, white, brown, yellow, and black, was to be seen in the streets and sitting at the gambling tables. Money changed hands so fast that it was difficult to tell which was rich, which poor; all of them expected to make fabulous fortunes; was this not El Dorado, the Land of Gold?

There were some—a few—who kept their heads and also their money, and among these was Hosea Burton, proprietor of a general store on Montgomery Street, next door but one to the glittering Tontine, where the roulette wheel clicked day and night. At Burton's Emporium anything could be bought, and many a gambler, flushed with luck at the Tontine's tables, fitted himself out at the store with a new suit of clothes of extravagant cut and price.

"There's the real gold-fields," Burton chuckled to

Hannibal, "behind my counter. The gold-dust flows in an' I don't have to use a cradle to sift it neither. What did I tell you, son?"

Hannibal laughed. "It would make the eyes of the Salem merchants pop out of their heads to see the prices you get, Hosea."

This was in the winter. The Yankee, the Kentuckian, and the Chilean had come down the river in the autumn. Burton had comfortable lodgings near his store and had taken Hannibal there. He had found a doctor who knew something of broken bones and had brought him to see his friend. The ankle was properly set, but the healing process was slow. The new year came and Hannibal was still limping about with the aid of a cane.

The foot was practically sound now; Hannibal could wear a boot on it and go to the store, where he clerked for Burton. This pleased him immensely, for he had chafed at the inactivity of so many weeks. When he had first returned to the city Luis Montez had come to see him frequently and the friendship between them had strengthened on acquaintance. Then the Chilean had gone back to the gold-fields and Hannibal, in his enforced idleness, had greatly missed the society of the thoughtful and very intelligent fellow, so different from the matter-of-fact stripe of person he knew. Sometimes Hannibal asked customers at the store, lately returned from the diggings, if they had met Montez, but none of them had.

One day in the spring a young man, with diamonds

gleaming in his shirt and in the rings on his hands, swaggered into the store and demanded of Burton to be shown a sombrero. The proprietor offered him one and the customer put the hat on his pomaded head. "That suits me," he stated. "How much is it?"

"Ten dollars," said Burton.

"Huh!" ejaculated the other, "I'll give you a dollar for it." And, flinging a coin on the counter, he marched, new sombrero on head, toward the street door.

Quick as a flash the Kentuckian snatched up the coin, vaulted over the counter, seized the hat, and flung the man and his money out into the street. Then he bolted the door and came over to Hannibal, who had watched him in amazement. "Know who that fellow is? He's Butch McClintock, the worst skunk in this here town. I could tell you tales of him."

"I've heard of him," Hannibal said.

"Yes, and no good of him either. He's one of the leaders of this band that call themselves the Hounds, or the San Francisco Society of Regulators. Regulators!" Burton jeered. "They're ornery thieves and bullies!"

So was Hannibal introduced to a new element in the city. The Hounds had headquarters in a large tent on Kearney Street and from there they went forth to drink whiskey in Sydney Town at the notorious dives of the Boar's Head, the Tam O'Shanter, or the Magpie. From these places after nightfall they trooped out to terrorize and pillage. They proclaimed themselves an

association to protect the weak against the strong, but actually they held up any they encountered and stripped them of their money. The city had no police force, and a band of ruffians, organized and well armed, could do about as they pleased.

Honest citizens growled, but were too busy with their own affairs to drive out the Hounds. Every man must look out for himself: that was the motto of San Francisco. A wise man didn't go at night in those shadowy purlieus where the Regulators prowled.

On a morning there came into Burton's store a South American fresh from the gold-fields. After selling him a pair of hob-nailed boots Hannibal asked if he had seen anything of a young Chilean named Montez.

"Luis Montez? Ah, yes, señor. I came down the river with him. He is at the tents of his countrymen outside the city to the south."

The news pleased Hannibal. His foot was as strong as ever now and he was about ready to make another venture at hunting gold. He would very much like to have Montez as his partner. After supper that night he said to Burton: "I heard to-day that Luis has returned to the Chilean settlement. I'm going over to see him. Maybe he's struck it rich."

"You're not going alone," said Burton.

"Oh, I'll have my pistol along."

"Well, I'll stretch my legs out there with you," said the Kentuckian. "I'd like to see Luis myself."

Portsmouth Square, where the Plaza was the centre of the city, was as busy as ever when Hannibal and his

friend set out. Music blared from the doors of the El Dorado gambling palace and through the windows crowds could be seen at the monte and roulette tables. When, however, the two left that central section, they came into regions unlit except by the stars, where the streets were lined with great piles of rubbish through which mongrel dogs chased scavenger rats.

These slums were dank and noisome. Beyond them was comparatively open country and then the hillsides where the tent colony of foreigners—mostly Chileans, Peruvians, and Mexicans—rose tier on tier above the city. Asking questions of several South Americans they met, Hannibal and Burton pursued their search for Montez to the south of the camp where a number of cabins nestled among the trees. At the door of one of these they found Luis, who was delighted to see them. He invited them in and offered them such refreshment as his cupboard could afford.

"The ankle is entirely well now, Hannibal?" Montez asked.

"As good as new, Luis. What luck did you have with the cradle and rocker you took to the diggings?"

"They are much better than the pan. I brought back all the nuggets I could manage to carry. To-morrow I will go down to Burton's Emporium and spend some of the gold on new garments to replace these rags."

Hannibal laughed. "So more of the nuggets will find their way into Hosea's pockets. He's a wise old owl. But I've got the itch again, Luis. I'm going up

the Sacramento in a day or two, and I thought maybe you and I might try it this time as pardners."

"That would give me much pleasure," said the Chilean. "I have in mind to dig in a little stream east of where you camped before." He took from his pocket a rough map he had made and by the light of a candle pointed out the topography of the region he wanted to prospect.

While the three were talking, noises—louder than the wind in the trees—reached their ears. They listened, went to the door, looked out toward the tent colony on the hillside. Mists from the sea dimmed the starlight. They could, however, distinctly hear a babel of sounds, shouts, cries, screams, then the discharge of a firearm.

"Something's broke loose!" exclaimed Burton. "I'm going to see."

Pistol in hand, he started off on a run, Hannibal and Montez behind him.

They were above the huddle of camps and now could see what was happening. The Hounds were out on a marauding expedition; they were "regulating" the foreigners, and were doing it thoroughly. The tents of Chileans, Peruvians, Mexicans, of all on the hillside, were being torn down and their owners plundered of their bags of gold and everything else of value. The Hounds were pelting the aliens with brickbats and stones, firing off their guns and yelling like a band of Indians on the war-path. Some of the foreigners were fleeing to the brush for shelter, some were dashing down hill to refuge in the city. The Hounds were pur-

suing, shooting, and more than one of the fugitives, struck by a bullet, stumbled and fell.

On an upper slope Burton, Hannibal and Montez came to a place where a half-dozen of the Hounds were standing at the fringe of a clearing in front of a log-cabin. They were calling on those within to come out. From the cabin came the cries of frightened women. "Ah," snarled Burton, "here's Butch McClintock!" and added a few forceful, uncomplimentary epithets.

"I know those here," said Montez. "They are from Valparaiso; a couple of miners with their wives and children."

Burton stepped forth. "McClintock," he said, "you leave these fellows and their families alone. There's women and youngsters in that cabin."

"It's old hoss Burton," jeered McClintock. "You go back to your store and don't mix up in my business. We're regulatin' the foreigners an' teachin' 'em manners."

"And I'm taking them to San Francisco," was the Kentuckian's retort as he walked across the clearing toward the cabin.

McClintock jerked his arm up; but Burton, experienced backwoodsman that he was, fired first, and the leader of the Hounds dropped where he stood.

"Come on, boys," Burton said to Hannibal and Montez.

Another of the Regulators crooked his elbow, but Hannibal lodged a bullet in the man's right wrist.

Now Montez was at the cabin door, speaking to his friends inside.

The door opened and out came the two Chilean miners with their women and children and hurried across to the woods, while Burton and Hannibal and Montez watched the desperadoes for sign of a lifted gun.

"You're a passel of skunks, an' that's hard on the skunks," said the Kentuckian to McClintock's men. "I've a hankering to shoot you; jest move your arm up an inch and by golly, I will!"

No one tempted him; and then, walking backward, their pistols covering the group, the three withdrew to the brush and trees where the Chileans were sheltered.

Into the city, late that night, Burton and his friends brought the two families they had rescued. There they, with a score or more others who had fled from the tent colony, were cared for by decent citizens. "Looks to me," said the Kentuckian to Hannibal as he pulled off his boots preparatory to going to bed, "as if we San Franciscans had got to regulate the Regulators for the sake of business. Can't have this sort o' thing goin' on, or we'll have all our foreign customers troopin' off to Sacramento."

#### IV

The respectable population of San Francisco rose to the occasion next morning. The Alcalde—by which Spanish title the chief official of the city was called—issued a proclamation summoning the citizens to a

mass-meeting that afternoon in the Plaza. For a wonder the bar-rooms and gambling palaces were empty of their customary throngs; the shops and mercantile houses discontinued business; everyone was outdoors, vowing vengeance on the infamous desperadoes who had plundered the South American encampment.

The Plaza was crowded; there were men in serapes, cloaks, pea-jackets, flannel shirts; in sombreros, coon-skin caps, high silk hats; in long-legged boots with colored tops; in belts and sashes that carried an arsenal of weapons. Hosea Burton and Hannibal Wade were there, and they heard prominent citizens make speeches denouncing the Hounds for their many crimes. A subscription was taken up for the benefit of the wounded and despoiled foreigners and then volunteers were enrolled as constables to clean out the desperadoes. Burton and Hannibal volunteered for this police duty.

In a day or two most of the Hounds were rounded up. Some were imprisoned in a United States ship in the harbor; others were sent out of the country, with strict orders not to come back. A vigilance committee was organized, the first of those bands of Californians that later became famous under the name of the Vigilantes.

When order had been restored Hannibal and Luis Montez went again to the gold-fields. Through the summer they prospected in various places and with varying fortunes. They were industrious and fared better than most. In the autumn they returned with their well-filled bags to the city. Each of them by now,

adding these new nuggets to what they had brought in before, was possessed of a very satisfactory pile of gold.

A ship was sailing for Valparaiso and Montez decided that he would rather see his home than adventure further in the north. He might come to San Francisco again, he said; if he did his dearest wish would be to find his friend Hannibal there.

After they had seen the Chilean aboard his vessel Hannibal and the Kentuckian strolled back to Burton's Emporium. The general store, begun in a canvas tent, was now housed in a large frame building, flanked by warehouses stocked with merchandise. Burton had a number of clerks; he was making money hand over fist. With pride he related to Hannibal his profits of the past year.

Later, when they sat at supper, Burton said: "I ain't saying, son, that there ain't millions yet to be dug from the gold-fields. But the first rush is about over. California's goin' to settle down. There's cities to be built and farms to be cultivated. Maybe some day there'll be a railroad to tie us up with the East. Nuggets ain't the only thing to be found in this land. The diggin's may peter out, but there'll be money to be made in plenty of other ways."

"Lots of it in merchandising," Hannibal laughed.

His friend nodded. "More than there is in diggin', take it by an' large. How about it, Hannibal? You've been to the gold-fields twice, an' I'll say you've done a heap better than most of the prospectors. You've held on to what you've found, not gambled it away at the

tables. But if you want to stake on a sure thing come in with me an' be a San Francisco merchant."

"I'm tempted," Hannibal admitted.

A day or two afterwards he saw a clipper ship sail into the harbor and, going down to the wharf, found that she was the *Nightingale*, of Salem, Massachusetts. The sight of her, the sound of the Yankee voices of her master and men, made him homesick. For several days the mood was on him, then he said to Burton: "I'm going back home on the clipper, Hosea. It's a long way, and when I thought of going before the overland trail sort of stumped me. But the sea trail is different; it's just ocean, without any mountains and deserts and prairies. And I've always loved the ocean. I can afford to pay my way as a cabin passenger and have enough left over to surprise the folks in Salem."

"You're right, son," agreed Burton. "It's proper to look in on the folks at home an' tell 'em what you've been doing." He reflected a few minutes. "An' say, I've been wantin' to find a trustworthy agent to buy goods for me in the East an' bring 'em out here by ship."

"I'll buy the goods for you," said Hannibal, "but I won't promise to fetch 'em here personally."

"Oh, you'll be coming back," Burton said confidently. "The old farm in New England won't size up to your notion of El Dorado."

Hannibal sailed on the *Nightingale* and spent the winter in Salem. He bought goods for Burton and saw them loaded on fast clippers bound for Pacific

ports. In the spring restlessness was on him; on the wharves passengers outward bound were singing "Oh! Susannah!" The spirit of the Forty-Niners was again in the air; Hannibal pictured the Plaza of San Francisco with its brilliant-colored crowds, the bands, the gambling-houses, Burton's Emporium, Hosea himself, dryly humorous as he amassed a fortune. He wanted to see Hosea, possibly he might also see Luis Montez. Yes, he wanted to grow up with that city that was like one of the marvels, sprung up between dusk and daylight, of the Arabian Nights.

So he boarded a clipper and again rounded the Horn, this time westward. Said Burton when Hannibal arrived: "Howdy, pardner! I reckoned you'd be gittin' here some time this summer. I'm goin' to put up a second store an' you're to have charge."





VII  
KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

*Washington*

1861



VII

KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

*Washington - 1861*

I

THE city on the Potomac—where the founders of the Republic had located the national capital midway between the northern and the southern borders of the original thirteen states—was bathed in the warm sunshine of a cloudless April day. From the fields of Virginia came a fragrant breeze, so pleasant that Matthias Tucker, tired with his morning's labors, sat down on the Washington shore of the stream, took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his long chestnut-brown hair.

Peace and quiet lay all around. What a contrast, Matthias thought, to the restlessness of men this spring of 1861. He had come to Washington the previous autumn, and ever since then the nation's capital and the whole country had been seething with excitement, had listened to the wildest rumors, and witnessed the most amazing events. In November the voters had elected as President of the United States the lawyer from Springfield, Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, popularly known as the "Rail-splitter." He was President now; Matthias had been in the crowds on Pennsylvania Av-

enue on the Fourth of March, when Lincoln had ridden in a carriage to the Capitol to take the oath of office. There had never been another inauguration like that, old-timers had said. All sorts of precautions had been taken to safeguard the incoming President from bullet, hand-grenade or bomb. Troops had lined the thoroughfare and looked down from the housetops, infantry and cavalry had escorted Lincoln's carriage. A covered passage of thick boards had been built to protect him on his walk to the Senate wing of the Capitol.

Matthias had seen Lincoln that day, had seen him several times since; the tall, rather awkward figure, loose-jointed and shambling; the dome-like head, with its crown of thick black hair, deep-set eyes, firm nose and chin, large mouth and heavy lower lip; the disproportionately long arms and legs with big hands and feet. What he chiefly remembered were the grey eyes, steadfast and penetrating, sagacious and tender; wonderful eyes that seemed to illumine and make beautiful the rugged, homely face.

What a situation had confronted this man when he took the oath of office! In the interval between his election and inauguration the pot of sedition had boiled over, the fires that had been so long smouldering between the slave-holding Southern states and their free-soil Northern sisters had burst into flames. Seven Southern states had broken the bonds that bound them to the Union, and delegates from six of them had met in Montgomery, Alabama, in February, 1861, and there had adopted a provisional Constitution for the Con-

federate States of America and had elected Jefferson Davis as provisional President.

The South had seceded from the Union. What would Lincoln do? Could he bring the rebellious states back into the fold? Would he let them go? In his inaugural speech he had promised to hold, occupy and possess all the places and property belonging to the United States. Could he do it without open warfare? The answer was not long in forthcoming; a shell rose from a mortar on Morris Island, off Charleston, South Carolina, on the morning of April twelfth, 1861, and the Confederates began the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor.

The next day the Union forces surrendered Fort Sumter, and two days afterwards President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers. Matthias Tucker had been in the throngs that had milled through the streets of Washington that April night.

He had seen the first troops arrive, men from Pennsylvania: the Ringgold Artillery of Reading, the National Light Infantry of Pottsville, the Washington Artillery of Pottsville, the Allen Infantry of Allentown, the Logan Guards of Lewiston. They had come to Washington so promptly that there were no barracks ready for them, and therefore they had been quartered in the chamber of the House of Representatives. There were wild rumors afloat of mobs in Baltimore opposing the passage of troops through that city; then the stories were verified. A regiment from Massachusetts had been greeted with showers of cobblestones by a Balti-

more rabble, pistols had been fired at them, and they had had to fight their way with drawn revolvers to the railroad depot. Now the Senate Chamber was filled with the New England soldiers and from chandeliers and wall-brackets hung knapsacks, belts, cartridge boxes and bayonet scabbards.

The Union troops had retired from Harper's Ferry and its arsenal; railroad bridges had been burned and telegraph wires cut; General Robert E. Lee, who many thought would be appointed to command the Northern Army, had offered his services to his native state and been made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of Virginia. Each day had brought surprising news; every hour of that spring had seemed to Matthias Tucker fraught with great events. He had worked in Jackson's printing-shop, where he had been employed ever since he had come to Washington, but he had worked for the most part with thoughts far removed from the day's routine.

Matthias' father, Joseph Tucker, had farmed a few acres on the northern shore of the Potomac. He had been a widower for a year when a friend in the city had proposed a partnership in the latter's Washington market. Joseph, lonely and ambitious for his only child, had accepted the invitation, and the Tuckers had moved to town. They had a room in a small boarding-house off Pennsylvania Avenue; now Matthias had the room to himself, for his father had been among the first to volunteer for service and was already in camp.

Matthias was eighteen; a thin, scrawny fellow with a

pale, freckled face. When a child, he had been thrown from a horse and his right leg broken; ever since he had walked with a limp. They wouldn't take him for a soldier when he offered himself; a soldier must be able to march long hours and that it was quite evident Matthias couldn't do.

His thoughts were restless as he sat on the river bank, where all nature seemed so quiet. Yonder was the White House, where dwelt the tall, gaunt man on whose shoulders were imposed the destinies of the nation. He wondered about Abraham Lincoln: what manner of man was he? How wise, how far-seeing, how indomitable?

Still thinking of Lincoln, he rose and walked, dragging his right foot slightly, back to the printing-shop on Pennsylvania Avenue. He was setting type for a hardware catalogue and the customer was in a hurry. Not until seven o'clock was the work finished and he free to wash his hands, put on his coat, and go home to see if Mrs. Adamson would give him a late supper.

As he came out at the shop door he encountered one of those groups that were to be found nowadays everywhere on the city pavements. Three men were talking excitedly of the national situation. Had the South the right to secede? Were the Northern states sufficiently strong to impose their will by arms?

Matthias stopped. Many times as he had heard these questions debated, they always seemed new and vital, worth thrashing out again. The three orators were holding forth with utmost vehemence; not quiet per-

suasion or argument was the custom of that day, but downright statement, backed up by the pummeling of fist in palm or the shaking of finger under nose.

Then said one in a loud voice that carried clearly to Matthias: "Abe Lincoln's licked before he's started! He's only a stuffed scarecrow!"

"What if he is?" stormed another. "There's those behind him'll make him fight!"

"Fight!" jeered the first one. "He'll lay down and let any who's got a mind to walk all over him. I know what I'm talking about. The darn rail-splitter! We want a man, not a long-necked turkey cock!"

"Mr. Lincoln is a man," said Matthias. "And it doesn't help things at all for people to sling mud at him."

The fiery orator turned to the low-voiced speaker. "Who's asking your opinion, you young cub?"

"I'm volunteering it," smiled Matthias, "because I see you need correct information."

"Need ——!" The man exploded. "Here you, get along! Are you one of Lincoln's spies?"

"No," said Matthias, his pale face flushing. "Do you think President Lincoln has spies nosing around to hear what people say?"

"He's the sort that would use spies," said the other, and, evidently feeling that the situation required stronger action on his part, he advanced on Matthias and waggled his forefinger in the latter's face. "If you want to know my views on Abe Lincoln ——"

"I don't," responded Matthias.

"Well, I'll give 'em to you anyhow ——"

Matthias put his hands to his ears and turned his shoulder.

"Here you ——" The other boiled over. He clapped his hand on Matthias' arm.

"Get away!" cried Matthias, swinging about.

Instead the man tightened his hand-grip. Matthias struck with his free fist. There was a brief tussle; but the man had all the advantage of strength and weight, and the young fellow was shortly hurled backward and came down to the pavement, his crippled leg doubled under him.

His assailant, perhaps now feeling ashamed of his performance, slouched away, followed by the other two men. Matthias cautiously sat up; his leg pained him considerably. Looking around, he saw that a phaeton had drawn up at the curb and that a stranger, an elderly man in black broadcloth coat, had descended and was walking toward him.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the stranger solicitously. "I saw that blackguard light into you."

"Not very much hurt," said Matthias. "I reckon I can hobble to Mrs. Adamson's boarding-house. Though whether she'll give me any supper at this time of night is another matter." Looking up into the stranger's friendly eyes, he felt impelled to add: "You see, sir, that man was saying things about President Lincoln that riled me good and proper."

"That's why you spoke up to the blackguard? Well, well, now. First thing is to get on to your feet." The

stranger helped Matthias to rise. "So far so good. And now suppose you step into my carriage."

"Oh, I can walk to my boarding-house."

"Please do as I say," urged the stranger.

The gentleman's manner was so kind that Matthias without further argument took a seat in the phaeton. The other sat down beside him. "Drive home, Ben," he said to the negro who held the reins. To Matthias he added, "We'll settle the question of supper by having it at my house."

Presently he asked Matthias his name, and when the latter told him the gentleman responded by stating that he was Randolph Abbott, a retired lawyer. Through the April twilight they drove to a house on Ninth Street. When they halted there Mr. Abbott said to his coachman, "Come back about nine o'clock, Ben, to take Mr. Tucker home."

The house had a Georgian portico and a handsome flagged hall. In the back parlor a soft coal fire was burning in the grate. The furniture was Chippendale, the carpet was green Brussels; green also were the velvet draperies at the windows; on the mantel was a black marble clock in a glass cover and to either side was a Dresden china group of shepherds and shepherdesses herding sheep.

"Pray sit down," said Mr. Abbott. "Supper will be ready shortly." He left the room and Matthias luxuriated in the deep recesses of a thick upholstered chair.

When the host returned he led his guest to the dining

room, where the table was set for two. Matthias smiled as the negro butler served him with a plate of creamed tomato soup; this was better than anything encountered at Mrs. Adamson's board.

Course followed course, and the host, seeing with what an appetite his young guest attacked the food, forbore to ask him questions. But when dessert had been finished he smiled across the table and remarked, "So you admire our new President, do you, my lad?"

"I think that if any man can save the Union, Mr. Lincoln can," asserted Matthias.

"And what makes you think that? Do you know him well?"

"No. I've only seen him a few times; but he seems to me very wise and very patient and very positive. I've read his speeches."

"His speeches have the right ring," Mr. Abbott agreed. "I myself think him the man to save the situation, if it may be saved."

"That can only be done," declared Matthias, "if the people of the Union stand solidly behind him. And that's why it maddens me to hear men like that one tonight speak slurringly of Lincoln."

"Yes," said Mr. Abbott, "we ought all to stand together." He added with a sigh, "I'm too old to carry a musket."

"I volunteered," said Matthias; "but they wouldn't take me because of my crippled right leg. My father's in the army; he's gone to camp."

"And what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"I work for Jackson, the printer. I tell you, sir, it's hard to have to set type all day when you want to do something for the country. But what can a fellow do if he can't carry a gun?" He added whimsically, "Besides speaking up for Lincoln and getting knocked down?"

"There might be things," mused Mr. Abbott. He fingered the heavy gold watchchain that stretched across his waistcoat.

Matthias' pale face suddenly glowed. "Do you know what I've been doing, sir, in the evenings this week? I've been writing out short speeches, trying to put into words the importance of everybody backing up Abraham Lincoln, sticking by him through thick and thin." Then the glow faded. "But what's the good of doing that? I don't have to convince myself, and nobody else reads them."

"It might help if they did," said Mr. Abbott. "You know, Matthias, there's a great deal of inspiration in the printed word."

"But they're not printed, sir. All we print at Jackson's shop is regular trade jobs."

"They might be printed, however," smiled the other. He was silent for a few minutes. "I've been wishing, as you have, that I could do something to help hold up the President's hands. This may be one thing I could do; to be your partner in writing and circulating a weekly paper—a Lincoln paper—here in Washington."

Matthias stared. "Do you mean it, sir? It would cost a lot of money."

"I have plenty. You know something about printing. Yes, I like the idea. You and I will write, you will print, and we'll hope that people will read."

Matthias laughed in his excitement. "We'll keep a light burning! Yes, Mr. Abbott, we will! 'The Beacon'—how's that for a title?"

"Excellent, Matthias." The lawyer lifted his glass. "Here's to you, my boy,—to the keeper of the light!"

## II

Randolph Abbott was as good as his word. He secured the use of a small printing shop on the outskirts of the city for one day each week and there Matthias Tucker, with the assistance of an ancient Irishman, set up and printed his weekly issue of the *Beacon*. The lawyer paid Matthias a salary somewhat larger than Jackson had, and all the expenses of the new enterprise; he also wrote some of the articles that appeared in the small four page paper and sometimes corrected Matthias' copy. This work gave him the satisfaction of feeling that he was contributing, if only in a very limited degree, to furthering the Union cause in which he so ardently believed.

The *Beacon* printed news of the national situation, but most of the paper was devoted to ringing appeals to support President Lincoln. Sometimes extracts were given from speeches of public men who championed the nation's leader; sometimes—to lighten the tenor of the pages—there were humorous stories

and aphorisms patterned on the shrewd sayings of Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The paper was distributed broadcast by a band of boys, who stuck it under housedoors, stacked it on the counters of shops, handed it to passers-by on the streets. Some readers scoffed at it, some laughed; but there were others who found in it sustenance for their own eager hopes.

There was need of such sustenance, for clouds hung heavy in the skies of Washington. In May, Union troops crossed the Potomac and occupied Arlington Heights and Alexandria. Then for weeks the army of the North under McDowell and that of the South under Beauregard faced each other without making any movement to advance. In the Northern cities, however, the public was clamoring for action, and therefore, in July, Lincoln felt constrained to give the order to attack. There followed the battle of Bull Run, and by nightfall on July twenty-first the Union soldiers were flying from a lost field.

In the early dawn of the next day a horde of uniformed men poured across the Long Bridge over the Potomac into Washington. They were hungry, footsore, and disheartened; many, completely exhausted by twenty-four hours of marching, fighting, and retreating, threw themselves down on doorsteps, under trees, beside fences, and fell asleep in the drenching rain. Matthias and others labored from dawn to dusk that day; tables were set on the sidewalks and soup, coffee, and bread were served out to the famished soldiers. Would the Rebels pursue the Union troops into the

city? Everywhere that question was asked. Then spread the news that the Confederates had given over the chase, and Washington breathed more freely.

Throughout the North was now uneasiness, discontent, gloom; and these feelings were felt most strongly in the capital of the country. The city was crowded with strangers, some there on legitimate business, others, however, greedy contractors and speculators who thought to make fortunes from the nation's need. Volunteers streamed in by the thousands and loafed about the streets while officers argued and wrangled in hotels. General McClellan was appointed to command the Grand Army of the Potomac, but he found not an organized army, instead a jumble of regiments camped along the river, some utterly raw and undisciplined, others dispirited by Bull Run's defeat.

Through that summer and autumn, while men grumbled, criticized, and doubted if the Union could be preserved, the *Beacon* was in truth a light that shone in darkness. Matthias wrote feverishly such words as he could imagine himself speaking to wavering crowds in the marketplace. This was no time to doubt or draw back; those who believed in the Union must stand shoulder to shoulder and march unfalteringly behind their standard bearer.

On an October day Mr. Abbott said to Matthias: "I was talking with one of the President's secretaries recently and I asked him if he had ever seen a copy of the *Beacon*. To my surprise he told me that everyone in the White House, including Mr. Lincoln him-

self, read and enjoyed the paper. To-day I had a note from him saying that the President would like to talk with the editor to-morrow afternoon promptly at five o'clock."

"You'll tell him what we're trying to do, sir?" Matthias asked eagerly.

"You'll tell him yourself. You're the editor; they're your words he's been reading."

"We'll both go then."

The lawyer smiled. "No, he wants to see the editor. I've a notion he'd prefer to talk with Matthias Tucker alone."

The note from the President's secretary had contained a card directing the sentries and doorkeepers to admit the bearer to the White House. Armed with this, Matthias presented himself at the portal the next afternoon, was escorted up the stairs to the second floor, and shown into the large room that served as Mr. Lincoln's office. The President was not there at the moment, and Matthias looked about him, at the long oak Cabinet table, the shabby sofas, the maps and portraits on the walls. Crossing to one of the south windows, he gazed out at the half-finished Washington Monument, at the glistening Potomac and the reddish-brown Virginia hills.

Hearing a step, he turned. A lean, lanky figure had entered; from under wide brows deep eyes were regarding him intently and half-humorously.

"How d' you do?" said the President and held out his large hand. "You write the *Beacon*, don't you?"

Matthias took the hand. "Mr. Abbott and I do, sir. My name is Tucker."

"First name is ——"

"Matthias, sir."

"A good solid name. D' you mind if I call you Matt?"

"I'd be glad if you would, sir."

"Sit down." The President walked to the marble fireplace, stirred the logs on the andirons with his foot, turned about and stood with his back to the brass fender, his hands clasped under his coat-tails.

"I've always been interested in newspapers," said Lincoln in the drawling tone so characteristic of the ruminative, joke-loving man. "They can do a might of harm or good. Lots of people think because they see a thing in print that it must be true; they swallow it whole, hook, line, and sinker. That gives them indigestion, Matt; and that's bad for the body politic just as it is for the human body."

Matthias smiled. At the President's invitation he had seated himself and was now looking at the tall man with deeply interested eyes.

"Your paper does me a lot of good," Lincoln continued. "When I read it I feel as if I were listening to the talk of a friend, a young friend, someone who hadn't acquired the habit of weighing all his words. How old are you, Matt?"

"Eighteen, sir." Impulsively he added: "They wouldn't take me as a soldier because of my lame leg, but my father's joined the army."

"And so you lighted the *Beacon*, eh?" Lincoln looked through the window at the rising shaft of the column to Washington. "Beacon is a good name. What is it Shakespeare says? 'How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.' Fine words those, Matt, fine words! Those little tapers,—affection, trust, friendship,—I know there are many of them shining in homes throughout the land these dark days; but I forget them sometimes in the press of the day's affairs. We must always hold to them and give thanks to those who keep them lighted. That's why I asked you to come here, so that I could thank you personally."

"Why, sir," stammered Matthias, "I never dreamed that what I printed in the paper would be read by you. I wanted to urge people to have faith that whatever you did was the right thing to do."

The President laughed and lifted his shoulders, which were somewhat stooped. "That's the risk an editor runs," he chuckled; "that his words may be read by people who weren't intended to see them. Throw them into the air and they echo back from the strangest places." Then he sobered. "I mayn't always do the right thing, Matt, but I try to do the thing that seems right to me at the time. There's a vast difference, of course, as I've often found out."

"But we've got to stand by your decisions, sir. The country's got to have one leader."

Lincoln nodded. "One would think that was commonsense, wouldn't one? Yet you'd be surprised how

many of my advisers, yes, and of my generals, think otherwise." He shook his head, unclasped his hands, walked over to the south window and back again. "I try to put discords from my mind; they do no good and only weaken one's resolution." Again his smile shone forth, winning, almost youthful. "And that's another reason why I asked you to come here, so I could chat for a few minutes with a fellow who had no ax to grind, but thought about everything as I do."

Matthias could not keep from laughing; the President's humor was infectious. "Well, Mr. Lincoln," he said, "I do think that way, sir."

"Keep on thinking so, and keep on coming here. I'll give word that they're to let you in and we'll take a little time from our work now and then to walk in the White House gardens; I like to walk there at night. And if I hear a good story I'll tell it to you for the paper. Mustn't make the *Beacon* all serious, Matt. But you don't; I've laughed over some of the jokes you've printed. A laugh's a great help in making people swallow tonic; wise old Ben Franklin understood that." The big hand rested for a moment on Matthias' shoulder. "Much obliged to you for coming here; I'll tell Mrs. Lincoln and the boys about meeting Editor Matt Tucker."

Matthias went out from the White House with a new mental picture of the President and a great wonder that this man, so beset with mighty problems, could be so simple and friendly as Lincoln had shown himself to a stranger.

In those autumn days of 1861 Matthias heard a great deal about General McClellan's wonderful ability as an organizer of the army. The green recruits were being drilled, molded into the Army of the Potomac, made ready to march against the enemy; but week after week passed, and they did not march. Matthias grew impatient. Would McClellan never move? Then, with the first of November, news went through the streets that McClellan had informed the President he was about to make a strong reconnaissance up the Potomac toward Leesburg.

Washington was agog with excitement. What was happening on the rain-soaked Virginia fields? Reports came in; Leesburg had not been taken, but there had been an engagement at Ball's Bluff in which forty-nine Union soldiers had been killed and two hundred wounded and captured. McClellan had withdrawn his army; he intended to resume his old policy of waiting. Citizens might fume, the President expostulate; McClellan would make no move until it suited him to do so.

Matthias heard presently that Joseph Tucker had been missing since the fight at Ball's Bluff. He was not among the wounded. Where was he then? A prisoner perhaps of the enemy? Matthias, his thoughts full of his father, wrote of the urgent need of pressing on to Richmond, but forbore to criticize McClellan for his dilatory tactics. He was rewarded for that forbearance the next time he saw Lincoln. Now and then, of a clear, starlit night, he would enter the White

House grounds—where the guards all knew him personally—and walk into the garden; there sometimes the President would join him and throw off the cares of his office by chatting with his young friend.

“You curbed your pen, Matt,” said Lincoln, ruffling his thick hair the better to enjoy the cold, frosty air, “and that’s a harder job than to curb a horse. I’ve tried both. Talk of checking a mustang! I have to put the bit on my pen a hundred times a day, and bridle my tongue a thousand. The things I’d like to say to General McClellan! But no, that wouldn’t do. I put him in command to tackle this job in his own way, same as the people put me in the White House to tackle the government.”

Up and down the garden path they walked, Lincoln, with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes on the sea of stars, Matthias pacing beside him, the quiet, affectionate friend with no ax to grind, no protest to make. “I’m fond of McClellan,” the tall man mused. “He’s able, and above all he’s thoroughly honest; but sometimes I do wish I knew a way to make him jump. Tie a bunch of firecrackers to his coat-tails? How about that, Matt?”

Matthias laughed. He knew how greatly the President valued these strolls in the garden as an opportunity to relax and forget the war. “You’d have to make them cannon-crackers, sir, and even then he might think that shooting was going on behind him and refuse to run.”

Lincoln grinned. “That reminds me of what hap-

pened one Fourth of July in Gentryville when I was a boy." Now he was off on his stories and for half an hour he told yarns with the inimitable dry humor of the lounging gossips at a country store.

"You might put that last one in the *Beacon*, Matt," he chuckled; "but for goodness' sake, don't say I told it to you. Mrs. Lincoln wouldn't think it dignified, and neither would some of the solemn gentlemen of the Cabinet. But I reckon most readers would like it; they're pretty much akin—even in Washington—to the old Gentryville crowd at the post-office."

Winter; and while McClellan sat on the Potomac and would not budge news came from other fields. Union naval forces were achieving results; Hatteras and Port Royal were captured and a blockade of the Southern coast commenced. In the West armies were afield. Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland fell to Union soldiers and a general by the name of Grant was mentioned conspicuously in dispatches. In March the little armor-plated *Monitor*, with its wonderful revolving gun turret, steamed into Hampton Roads and played the rôle of David to the Goliath of the Confederacy's steel-clad *Merrimac*.

Farragut ran the gauntlet of the forts on the lower Mississippi and New Orleans was evacuated. Union troops occupied Nashville. In April McClellan set his legions in motion and won his way to a position only three miles from Richmond. Washington became more confident; the long winter was over and the sum-

mer of 1862 was finding Union armies gradually winning the upper hand.

Matthias, on a July night, was writing at his table in Mrs. Adamson's boarding-house when the door was suddenly pushed open and a haggard, bearded man in the uniform of a Union soldier came into the room. "Matt!" he cried. Instantly Matthias was on his feet; then his arms were flung around the other. "Dad!" he exclaimed. "Why, Dad!" and hugged the soldier with bear-like grip.

Joseph Tucker presently sat down. "I was captured at Ball's Bluff," he said, "and I've been in Libby Prison, in Richmond. Last week they exchanged a lot of us for Johnny Rebs. I got a bullet in the left leg, but the wound's pretty well healed."

On he talked of his experiences, and at length asked: "How about you, Matt? Are you still at Jackson's shop?"

Matthias told him of the *Beacon*, of his meetings with President Lincoln. Joseph Tucker was greatly interested; pride in this son of his glowed in his haggard face. For an hour they talked; then the father unbuttoned his coat and took a tattered sheet of paper from an inner pocket. "Here's something you might print in the *Beacon*, son," he said, opening the paper. "Some of the Northern newspapers were smuggled into Libby Prison and one of them had these verses. We all liked them and used to sing them when the sentries weren't 'round. They go first rate to the tune of 'John Brown's Body.'" He handed the sheet to

Matthias. "' Battle Hymn of the Republic ' is what the poem is called."

Matthias took the paper and read. When he had finished he said: "Dad, it's a wonderful poem! ' Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord! ' Yes, yes, the whole country must read it. I'll run it on the front page of the *Beacon* and I'm going to take a copy to-morrow to show President Lincoln! "

### III

With a copy of the new issue of the *Beacon*—still damp from the printing-press—Matthias went to the White House the following evening. There a door-keeper told him that Mr. Lincoln's family had moved out to the Soldiers' Home, four miles north of Washington, to escape the humid heat of the city, and that the President had gone there to spend the night. Matthias looked so much disappointed that the doorkeeper volunteered a suggestion. "Mr. Lincoln's secretary, Mr. Hay, is going to drive out there with some dispatches, and perhaps he'll take you with him. Here he comes now."

John Hay was well acquainted with Matthias and invited the latter to accompany him. In a carriage from the White House stables they made the journey to the small brick house set on a hill above a park of magnificent trees. "This is more like the President's old home in Springfield," said Hay. "Mrs. Lincoln and others of us try to get him to come here frequently to rest and have a good night's sleep. It takes a good

deal of persuading, however, for he likes to be able to walk into the War Office at any hour of day or night."

On the porch they found the President, communing with the stars. John Hay presented the dispatches and Lincoln went into the sitting room with his secretary to read them. When they came out the tall man said: "You drive back to the city, John, with my instructions. I'm going to keep Matt Tucker here to-night; he can go to Washington with me in the morning."

The carriage drove off. "Well, what's the important business that brings you out here, Matt?" Lincoln asked kindly.

"My father's been exchanged from Libby Prison, sir," Matthias said. "He came to see me last night, and he brought me a poem the Union prisoners have been singing. I ran it in the *Beacon* to-day and I've brought a copy to show you."

"I'm glad to hear about your father," said Lincoln warmly. "That's first rate news! And you've brought me a poem. You must think it's pretty fine to take all the trouble to bring it out here."

"I do, sir. I'd like you to read it."

The President took the newspaper. In the sitting room he sat down by a lamp on a table and motioned Matthias to a chair. "You say our soldiers in Libby Prison are singing this? What tune does it go to?"

"'John Brown's Body.'"

Lincoln held the sheet to the light. "'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' That's a mighty good title."

Then he commenced to read aloud, in the flexible

sonorous tones of one who understands and values the beauty of words.

“ Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword :  
His truth is marching on.

“ I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling  
camps ;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening’s dew  
and damps ;  
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps.  
His day is marching on.

“ I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of  
steel :  
‘ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace  
shall deal ;  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with  
his heel,  
Since God is marching on.’

“ He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment  
seat ;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! Be jubilant, my  
feet !  
Our God is marching on.

“In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free,

While God is marching on.”

There was a pause. The words, magnificently chosen, and given immense feeling by the deep voice of the reader, seemed to hover in the room. Lincoln laid the paper on his knee. After some moments he asked, “Who wrote that?”

“My father didn’t know,” said Matthias, “but I found out about it to-day at a library, and I’ve printed the author’s name and some information on the second page. It was written by a Boston lady, Julia Ward Howe, who was in Washington and visited some of the soldiers’ camps. It was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* last February.”

“And the soldiers in Libby Prison sing it,” mused Lincoln. His eyes roved to the paper. “‘As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.’” Again there was a silence. “To make men free,” he repeated. Laying the paper on the table, he got to his feet. “Let’s go out on the verandah, Matt, and look at the stars.”

His mood was very gentle that night, the mood of a poet, a dreamer. “The Bible and the great poets,” he said. “How much we struggling humans owe to them! Much of the Bible is the most beautiful poetry that was ever written, and in the greatest poets is the note

of the Bible. Read Shakespeare, Matt; read him over and over; and especially read 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Richard II.'"

Then he recited his favorite passages from those dramas, and it seemed to Matt that he had never heard words so eloquently spoken. Presently Mrs. Lincoln appeared and said that it was time for bed. Matthias slept in the guest room, and next morning drove back to the city with the President.

Joseph Tucker had not yet rejoined his regiment and for some weeks that hot summer he shared quarters with Matthias, to the latter's great delight. Together they pored over maps and debated the military situation. The star of McClellan was waning; the gossip of Washington was that the President intended to remove him from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

Lincoln called for 300,000 more volunteers that July. General Pope, distinguished for services in the West, was put in command of the Army of Virginia, which was to advance across the Rappahannock. Portions of McClellan's army were sent to reinforce Pope. In the first week of August Pope began to move his troops southwest and on the ninth day of the month came into conflict with the able, dashing Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson.

The battle of Cedar Mountain was fought and Washington heard of disaster to the Union forces. General Lee jumped to the offensive and sent Stonewall Jackson on a daring flank movement to Manassas Junction, where he was able to seize Pope's line of com-

munications. The Union Army fell back while gloom settled on the national capital. In those sultry, steaming days Matthias and his father shared the anxiety that rested continuously on the shoulders of the harassed man in the White House.

Pope must be reinforced, but in spite of all that Lincoln could do there was so much bickering among his generals that the supporting troops were sent forward too late to prevent another Union disaster at Bull Run. Pope's army was in full retreat, completely demoralized. They were making for Washington. Now Lee and Stonewall Jackson would be after them hot-foot. What could the President do to stave off defeat?

He sent for McClellan. Well Lincoln knew the pride, the ambition, the failings of this man; he knew also, however, how the soldiers idolized him, how magnetic his personality to those in the ranks. The moment was critical, and once again the President staked his fortune on this wayward, but talented, man. McClellan, and McClellan alone, it seemed to Lincoln, could restore the morale of the troops, so he gave him command of Pope's army and exhorted him to move swiftly, fall upon the Rebels and drive them back to Richmond. Speed, speed was all the word.

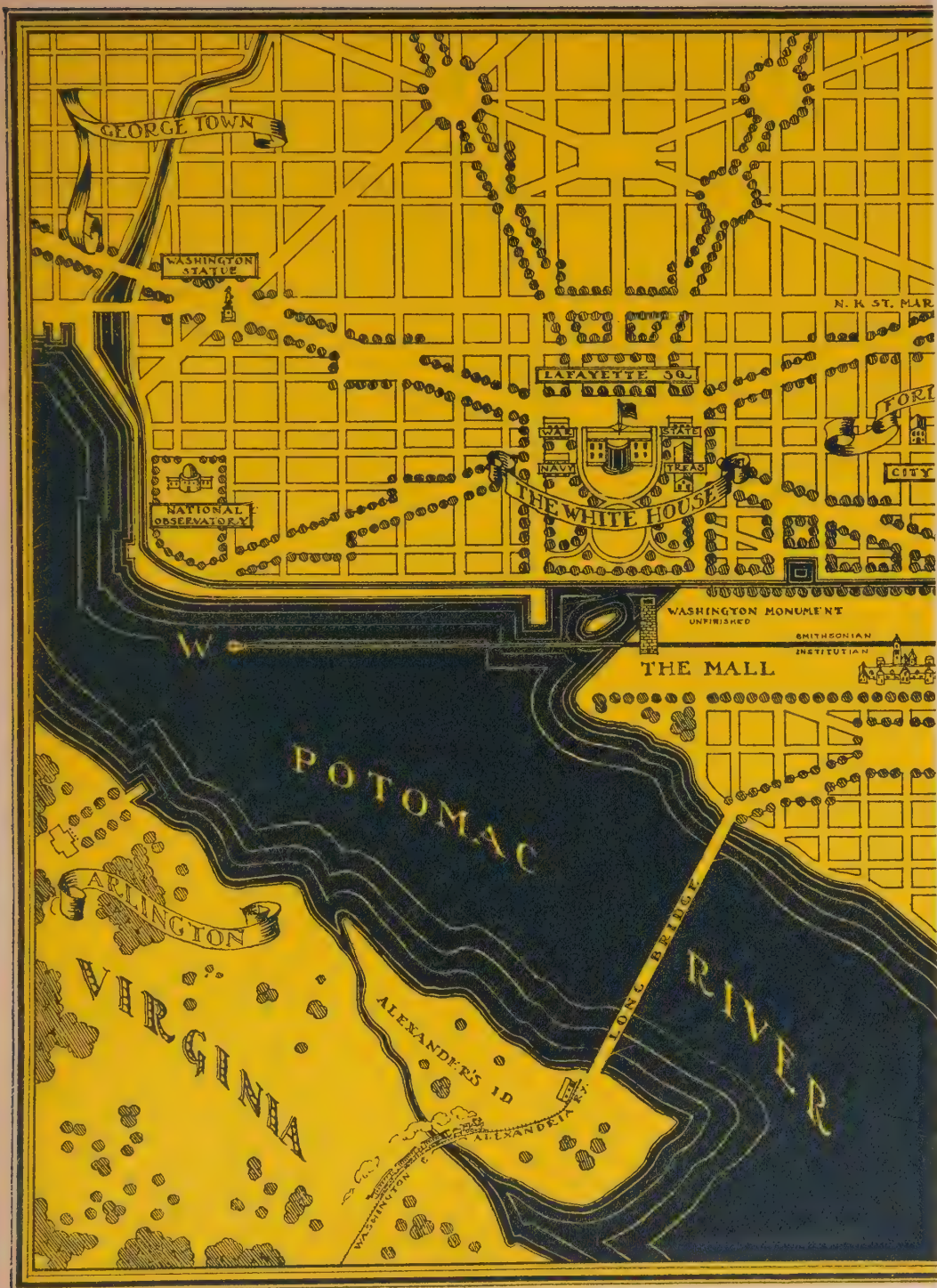
Matthias was amazed when he heard of McClellan's reappointment, but loyally he supported Lincoln in that week's *Beacon*. Lee had crossed the Potomac those first days of September and had entered Maryland. The Confederates were on Union soil. Never before had Washington, the North, felt such a menace.

McClellan started to move his army, but his movements were leisurely and those of Lee were rapid. Lee reached Frederick and sent Stonewall Jackson to take Harper's Ferry, then the Confederate commander-in-chief pushed on westward to the neighborhood of Sharpsburg. McClellan followed, still without haste, and on September sixteenth the two armies confronted each other across the water of Antietam Creek. Next day the battle was joined; at nightfall it seemed a stand-off between the opposing forces, but the following morning Lee retreated with his exhausted troops.

McClellan allowed the enemy to retire in order, although his generals begged to be permitted to drive Lee into the Potomac and Lincoln telegraphed urgent messages to pursue the withdrawing Rebels. He had repulsed the invasion of the North, McClellan made answer; he wanted time to recuperate his army; in fine, he would not move.

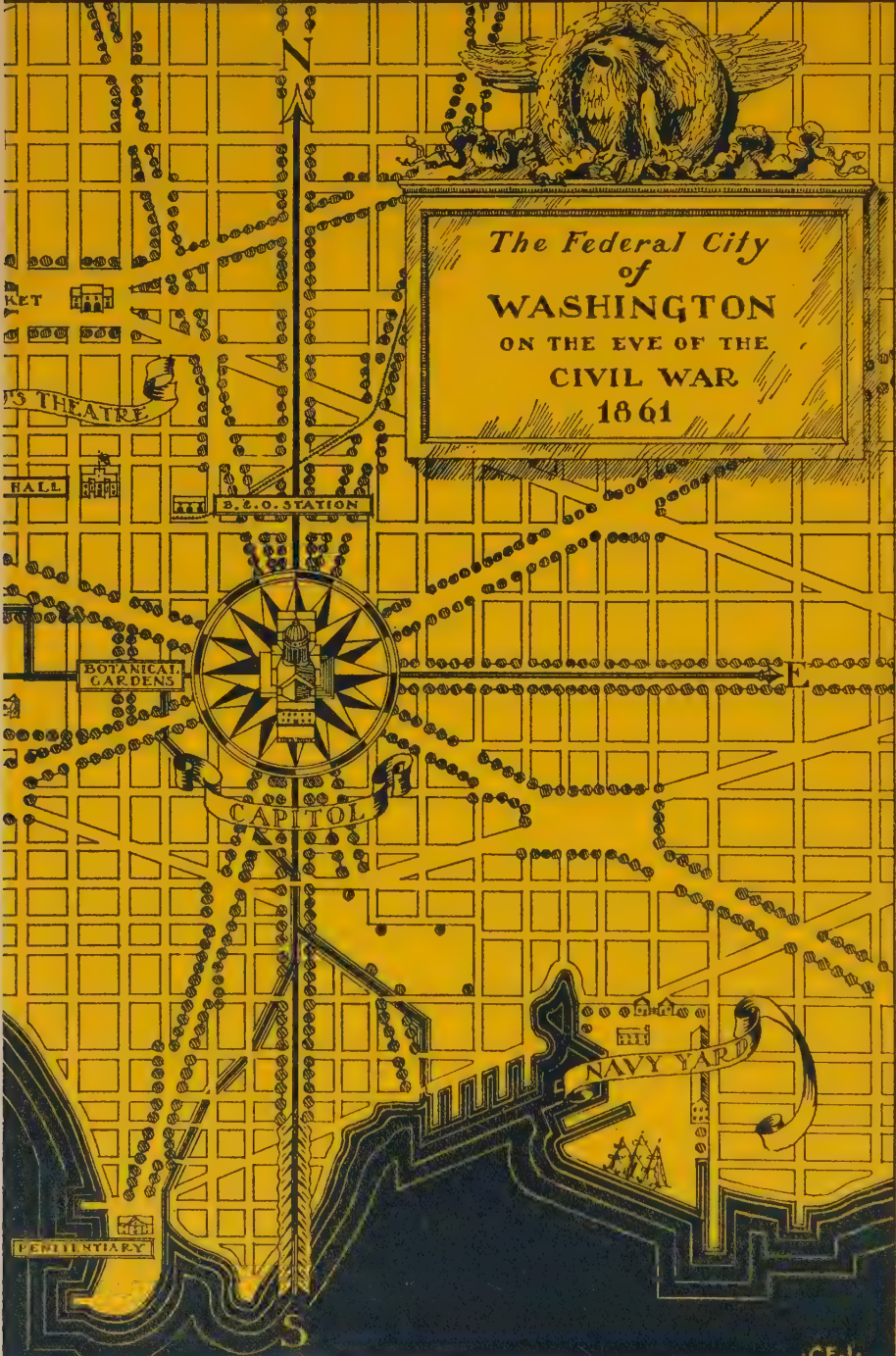
Washington was greatly relieved, its citizens construed the battle of Antietam as a Union victory. It was autumn now, and cool breezes had succeeded the stagnant, irritating heat of summer. Matthias had not been to the White House garden for some time, but one evening he took his way there and, as he hoped, found the President enjoying the fragrant air.

They strolled for a while in silence; then Lincoln sat down on a bench. "Sometimes I forget that lame leg of yours, Matt," he said, "and keep you walking when I shouldn't. Sit here. I've something to tell you; in a way it's a sequel to that 'Battle Hymn of the





*The Federal City*  
of  
**WASHINGTON**  
ON THE EVE OF THE  
CIVIL WAR  
1861



Republic.' ” He paused, crossed his long arms on his chest and swung one long leg over the other.

“I’ve been hoping that McClellan would win a big victory,” the President went on; “something that would put an end to the war. Well, he hasn’t done that; but he has driven the Rebels out of Maryland and Pennsylvania isn’t in danger of invasion. When Lee got as far as Frederick I determined that as soon as the Rebels were driven out of Maryland I’d issue a proclamation I’ve been considering for some time. It’s a promise I made to myself and to the Creator—to the God that is marching on. I read the proclamation to the Cabinet to-day. It states that the national government intends to prosecute the war as it has heretofore, and declares that on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within the States that are in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward and forever free.”

The words were solemnly spoken; they came from a man who had long and earnestly considered the momentous consequences of this Emancipation Proclamation. “That means,” continued Lincoln, “that when we have won this war slavery will be abolished throughout the united nation. We have fought not only to preserve the Union, but also to make men free; and this subject of human slavery that has vexed and convulsed the whole country for many years is now to be settled, and settled rightly.”

Matthias was silent. Shortly Lincoln smiled and shrugged his shoulders. “After I’d read it to the

Cabinet," he went on more lightly, "Secretary Seward said, 'I'll give it to the newspapers this afternoon. The storm will break in about twenty-four hours.' Well, Matt, I'm used to storms. I don't mind being called a rank Abolitionist or anything else; names don't hurt one; if they did, I'd have been out of the running long before this."

#### IV

With the new year Joseph Tucker rejoined his regiment. The Emancipation Proclamation went into effect. Lincoln had won a great moral victory, but his generals seemed unable to win a great military one. The Army of the Potomac, bivouacked along the Rappahannock, was discontented, complaining, and had lost confidence in its commanders.

The commanders had been changed and changed again. McClellan, apparently satisfied to mark time after the repulse of Lee at Antietam, had been superseded in November by General Burnside. Burnside had marched down the lower Rappahannock, with the intention of getting between Lee's army and Richmond. He had crossed the river on December twelfth and next day had attacked the enemy; the Confederates, holding a strong position, had repulsed him at Fredericksburg with heavy losses. The President had then replaced Burnside with Hooker.

"Fighting Joe" Hooker was a popular leader and the Army of the Potomac recovered some of its lost morale. In April of 1863 the new commander put his

troops in motion toward Chancellorsville. If his plan succeeded, he thought to take Lee's entire system of defences.

But the battle of Chancellorsville was another victory for the great Confederate commander-in-chief and Hooker had to retreat.

Now, in May and June, General Lee set to work to invade the North. He crossed the Potomac and pushed steadily on into Pennsylvania. Hooker advanced parallel with him; but when some of his plans were overruled by General Halleck, who, in Washington, was in command of all the land forces of the Union, Hooker asked to be relieved. The President accepted the resignation, and immediately appointed General Meade in his place. Meade, resourceful, cool, and wary, moved northward opposite Lee, and on the first day of July the two armies came into contact with each other near the town of Gettysburg in the pastoral, rolling Pennsylvania country.

Matthias, with all Washington, was in the streets those first days of July, avid for any scrap of news from the front, for everybody felt that the battle now in progress was crucial and might determine the outcome of the war. Unless Meade could stop Lee, Pennsylvania was at the mercy of the Rebels, and after Pennsylvania the whole North. Already, it was reported, the head of the Confederate column and the left wing of the Union army had come into collision.

Messengers brought tardy reports to the War Office, and these in garbled forms filtered to the waiting

crowds. The skirmishes of the first of July had been succeeded by fierce and sanguinary battles on the second day and third. No one knew how the great conflict was turning. Matthias could find no reliable information; and to him the suspense was doubly trying, for his father's regiment was engaged at Gettysburg.

A Fourth of July celebration was to be staged in front of the White House grounds; a speaker's stand had been set up outside the north gates and decorated with flowers from the green houses and garden. There was to be a parade and band music; then the President would make a speech. Matthias was in the crowd that packed into Lafayette Square that warm and cloudless noon.

The band finished its preliminary program and Lincoln mounted the steps to the speaker's stand. Amid welcoming cheers the band burst into "Hail to the Chief!" Matthias thought he had never seen the President look so worn and weary and guessed that he had snatched only brief naps on the War Office sofa for several nights. Lincoln gazed out over the dense throng, moistened his lips, and seemed to consider what he should say.

Before he spoke a messenger boy ran up the steps of the platform and handed him an opened telegram. Lincoln clutched it, read it, gripped the edge of the speaker's table. Then his voice came, strange and hollow, as of one in a trance. His eyes on the paper, he read aloud:

"Lee began a retreat toward the Potomac at three o'clock this morning. Meade."

There was a murmur from the throng, a sigh, as of wind in trees. Then a musician struck his drum and the square became a riot of shouting, gesticulating people. The President vanished from the stand and none sought to stay him. The Union army had triumphed at Gettysburg! That was all that mattered.

As reports came in of the heavy casualties, Washington became subdued. Meade had won a great victory, but the Rebel army had been allowed to escape and the end of the war was not yet in sight. The wounded began to arrive; among them Joseph Tucker, who had lost an arm in the fighting on Seminary Ridge. Matthias helped to nurse his father; Joseph Tucker would not again join his regiment.

Affairs were going better in the West. Vicksburg, besieged for a month, capitulated in July, and shortly the Mississippi River was open to the sea. In November Matthias received a note from the White House, an invitation from the President to accompany his party to the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg on the nineteenth of the month.

Matthias rode on the Presidential train to the little Pennsylvania town, whose name had become famous in history. The village was crowded, and he was lucky to find a farmer who would give him a bed for the night. In the morning he joined the procession to the Soldiers' Cemetery. There he listened with admiration to the glowing periods of Edward Everett, the orator

of the day. Lincoln was to say a few words of consecration. Simply he delivered the lines of the brief speech he had finished writing on the train from Washington. "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . ."

Lincoln's voice—always moving to Matthias—went on in its deep, quiet tones to the peroration. ". . . We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The President finished, and the throng returned to town, the eloquent passages of Edward Everett ringing in their ears.

In Washington a week later Matthias heard that the President was ill with fever. Soon after Lincoln was up again Matthias went to the White House late one afternoon. He was admitted to the President's office and found his friend lounging before a bright fire. "Ah, Matt," said the convalescent, "I'm glad to see you again! Sit down and warm yourself. I caught a glimpse of you that day at Gettysburg."

Matthias drew up a chair and sat down. "I wanted to thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for the invitation, and I wanted to tell you that I thought you made a great speech."

"Not I, my boy. Edward Everett made a classic

oration, as he always does on great occasions,—it was one of the finest sermons I ever listened to. I had too much other work on hand to write a real speech—to say what I'd have liked to—and I wasn't feeling very well; all I hoped was that I wouldn't make an absolute fizzle. Brief and to the point was the aim I set myself."

"Edward Everett was splendid, sir; but it seemed to me what he said was oratory, like marble or bronze. What you said went much deeper, because it was simple."

"It was simple, I agree to that," Lincoln smiled. "What a generous man Edward Everett is! He wrote me a note." From his pocket he took a folded sheet of paper and opened it. "It pleased me so much that I've been carrying it about like a schoolboy. It's taffy, of course; but who doesn't like taffy? Mr. Everett says: 'I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes.'"

"That was fine of him!" exclaimed Matt.

"It was fine of him. It's rank flattery, but we all swallow that dose and ask for more."

"Nevertheless," persisted Matthias, "I think that the world *will* note and *will* long remember what you said at Gettysburg."

"You're trying to alter my words," the President chuckled. "Now don't you join the flatterers, Matt. I think better of you than that."

The news from the West was cheering. The Union

armies had fought and won an important battle at Chattanooga. The North appeared to have found at last a great general in Ulysses S. Grant, and scarcely less able ones in Sherman and Sheridan. The tide had turned in the long drawn conflict, and it seemed to Matthias in the summer of 1864 that victory was soon to crown the Union cause.

Crown it, that is, if Lincoln was re-elected President, for there was a national election that November. The Republicans had renominated the President; the Democrats had offered the nomination of their party to General McClellan and he, smarting under his deposition from the command of the Army of the Potomac, had accepted it. The Democratic platform declared that the war had been proven to be a failure and that overtures for peace ought to be made. Would the country agree to that and undo all that had been accomplished at such great cost? Matthias did not believe that the people of the North would, and his confidence was justified by the result of the election: Lincoln had carried every State in the Union except New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky.

Sherman was marching through Georgia; in December he reached the sea. It seemed to Matthias that there was no further need for him to exhort the readers of the *Beacon* to support the President. One afternoon he said to Lincoln at the White House office: "Perhaps there's no necessity now to keep the *Beacon* burning. Maybe it's not wanted any more."

Lincoln turned to his friend, laid his hand on the

arm of the young editor's chair. "Yes, Matt, it is wanted; but we need its light for another purpose now. The nation will finish its task; but when the task is finished . . . We must prepare the people's mind for what should be done then. 'The Quality of Mercy.' You remember your Shakespeare? 'And earthly power doth then show likest God's, When mercy seasons justice.'"

He shifted his gaze to the embers of the wood fire. "Already in Congress and in the public at large there are those who preach that we must scourge the South with whips of scorpions. They are wrong. We must lift up the South, bind her wounds, welcome her back to the union of her sister States. Reconstruction will be difficult work, but it must be done in the spirit of mercy, not in that of revenge.

"So, Matt," he continued, "preach the Quality of Mercy in the *Beacon*, the noblest light to shine forth on our troubled seas."

Therefore Matthias turned his pen to this new purpose, for he saw that Lincoln was right.

On the day of the President's second inauguration Matthias was in the audience on the platform that stood against the eastern side of the Capitol. During the morning rain had fallen; now it had ceased.

The tall, lean figure rose and walked to the speaker's stand. The President looked out at the sea of faces upturned to his, the faces of those who had supported him and whom he had supported during four years of conflict. He put on his spectacles, took his speech

from the pocket of his coat. "Fellow countrymen," he began.

"Fellow countrymen: . . . On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it. All sought to avert it. . . . Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the Nation survive and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came. . . ."

Lincoln read on. The speech was short. The deep voice concluded: "With malice toward none: with charity for all: with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds: to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

There was a roar of cheers, stilled as the President turned toward Chief Justice Chase, took the oath of office, and kissed the Bible.

Matthias, sitting at his desk that night, dipped his pen in ink while he pondered a title for the editorial in the forthcoming issue of the *Beacon*. A phrase whispered itself in his ears: "With malice toward none." He wrote it down; then read it softly aloud.

"With malice toward none: with charity for all." It seemed to Matthias that in those words was revealed the true greatness of Abraham Lincoln. They must be written on the banners of the nation reborn.

THE END























